# Collier's

January 11, 1941

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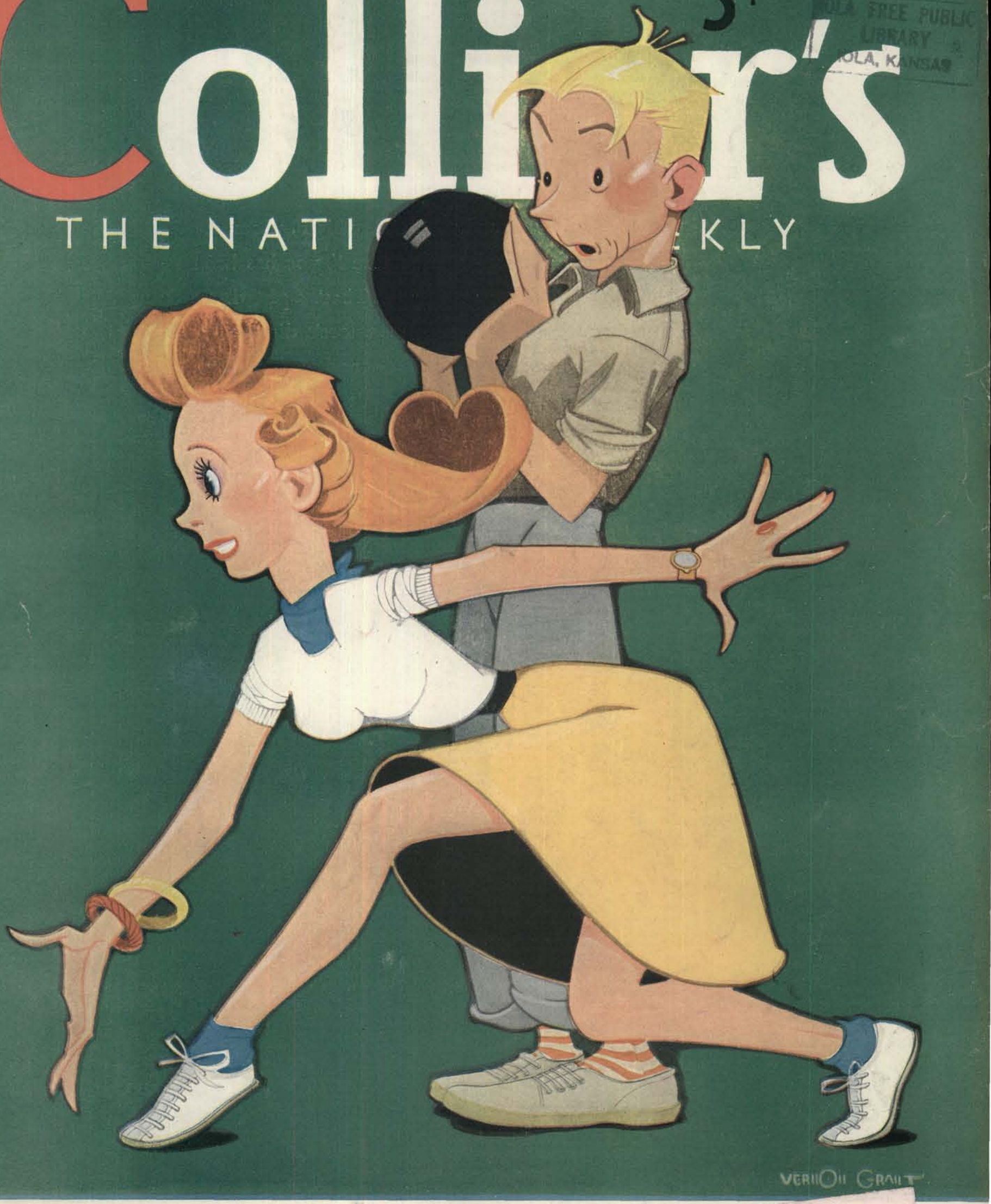
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY




## Our Designs on Martinique By

JOHN H HENDERSON
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SUME COMPANION

# *Pour* GLENMORE
# *..you get more*

Down here in Old Kentucky, we hold quality in mighty high esteem. And quality, Sir, is character by another name. The character of our fine Glenmore liquor has been the jealous stewardship of one family for 69 uninterrupted years. That's a proud record unequalled anywhere. Today this heritage is revealed in Glenmore's distinctive flavor, its rich mellow smoothness. If you want real honest-to-goodness quality, try Glenmore. You can pay more for a whiskey, but your money can't buy a better Bourbon at any price.

FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

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# Now Ready—Your 1941 Comparison of "All 3"

## THE 1941 QUALITY CHART

**A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-priced Cars in Quality Features**

| Here's How "All Three" Low-Priced Cars Compare in the 22 Important Features Found in High-Priced Cars... *Plymouth has 21 Car "2" has 9 Car "3" has 7* | 1. 117-inch, or Longer, Wheelbase | 2. Hydraulic Brakes | 3. "L-Head" Engine Design | 4. Aluminum Alloy Pistons | 5. Four Rings Per Piston | 6. Chain Camshaft Drive | 7. Automatic Choke | 8. Precision-Type Lower Connecting Rod Bearings | 9. Pressure Lubrication of Lower Connecting Rod Bearings | 10. Valve Tappet Adjustment | 11. Roller Bearings on Transmission Countershaft | 12. Four Chassis Springs | 13. Independent Front Wheel Suspension | 14. Roller Bearing Universal Joints | 15. Hypoid Rear Axle | 16. Tapered Roller Differential Bearing | 17. Hotchkiss Drive | 18. Rust-Proof Body | 19. Oil Bath Air Cleaner | 20. Sealed Beam Headlamps | 21. Floating-Type Oil Intake | 22. Choice of Colors at No Extra Cost | TOTAL |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| $2895 CAR | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | 22 |
| $2595 CAR | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | 22 |
| $1594 CAR | YES | YES | YES | YES | NO | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | 21 |
| LOWEST-PRICED PLYMOUTH | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | NO | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | (21) |
| LOWEST-PRICED CAR "2" | NO | YES | NO | NO | NO | NO | NO | NO | NO | YES | NO | YES | YES | YES | YES | NO | NO | YES | NO | YES | NO | YES | (9) |
| LOWEST-PRICED CAR "3" | NO | YES | YES | NO | NO | NO | NO | YES | YES | NO | YES | NO | NO | NO | NO | YES | NO | NO | NO | YES | NO | NO | (7) |

## BUY WISELY!

It will Pay You to Compare Carefully the Features of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars.

## PLYMOUTH IS MOST LIKE THE HIGH-PRICED CARS

Look at the 1941 Quality Chart, and you'll see why thousands are switching to the big, low-priced new Plymouth!

You'll see that 1941 *high-priced* cars resemble each other in 22 important features. And the new Plymouth is the only one of "All 3" *low-priced* cars with a majority of these features...with more, in fact, than the "other 2" *combined!*

And, in Plymouth, you enjoy new High-Torque Performance with new power-gearing—giving you a new sense of tremendous power under perfect control... and with less shifting!

See your Plymouth dealer's enlarged Quality Chart—comparing *20 cars!* Ride in a new Plymouth and you'll *buy it!*

MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURS., 9-10 P. M., E. S. T.

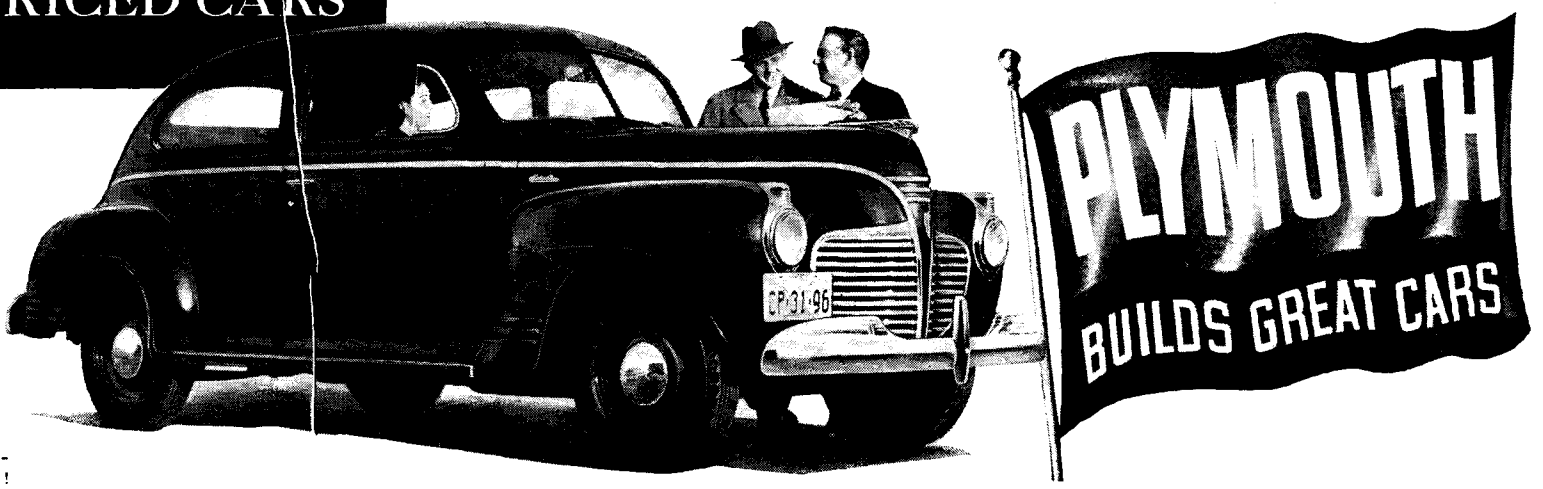
**OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS:**

**PLYMOUTH HAS 21...CAR "2" HAS 9...CAR "3" HAS 7**

*Look at 1941 Prices of "All 3"*

Plymouth saves money. Your present car will probably cover a large part of the low delivered price... balance in low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

☛ SEE THE NEW PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

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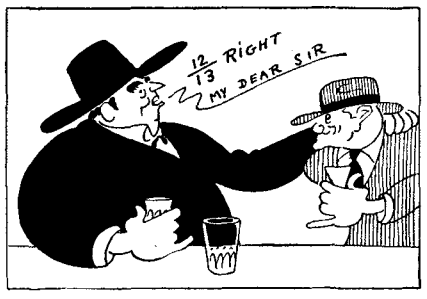
# ANY WEEK

WE'VE just been visited by a Western politician who told us that this was his first trip East in fifteen years. "I've come in to tell you," said he, "that you're a ——" We became interested. "Ten years ago," he went on, "you came to my state and wrote a piece about a group of us who were trying to run the state. You said that we were thirteen crooks. When I read that I resolved that you were a —— and that I would tell you so as soon as I met you again. And now that I've called you a —— I hope you'll do me the honor of having a drink with me." It was while we were having the drink that he said: "About us thirteen being crooks. My dear sir, you were twelve-thirteenths right."




BUT it was in Washington, D. C., at lunch that the menu told us that we could have a General Hugh Johnson salad. We asked the waitress what it was. She said that it was just the chef's salad plus a couple of hard-boiled eggs. "Fresh?" we asked. "Well, what would you say?" demanded the waitress.

QUITE a number of our correspondents have worked up a warm interest in those military bases we're establishing on British land. They've become quite agitated, too, that our Navy is casting longing eyes at Martinique, which is still French. "Things are coming to a pass where it wouldn't surprise me," says Mr. Joshua Billneat of Eastport, Maine, "if we finally established a few bases in the United States." And Miss Cora Yote of Brunswick, Georgia, is a little apprehensive lest we run out of swapping material. She's a bit fearful that we'll wind up owning acreage in all parts of the British empire. "By that time we'll be all out of navy, planes and ships. We'll have all the bases and England will have all the navy. Then we'll either have to lease the bases back to Britain for money to build a new navy or lack a navy to defend the bases. Anyway, we'll wind up calling on the British empire to defend the bases we acquired for a navy we won't have." But Mr. John J. McAlarney of Toronto, Canada, has heard rumors that Eire, cold to England's longing for defense bases on her southwestern coast, will soon ask the United States to establish a few naval and air strong points on her land that, "should anything disconcerting happen to England, Ireland will be safe from Hitler." Mr. McAlarney has a letter from a member of Eire's parliament, the Dail. "It would be a great shame," writes this statesman, "for Eire to be saved from an irreparable calamity by the British crown. The true Irishman would never again be able to raise his head. Eire would be proud to defend her shores by permitting the United States, to whom we have ever been friendly, to guarantee our freedom."

HOWEVER, there are too many columns devoted to solving the world's major problems. Not that we're complaining. It leaves it to us, feeble fellow that we are, to wrestle with the small perplexities that are ignored by our betters. For example, we find in the Crisp County News, Cordele, Georgia, that one of that journal's editors would like someone to do something about our country's transportation situation. "We feel bad," writes he in his own columns. "Just completed a 150-mile trip in a day coach on a midnight train where we slept with eight strange women and two men and not one had a piece of cover."

ONE of America's largest corporations recently hired an expert in Human Relations. His job was to set up a system of Efficient Friendliness, a slogan of his own invention. He was horrified, a week later, by seeing a dozen employees gather at the desk of a fellow worker and sing Happy Birthday to You. But he put a stop to that. He made a list of impending birthdays and, at the first opportunity, handled it with Efficient Friendliness. The person whose anniversary was thus to become a model received the following on interdepartmental stationery: "Interoffice Correspondence Only. Form C-277-BG. From Department of Human Relations. To George W. Hix. Subject: Happy Birthday. May good health, loyalty, industry and happiness be yours for years to come. Reply within twelve hours to Human Relations—Desk A-1. Signed: Your Fellow Workers."

AND from our Number One agent in Hollywood, Richard English, we learn that the results of the Draft Act are not breeding the happiness its sponsors promised. For example, writes Mr. English, several of Hollywood's most talented musicians were told by a fellow, who they think should be investigated by the Dies Committee, that they'd be immune from the draft and permitted to continue their celluloid careers if they'd enlist in the Marine Band in San Pedro. Several of them did, including one of the best trumpets in the country. "So these guys laughed at all the others in the union who were worrying about being drafted," reports Mr. English. "So what happens? The band leaves for Panama with the rest of the Marines for a two-year stretch. And now this trumpet is petitioning Washington for a discharge from the service, saying he was lured in under false pretenses. But I wouldn't have you think that it's merely because he's now getting forty dollars a month instead of two hundred and fifty a week. It's the principle of the thing."

AND, while we hadn't intended to make this a Hollywood column, circumstances seem to have got the better of us. From the New Package News Mr. M. M. Dukehart, Jr., of New York City, sends us a clipping under the caption Another Use for Tin Cans. "On the first of April, the business manager of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer phoned Mr. Jacobs of the Marion Hardware Company for ten thousand of our good No. 2 Plain Open Top Sanitary Cans. They were delivered but Mr. Jacobs was curious to know what use a movie studio had for tin cans. Mr. Jacobs investigated and found that M-G-M planted corn in the cans and after it had grown to sufficient size would use it for filming cornfields. They would use the cornfield in one area in the morning and transfer the field to another area in the afternoon." We did a bit of investigation on our own hook and got verification from an assistant movie producer who added to the general information with: "And that, my fine-feathered dope, is how we get corny."

WE have a complaint from Miss Flora Nebel of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. As far as Miss Nebel has been able to find out the entire country is a maze of bottlenecks and crossroads. She doesn't like it. Our trouble, she has come to believe, is that democracy ought either to fight its way through bottlenecks or stand perplexed at the crossroads but shouldn't try to do both at the same time. It is not the American way of life. We agree with Miss Nebel, a woman of action. She has sent the Defense Commission a large framed slogan. The printing and framing cost her $3.60. It reads: "Stop Necking and Let's Go to Town."

AND another from Mr. Harry I. Fleider of Trenton, New Jersey. "I have just read your magazine. Please accept my resignation."

BUT he'll be back. . . . W. D.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IN a troubled world he retains his freedom. He can own property, send his children to school, worship as he chooses, express his opinions, get his news through a free press and radio. *He* is the typical American father.

Across his path, recent years have placed many obstacles—depression, unemployment, floods, droughts, disasters, and now, the shadow of wars abroad.

And yet, inspired by his unrestricted right and burning desire to provide for his family's welfare to the utmost limits of his ability, *he has conquered every hardship.*

His home, with its modern Heating and Plumbing, has been a vital source of comfort and strength to him—an object of envy to the rest of the world. Heating safeguards against dampness and cold upon which illness thrives. Plumbing supplies the fresh, pure water so essential to well-being and carries away waste so dangerous to health.

And we are proud of the part we have played, through Heating and Plumbing Contractors, in providing this comfort and health protection for millions of Americans in every walk of life.

Henry M. Reed.
*CHAIRMAN*

AMERICAN RADIATOR & Standard Sanitary
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"Sure I save doing my own ironing . . . and you could save by putting Sealed Power Rings in that oil-eating car of yours."

SMOOTH but saving, too!

. . . so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings!

REMEMBER how smooth-running and economical your car was when new? It can be the same smooth, peppy, economical car once again if you install Sealed Power Piston Rings. Protect the big investment in your car by insisting on the brand used as original equipment in 12 out of 18 American makes of automobiles. Any repairman can install a set of Sealed Power Rings individually engineered for your particular make of car. They restore new car oil economy, pep, power and performance. Yet they cost no more than ordinary rings. Ask for them by name. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich. and Windsor, Ont.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars! Best in old cars!

ROBERT O. REID

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*In* the oases of the northern Sahara Desert, many women still wear long sweeping capes, which drag on the sand for more than two yards, in order to obliterate their footprints and foil the devil who might trail and tempt them.—*By Frances Doherty, New York, New York.*

*Up* to the 19th century, the faces of playing cards carried a wide variety of printed matter, including songs, plays, proverbs and fables, and lessons in geography, logic, mythology, history and housekeeping, such as the deck called "The Mode of Carving at Table," which gave instructions on how to carve fifty-two different cuts of meat.—*By David Hoyt, Chicago, Illinois.*

*One* ceremony in the ordination of a Chinese Buddhist priest consists of the burning of nine pieces of incense on his closely shaved head to test his fortitude. Not only does he suffer extreme pain from these burns, but his hair never grows again over the scars.

*Japan,* which owns one third of the world's fishing vessels and employs one half of the world's fishermen, sends them greater distances than any other country. They cross the Pacific to fish off the coasts of the United States and Central America, and go down under Cape Horn to cast their nets in the Atlantic off Argentina, which is nearly halfway around the earth.

*The* light of the noctiluca, a minute marine animal, is so strong that one part of its luminous gland in two billion parts of water will produce a visible glow in the liquid. If a parachutist possessed such a light, he would be able to illuminate an area equivalent to that of a dozen large airports.

*The* United States Naval Observatory in Washington, in determining standard time, which must be accurate to within three one-thousandths of a second, uses seventy-two "clock stars" during the course of a year, only eighteen of which are employed at any one time as the star map changes from season to season.

*Despite* its high mountains and great ocean depths, the surface of the earth is relatively smooth. For instance, if the earth were reduced to a sphere about a foot in diameter, it would be smoother than the average bowling ball.—*By Thomas S. Mederos, Jr., Princeton, New Jersey.*

*A youth* may obtain a special scholarship at Harvard University if he was once a Boston newsboy, if he is of Greek birth or parentage, if his family name happens to be Baxendale or Murphy, or if he comes from the territory served by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad in Iowa.

*There* are breeds of cats that are hairless, many kinds of fish that produce musical sounds and several species of butterflies that exude delicate perfumes.

*While* traveling in the Gulf of Alaska in 1911, the officers of the ship Explorer recorded one of the greatest "long-distance" mirages in history. In it they could see Mount Fairweather, which was 330 miles away and at least 10,000 feet below the horizon.

*The* hobby of racing pigeons, which cost from 25 cents to $2,000 apiece, is pursued by about 30,000 fanciers, who support approximately a thousand clubs and four magazines. The record distance flown is more than 7,000 miles, and the record sustained flight lasted seventeen hours and eighteen minutes.—*By Elizabeth Timberman, Columbus, Ohio.*

*A recent* religious survey, made among a considerable number of lawyers, scientists, writers, bankers and other businessmen listed in Who's Who in America, revealed that, in each category, the belief in immortality was more prevalent than the belief in the existence of God.

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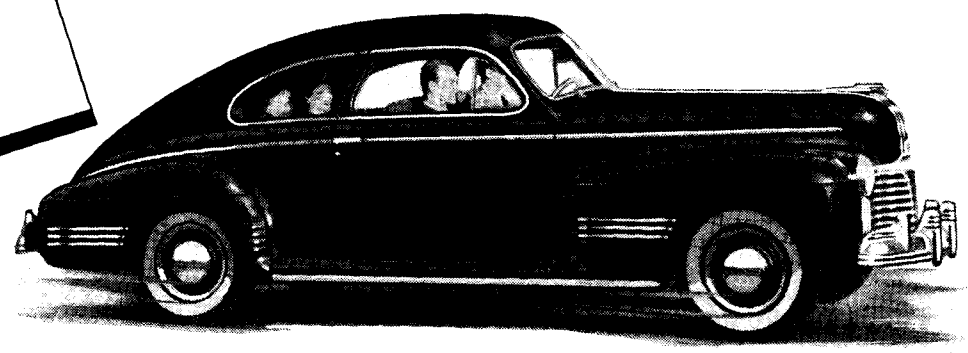
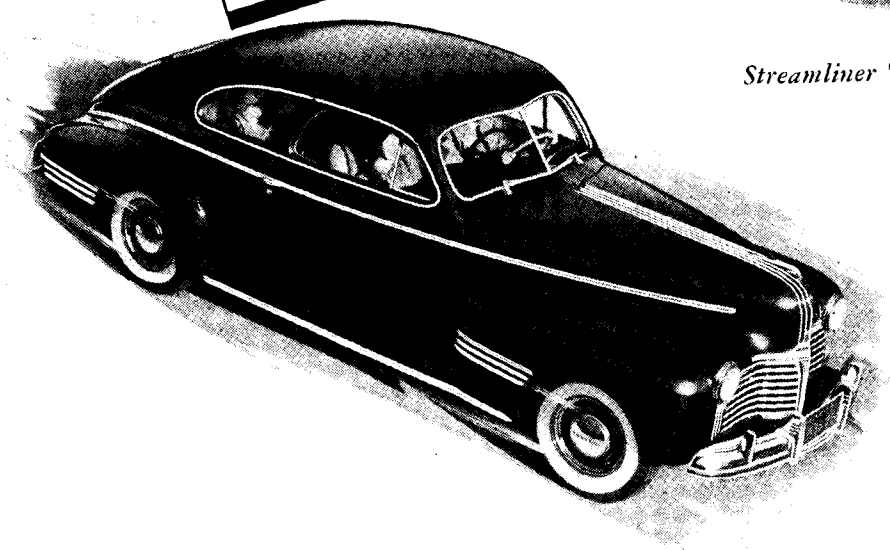
A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

# Listen—

# a Pontiac owner is bragging on himself!



*Streamliner "Torpedo" Six Sedan Coupe $923★ (white sidewall tires optional at extra cost.)*



**"BOY WAS I EVER SMART** to lay a few extra dollars on the line—and get this Pontiac. Never got such a kick out of a car in my life. The admiring looks people give it when I pull up beside 'em at a stop light. The surprise on their faces when I snap out ahead on the 'green.' Yes, and the relief of having a fresh, rested family at the end of an all-day drive instead of a bunch of bad tempers. Me, I'm bragging—I made a wonderful buy.

PONTIAC PRICES BEGIN AT **$828** FOR THE DELUXE "TORPEDO" SIX BUSINESS COUPE

*★Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

**"LOOK AT HER TAKE THIS STRETCH OF ROAD.** Straight as an arrow with never a swerve. No sidesway, no bumps—nothing but smooth, whispering speed. And here I sit with nothing to do but rest my foot on the accelerator and my finger tips on the wheel.

**"AND AM I SAVING MONEY!** You'd think this Pontiac had a grudge against gas stations, it's that close-fisted with fuel and oil. And with repairs, too, they tell me. It's just built to go on and on. Sure, I was smart to pick a Pontiac —and you'd be smart to buy one too. It will cost you only a few more dollars than one of the lowest-priced cars. And you'll get it all back before you're through."

THE FINE CAR

**Pontiac**

WITH THE LOW PRICE

**Only $25 more for an Eight in any model!**

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Instead of THIS . . . DO THIS!
No matter what you "douse" it with, "dousing" your hair leaves it plastered down instead of natural looking... Instead of "dousing," use the "comb-it-in" method with a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb . . . and see how naturally good-looking your hair becomes!

HANDSOME HAIR IS REWARD WHEN YOU CHECK DRY SCALP!

WHEN "dousing" or too frequent shampooing washes away the natural scalp oils Dry Scalp often results... a condition frequently followed by falling dandruff and abnormal loss of hair.

To keep hair handsome, combat Dry Scalp these two ways. *First*, instead of "dousing" your hair to keep it in place, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb. *Second*, before each shampoo massage your scalp with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic not only helps protect the natural oils of the scalp, but actually supplements them. Within a week you will see an astonishing improvement in the good looks of your hair!

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

**EVERY MORNING** shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

**EVERY WEEK** before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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# Wing Talk

OF COURSE there are others—but pursuits and bombers are the war planes you hear most about in news from the Battle of Britain and from the Battle of Washington.

There's something about a bomber—a naïve tangibility, a big-dog forthrightness, a ham actor bass-voice and posturing that keeps it from scaring you (after you are raid-broken, as the Chinese say) as much as it really should.

But the pursuit is no show-off. It is the snake of the clouds. One American builder recognizes this characteristic by naming his ship after the reptile that means lurking sudden death to the natives of India—cobra. A young flugjaeger, or flying hunter as the Germans call a pursuit skipper, who had been to the University of Chicago and remembered Midway levity, told me: "I think my pursuit is like an accident hurrying someplace to happen—to someone else."

The pursuit is boiled down and skinned to the last fraction of an ounce for deadly efficiency. A lot of motor, a little body: a lot of brainy guts, a little gasoline. It is lean, pure killer: pound for pound the slickest one man has yet devised. Perhaps you never realized what a precise instrument it is. So take this X-ray look at the confidential (to United States citizens only) figures of a typical American pursuit:

The whole ship weighs little more than a single naval torpedo. And the engine with its adjuncts weighs practically as much as the plane itself: 2,300 pounds more or less for each. Odds and ends such as instruments and controls add 630 for a total "empty" weight of about 5,200 pounds. This includes 60 pounds for the 70,000 or so rivets you can find in the ship; a partial answer to why planes can't be ground out as fast as automobiles.

To reach the gross or fighting weight you add 2,000 pounds of "useful" load. Here you come upon a heart-wrenching reminder that the pursuit, modern war's outstanding defensive weapon, is a slim and young lad's vehicle—in the coldly poignant calculation of only 160 pounds for pilot and parachute. The parachute alone comes to 20 pounds. Machine guns and cannon, plus ammunition, make up 850 pounds; the gun sights, 8. Brimful gas and oil, about 700 pounds. Armor plate and bulletproof glass, 155. The balance of the useful pounds includes radio and oxygen apparatus.

When you put "business paint," or camouflage, on this pursuit you add 10 pounds and spoil its complexion, which becomes minutely pebbled, so that about 8 miles per hour is knocked off the speed at which the original eel-sleek body could fly through the air. Camouflage nowadays is mostly flat black for the undersides, green and olive drab above. The paint used by our Air Corps was developed over years of research at Wright Field and I hope the F.B.I. won't be sore if I whisper you could buy the makin's for a few pennies at your corner store. It can be sprayed on in a jiffy by portable means right at the field; which is a good thing, because the paint washes off if the pursuit gets caught in rain or passes through a wet cloud.

Compute everything, you find just over 7,000 pounds. American pursuits cost from $65,000 to $100,000, ready to go. The propeller will cost $3,000 to $5,000 of this; the engine, $12,000 to perhaps $18,000. The pilot's flight training and subsequent experience cost the government about $40,000. His parents probably shelled out $5,000 or more for his college education. Altogether there's an actual dollar investment of around $17 per fighting pound, which, based on latest European reckonings, might last a minimum of 2 minutes or a maximum of 5 weeks on a blitzed front.

Not counting the gasoline, insurance —or pension.

THOMAS R. MARSHALL, who called himself Woodrow Wilson's only vice, would have to find another adjective if he were alive to repeat in this flight-minded day his famous crack that "what this country needs is a good five-cent cigar!" You have been puzzled by the rule that permits only cigarette smoking in air liners. It's because cigars and pipes are dangerous—not to the safety of the plane, but to the stability of your fellow travelers' stomachs.

THE plane introduces a new possibility into sports: truly "national" leagues. Major baseball structures grew on railroad netting of important population centers, each no farther than one night's journey from any other. Cities mushrooming on the Pacific Coast were cut by distances from the National and American leagues. Now the air liner fetches the entire continental United

*(Continued on page 46)*

FOR THOMAS

**The "Flying Braniffs"—see Page 46**

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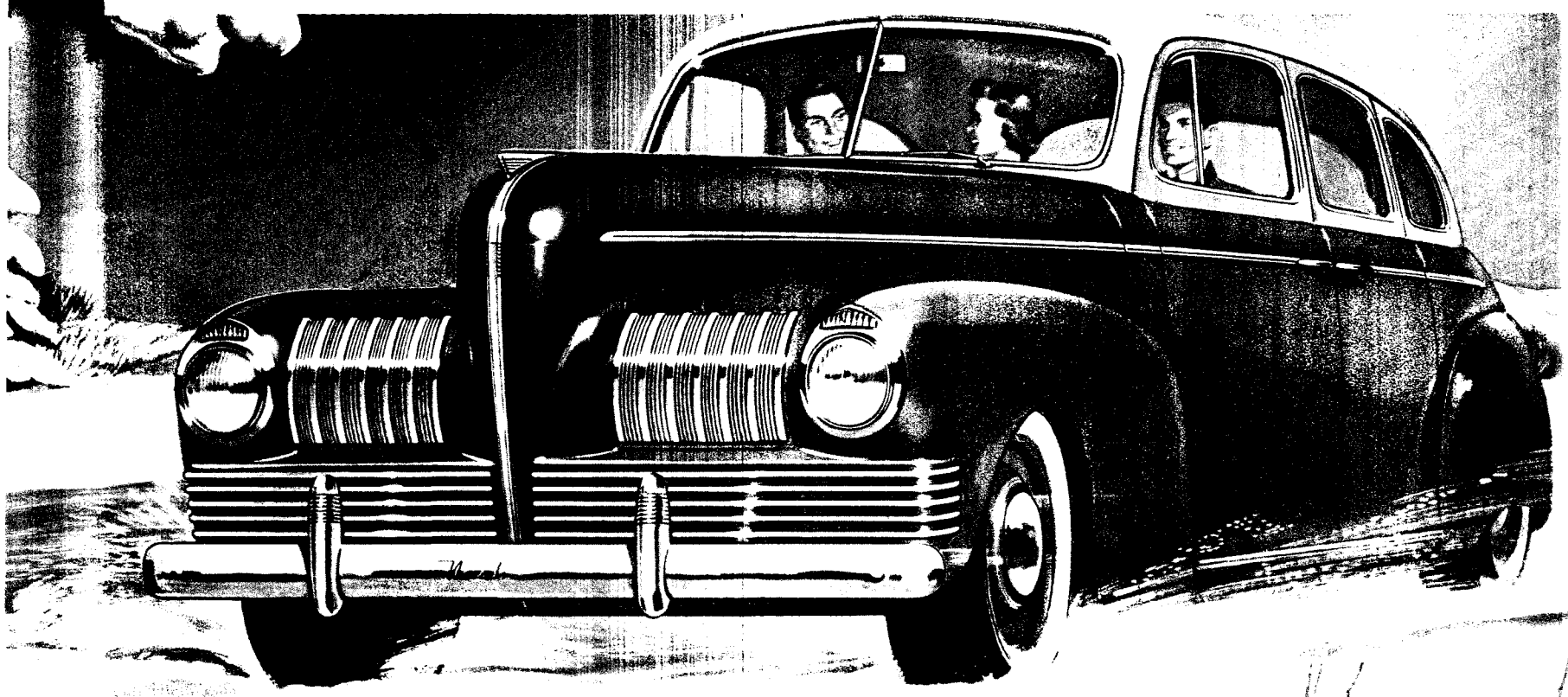
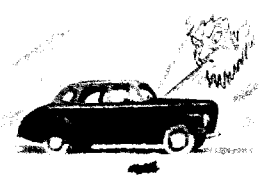
# Wink Your at Winter

## IN THIS NEW KIND OF LOW-PRICE CAR



*Whoo—listen to that wind!* Know where you ought to be today? Riding in a 1941 Nash, where you simply wink a "Weather Eye" at winter cold!

Actually, all you do is twirl a little dial—and *presto*, it turns into a balmy May day.



The mercury can skitter to 10° below—but the fresh, conditioned air will never change, the windshield will never fog.

That's Weather Eye magic, gauging and outguessing changes in weather!

The greatest health, comfort and safety motoring feature of the last twenty years—and now it's yours as an optional extra, even in a *lowest-price* Nash.

It's yours—in a beautiful, big, roomy Nash that can deliver 25 to 30 miles a gallon—over 500 miles on a tankful—with good driving.

—A Nash powered to whisk you from 15 to 50 MPH in 12 seconds, in *high* gear!

This sleek beauty is built on aircraft principles—of welding body and frame into one solid rattle-proof unit of amazing strength. So roomy—there's even a Convertible Bed.

CHECK NASH AGAINST THE LOWEST-PRICE FIELD

- ★ **BETTER ECONOMY—25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline.**
- ★ **SMOOTHER RIDE—Only low-price car with Coil Springs on *All Four Wheels.***
- ★ **EASIER STEERING—Two-way Roller Steering.**
- ★ **ROOMIER—Greater Seating Width.**
- ★ **SAFER—Welded Body-and-Frame Construction . . . made rattle-proof, twist-proof.**

And for the first time in the lowest-price field—a car with soft coil springs on *all four wheels* . . . It rides like a dream—steers with such utter ease that all-day driving is no chore at all.

**Soft and Silent as a Kitten's Tread—that's Nash Travel!**

It's a new kind of car. You've never driven one like it.

Instead of keeping your old car garaged 'til Spring—why not trade now?

**Modern Magic: Over 500 Miles to a Tankful!**

You'll gain three months of driving fun . . . start saving as much as $70 to $100 each year. Why not go for a Weather Eye ride today?

**Nash Builds Better "6s" and "8s" in the Three Major Price Fields—**
**Prices Now $70 to $159 Lower**

**The Nash Ambassador "600".** America's new low-priced car. 6-cylinder Manifold-Sealed Engine. 195 inches over all. Six models.

**The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Six**—105 HP . . . 6-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head Engine. Six models.

**The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Eight**—115 HP . . . 8-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head Engine. Five models.

# Go NASH

**AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE**

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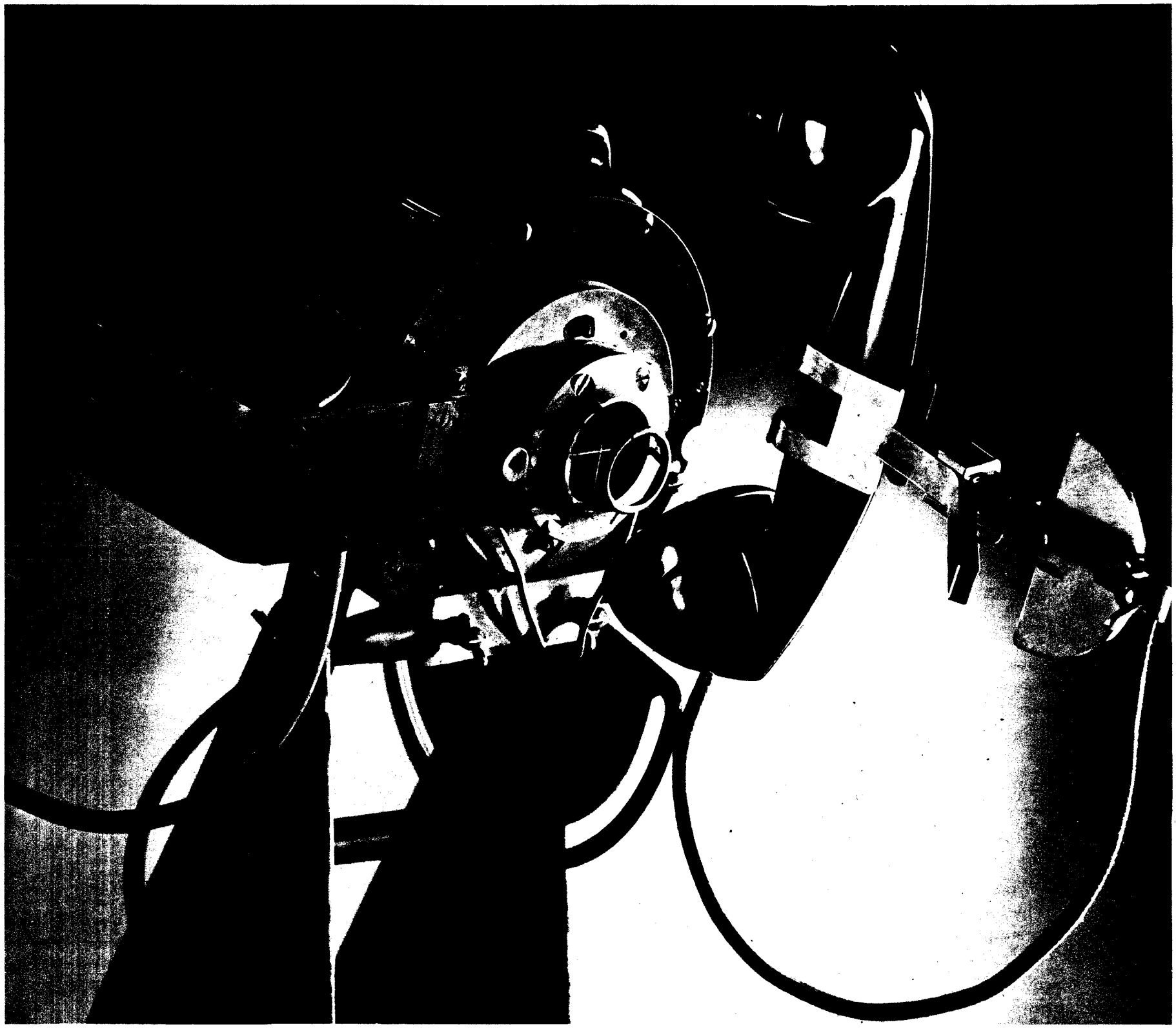

# SAID THE ELECTRICAL MOUTH TO THE ELECTRICAL EAR...

. . . "*Joe took father's shoe bench out. . . . She was waiting at my lawn.*"

If you were passing through the Bell Telephone Laboratories today you might hear an electrical mouth speaking this odd talk, or whistling a series of musical notes, to a telephone transmitter.

This mouth can be made to repeat these sounds without variation. Every new telephone transmitter is tested by this mouth before it receives a laboratory or manufacturing O.K. for your use.

This is only one of the many tests to which telephone equipment is subjected in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. And there is a reason for the selection of those particular words.

It happens that the sentence, "Joe took father's shoe bench out," and its more lyrical companion, "She was waiting at my lawn," contain all the fundamental sounds of the English language that contribute to the intensity of sound in speech.

Busily at work in the interest of every one who uses the telephone is one of the largest research laboratories in the world. The outstanding development of the telephone in this country is proof of the value of this research.* In times like these, the work of the Bell Telephone Laboratories becomes increasingly important and necessary.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

*The Bell System Is Doing Its Part in the Country's Program of National Defense*

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**Collier's**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 11, 1941

# Silently the Conquered

## By Hamlen Hunt

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

**To the conqueror, power—and the doom of endless loneliness**

WHEN the curfew sounds at night in Warsaw and Paris and Rotterdam and Copenhagen, people go home silently. The only sound left in the once life-filled streets is the loud, firm marching of police who hear their own footsteps resound along promenades with unfamiliar names. Sometimes one greets another in triumphant tones that ring hollowly on the silent, beaten air. "Good evening, Herr Lieutenant! All is well?" "All is well, Herr Lieutenant. Everything is quiet."

Because, of course, there is no longer any revolt left anywhere: it has all been ground out of the people who happen to belong in that country. Sometimes one policeman, talking to another over his Dutch cheeses and beer, or his vermouth-cassis (what bilge these people drink! A degenerate race!) says, "They were born to be slaves! Look at them now, beaten to the ground!"

Young Captain Roth Klemperer was glad he could find nothing to complain about in the behavior of the quiet Danes. It would have been hard for him had there been rioting and trouble because he had such happy memories of this peaceful country. He knew many people well, especially one family named Haunstrup. They had a big, pleasant farm an hour or two out of Copenhagen, and Roth had often spent summers there since first he had come to Denmark in 1915, as a war refugee. The Haunstrups had taken him in then.

When he arrived at the farm in summer, Anton, strong as a young tree, would rush out to greet him, and they would instantly begin to make plans for trips and talk about the farm prospects. Anton was interested in scientific farming and Roth was interested in science. Next to greet him was Aunt Mathea, the blind and gentle mother who was so beautiful that everyone loved her. She had taught school until her eyesight failed, and after that she was still able to manage the household and give it grace.

"Welcome, Roth," she would say,

**"You had no right!" she said, and the quicksilver behind her eyes had turned black. "I had!" he shouted**



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kissing him on both cheeks. "You are taller again, I see."

He would say, "Just half an inch," and think that her face felt like rose petals.

Margreta, the shy youngest of the family—three other sons and daughters were working in America—would one day be as beautiful as her mother. Quicksilver shone behind her eyes and made it impossible for her ever to be quite motionless. She always had boys clustering around her, as if, her brother told her, she were no more than a lump of honey on a plate. She would wrinkle her nose and say, "They think I'm sweet until I sting them—like this!" She laughed and flicked him sharply with her fingernails. One of these boys was Holger Lunoe, who lived on the next farm. He was tall and dark-eyed with a hidden streak of wild energy and humor that pleased Margreta. Holger and Anton used to discuss farmers' co-operatives until Roth and Margreta were bored and wandered away from them.

There was so much to do in occupied Copenhagen that Roth hadn't yet been able to get out to the Haunstrups' farm. He would not admit to himself that he hesitated to go there in his new role.

He remembered Margreta as he had last seen her three summers before. He had appeared, in his new uniform, at the gate of the thatched white house with a pear tree trained to grow flat against the sunny wall, and a tall, beautiful girl had met him. Her eyes were as gray as the harbor at dusk and there was a gracefulness in her movements.

"Margreta?" he said, astonished. "Why, you've grown up and got beautiful!"

She laughed aloud. "Or is it that your eyes have merely learned to see?" she asked mockingly, turning to Holger who was pruning a small tree on the lawn. "Holger thought I was beautiful even when I didn't have my front teeth."

Roth bowed stiffly from the waist. "You were," he said, and felt himself flush to the roots of his sand-colored hair, cut in the military way this summer. He looked at Holger, in faded corduroys, and felt quite scornful until that dark, mocking face turned to him and that deep voice said, "Hello, Boy Scout." Roth recovered his dignity slowly.

"Hello," he said. "When I left last fall you were fixing up trees, too."

Holger looked at him calmly. "It's not a bad thing to do."

THAT was almost the only exchange of civilities between them that whole summer, for they had both changed as much as Margreta, and she stood between them. Holger was stubborn and adult, the respected head of a local co-operative. Older farmers, even such successful ones as her father, respected Holger's judgment.

Sometimes Roth wondered if there was an understanding between Margreta and Holger. There was a way they had of looking at each other. But he would not think there was because he wanted Margreta himself.

"So you're going to be a soldier," she said. "I thought you wanted to be a chemist once."

"Once," he said impatiently. "When I was an unambitious boy."

Margreta said, "Here we leave the army to those who want fine uniforms. The rest of us have too much to do building Denmark's future to dream of conquest. We are a small country and content to stay that way."

Roth said earnestly, "Some day there will be no small states in Europe. It is uneconomic. There will be one or two big states instead."

Margreta raised her eyebrows. "Gobble, gobble, like a Strasbourg goose," she said irreverently. "Perhaps instead there will be many small states all in one federation, such as Holger dreams of."

Roth grew angry and shouted, "That's nonsense, I tell you! You are co-operation-mad in this country! You *will* not realize that one country must rule the rest!"

Margreta looked at him and suddenly she was so remote and yet so desirable that he rushed at her and held her against the trunk of the tree that Holger had kept alive. He was full of an angry passion, determined to make her respond. At last she did and then she wrenched herself away.

"You had no right!" she said, and the quicksilver behind her eyes had turned black.

"I had!" he shouted. "I am a man and you a woman, that's all the right I need!"

And then he kissed her again and she flung her head sideways so hard it cracked against the tree trunk.

"I choose my own man," she said. "Let me go!"

"No!" he said.

Holger's voice was very deep and quiet. "Margreta wishes to go," he said, and knocked Roth flat with one swipe of his enormous hand. Roth glared at him as he instantly sprang to his feet.

"You wish to duel?" he asked, grinding out the words between his teeth.

Holger laughed aloud, throwing his head back.

"Oh, for God's sake, Roth," he said. "You're not the Student Prince, you know. You were bothering Margreta, that was all." He slouched off to find Anton, who was going around the barns with the cattle inspector. The Haunstrups bred prize cattle.

THERE was a feeling of strain between Margreta and Roth during the short remaining weeks of summer; sometimes she could not seem to meet his eyes, and sometimes when he looked up suddenly, he knew she had been watching and thinking about him. The trouble was he didn't know what she was thinking, until the last evening.

"Roth," she said, and she had put her hand gently in his. "You are so strange compared to the quiet boy who used to come here—maybe it is the uniform, maybe something else. I am attracted to you—I would not deny that. Yet I have a feeling of distrust about you, too, and I always feel those things together—I cannot seem to separate them. I am telling you this so you will know how things are with me."

Roth said, "Let us leave things that way. I will come back during the winter—Anton and I are going skiing in Norway at Christmas time—and perhaps by then you will know whether you love me or not." He had thought then how generous he was to give her time, when he could force her to his will if he wanted to. He went on with words that surprised him: "You are all the things I may never have again if you will not love me."

There was silence before Margreta said in a muffled voice, "I hope I can love you, then, but I must be sure. When you come in winter I will know."

HE HADN'T gone back that winter. He was sent into Austria and after that into Czechoslovakia. He rose to be a captain, known for his devotion to the ideals of state and leader and when he thought of Margreta it was almost wonderingly. Now that he was back in Copenhagen, he could not stop thinking of her.

Sometimes Roth wondered what people thought when they looked at the Raadhus and saw the swastika flapping over it. Naturally they did not say.

"It's a different city," Lieutenant Herring said enthusiastically to his superior, reporting progress. "It will soon be all in order."

"No doubt," Roth answered dryly, for it had suddenly come to him that in these few months the old Copenhagen had put on a disguise. This Copenhagen was much like Vienna occupied, or Prague, or even Paris, and he had a sudden dizzy feeling that if all the cities were the same, if all custom turned German, and all conversation became the polite, submissive talk of beaten people, it would not be pleasant.

He looked out of the window and saw many things that he remembered from an old dream—flower-trimmed

*(Continued on page 47)*

**Roth supposed he spoke so only because he had known him so long. "I am glad to see you again," he said**

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# Lighted Windows

## By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

**Two beacons in the life of a lonely man—the girl he had intended to win, and the girl who won him**

TOM BURDOCK left the group of men around Earl Stone's bunk and the talk of the New Year's Eve bender they planned in town that night. They were kids, most of them, and talked big. He didn't laugh at them, for his ideas were not strangers to theirs. There was just this difference: He found no need to shout about it.

Burdock went to the door of the bunkhouse and stood there looking out across the winter-still valley toward town. There was a girl who lived in that town—on Maple Street in a neat white house. She belonged to one of the respectable families there whose lives were so far removed from his. He had seen her last two years ago. Each time since then that he had come near that town as the work in the woods shifted, he had thought of going to see her, but each time things turned out differently.

From where he stood in the door he could see the woods road dropping down through the timbered section, paralleling the frozen river, then striking straight over the snow-covered barrens to the first of the remote homes on the edge of the wilderness. A light was already on in this first house—or it might have been the reflection of the early setting winter sun. Burdock looked a long time until he saw that it was a light.

That house and the people in it were strangers to him—but the warmth and the security they represented to a man without a home were deep. Seeing him standing there, a big, slow-moving man, muscle heavy and scarred from work and what he called good times, those behind him in the bunkhouse would never have guessed his thoughts—so strong is a man's reputation, his outward way of living. And even to the man, himself, certain wants lay fallow until a seed grows. The lamp in that unknown window brought stirring life to this seed. The growing hurt.

Burdock walked back into the hot room. There was a way of soothing this hurt, and he knew the formula well. He went to his bunk, kicked off the wool slippers, and put on the high oiled-leather boots he wore into town. He dressed without hurry, but there was little care in his choice of clothes. His dark, deep-set eyes moved over his things indifferently.

He saw Earl Stone, Chet Loving and Cort Gregory watching him.

Stone said in a quiet, instructive voice, "Now there, boys, is the only gent in this camp who knows *all* the ways of raising hell."

Burdock regarded Stone soberly.

"You know this town, Tom?" Chet Loving asked. "Didn't you drive logs on this river before?"

"I was here two years ago."

"Town's open, isn't she?"

"Wide open."

"Attaboy!" Stone said. He rubbed his hands together. A gleam brought light into his eyes.

Cort Gregory left the group and strolled over to Burdock's bunk. He sat down on the bench beside Burdock and lit a cigarette. He looked at Burdock through the mist of smoke. He, of all the men in the bunkhouse, knew Burdock best. Burdock had found him in a free-for-all brawl in a saloon in Eastport, and had saved him from a serious beating. They had peeled pulpwood together three summers ago near Westerly on the Air Line road, and had been in the big drive on the Machias last spring. But Burdock knew that even Gregory never guessed the thoughts that stirred his mind.

Gregory said, "The boys are going to be hard to handle tonight."

"Don't try," Burdock said, "this is New Year's Eve."

HE SAT on the outside of the company truck's cab seat—his right arm against the wall of zero air. Across the roar of the engine, and the talk of the crew in the body of the truck, Burdock let his mind play with the memory of this road leading to town—of the town—of the girl in the town.

The thought came to him then that he could go to see her, that there was nothing to keep him from going but himself. If she wasn't home he would go down to Water Street. If she was home . . . ? His mind stopped there. "I'll get the boys started at Lunk's," he said to himself. "Then I'll go out to Maple Street. I won't even have a drink until I get back later. . . ."

The men were feeling good with company checks warm in their hip pockets.

"Which way do we go, Tom?" the driver asked.

Burdock saw the divided road ahead in the white of the truck lights and said, "Go left." This road led to the East side—to the mills, the row of saloons on Water Street. The other road led to the neat white houses on Walnut and Maple—to the homes of the people of the town.

He looked down the darkness of that road and saw in the distance the faint glow of the lights and saw in his mind's eye the last house on Maple Street. He said, "It's two more miles, boys—to Lunk's."

The driver was fussy about parking; he wanted the truck headed right—facing the road out of town—with nothing to hinder him when he got behind the wheel to start back for camp. Earl Stone kidded him. Tom Burdock stood on the snow-packed sidewalk, his back to the truck, his eyes on the bar inside

*(Continued on page 51)*

**She beat her fists against the wood and shouted: "Cowards! You ought to be ashamed. Five against two! Get out of here"**



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Key to our defensive sewing-up of the Caribbean is France's Martinique, with its excellent harbor at Fort-de-France (see inset map) which would make an ideal base for the U. S. Navy. Air-line distances to Panama Canal from San Juan and projected Trinidad bases are indicated

# Our Designs on Martinique

## By Frank Gervasi

**A stinking pearl on our doorstep, Martinique has the best harbor in the Lesser Antilles. We need that harbor to complete our Caribbean defense line, says the Navy. The rest of the island is sheer liability. Collier's rushed Frank Gervasi there by air. Here is his report on this disheartened fragment of the French empire; its ships, its planes and its bewildered inhabitants**

ROLF KLEP

WIDE WORLD

**United States' man-on-the-spot watching the "Martinique Crisis" is American Consul V. H. Blocker**

MARTINIQUE, which until June 13th last, the day France fell, was merely a smelly stopover on a Caribbean cruise where you could buy Rue de la Paix perfumes at Woolworth prices, has become an international bombshell with a slow-burning fuse. It is an island of bewildered men, of lies, propaganda and censorship, and that's not all. Lies, propaganda and censorship are the flora and fauna of a correspondent's habitat. On Martinique he encounters something new, incredible—unless he knows France and the pride of Frenchmen and their shame and hurt in defeat.

Confusion begins, for the correspondent, the moment he sets his feet onto the mucky dock of Fort-de-France. Right under the noses of censors, customs inspectors and policemen, a stringy individual with a mouthful of secondhand gold teeth and a coffee-cream complexion wobbles up and gives the correspondent the low-down.

The island, he tells you, is 90 per cent American. The natives in the hills, who are now Frenchmen, want to change their citizenship right away. For further details please see Monsieur So and So and at that point Coffee-Cream's voice drops to an indecipherable series of sibilants.

You arrive at the shuttered warren they call a hotel and, after a shower and a change from the gluey clothes that became soaked in perspiration while listening to Coffee-Cream on the sun-soaked dock, you go and sit down in a spavined chair in the Bar Normandie of the Hotel de la Paix. You order a rum punch and listen to the rain. It descends with the sound and weight of surf.

### The Harbor's the Thing

The water gorges the gutters—there are no sewers in Fort-de-France—and the filth of a city of some 50,000 blacks and 3,000 whites and quasiwhites sluices through the narrow street, past the sidewalk-level door of the bar, to foul the Caribbean a few hundred yards away. Fort-de-France was built on a swamp. As you watch the rain turn stately palms into bedraggled harridans with unkempt hair and as you listen to it you wonder more than ever why anybody would want Martinique.

Then the sun; again its light is pale yellow, almost white. The city steams. The air is thick in the nostrils and heavy with a thousand stenches. You have a walk around. First, the harbor.

The harbor of Fort-de-France, which was Fort Royal when the ships of the line of Admiral de Grasse were bosomed there, is deep, wide, long. It is sheltered from the tireless trade winds by high, green hills. It is, even a layman can see, the best harbor in the Lesser Antilles, from Port-of-Spain to San Juan.

Gold-braided men of the American Navy, hard-boiled men who think in terms of 16-inch guns and national security instead of in political terms, told me candidly that the United States ought to have that harbor. We don't, they added, want to own the island, or own any Frenchmen, nor inherit their rum-and-ruin economics. We merely want that harbor as a base, as another tooth in Uncle Sam's Caribbean denture. Right now there's an ugly gap in it between Puerto Rico and Trinidad.

Martinique would make the best base in the Lower Antilles. Dynamite and steam shovels and millions couldn't improve very much the naval and flying-boat base nature made at Fort-de-France. There's little dredging to be done, for one thing. Dredging, slow, costly business—and the multimillion-dollar machines that do the dredging will have to be brought down from the United States—will account for much of the time and money to be spent on our West Indies defense system.

We talked about the island with the men who fly the PBY patrol boats on the neutrality vigil that extends from Newfoundland to Georgetown and the coast of Venezuela. Two hundred miles out to sea they fly, and they cover the Caribbean, night and day, with a geometry of intersecting routes. They are the guardians of America's Mare Nostrum, of the Panama Canal, the Suez of our Mediterranean.

They like Martinique. There are no



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swells, no treacherous currents in the harbor of Fort-de-France. That's important to them when they're laying a few thousands of dollars worth of airplane down on the water. That's just as important as it is to a warship to have many fathoms under her keel. The PBY pilots can lay their ships down on the port of Fort-de-France as easily as they might stroke a basin of water with a feather.

Martinique, geographically, lies roughly midway between San Juan and Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. It is the extreme eastern end of a diagonal drawn from the Panama Canal, 1,330 flying miles away. From San Juan or Port-of-Spain it's about three and a half flying hours to Fort-de-France.

Critics are shocked by what they consider an expression of American imperialism in murmuring covetous words about Martinique. We've got bases in the English islands, they say. We acquired those bases from the British in exchange for 50 destroyers. To this the hard-boiled Navy man replies:

"No, Citizen Jones. We haven't any bases in the English islands. What we acquired was the right to build bases on land leased for a period of 99 years. Those bases must yet be built. This will take at least 18 months and many millions of dollars of the money you pay in taxes. In most cases the work has not yet begun. And anything may happen in Europe before they are finished."

If the world were organized as it was in the days when the New World was an imperial grab bag, the problem of Martinique would be simple. The United States would pre-empt the island in self-defense. That's the way the French got it in 1635. They just grabbed it when England, France and Spain fought a succession of wars for control of the Caribbean and their New World possessions.

Things aren't done that way now except by the Axis powers, and America must seek a diplomatic and political solution of the Martinique question. That's why President Franklin Roosevelt appointed as ambassador to Vichy Admiral William Daniel Leahy, governor of Puerto Rico, former chief of naval operations and a sailor who knows the Caribbean as you know the geography of your bathtub.

Out there in the harbor, asleep on her irons, is the clumsy French aircraft carrier Bearn. The flag of France droops at her stern pole. Alongside lies the "auxiliary cruiser" Quercy. Much has been made of the menace of these converted merchantmen. The Quercy was being stripped of her guns by the winches of the Bearn. She'll go back to the banana business after being refitted with refrigerating machinery at Casablanca.

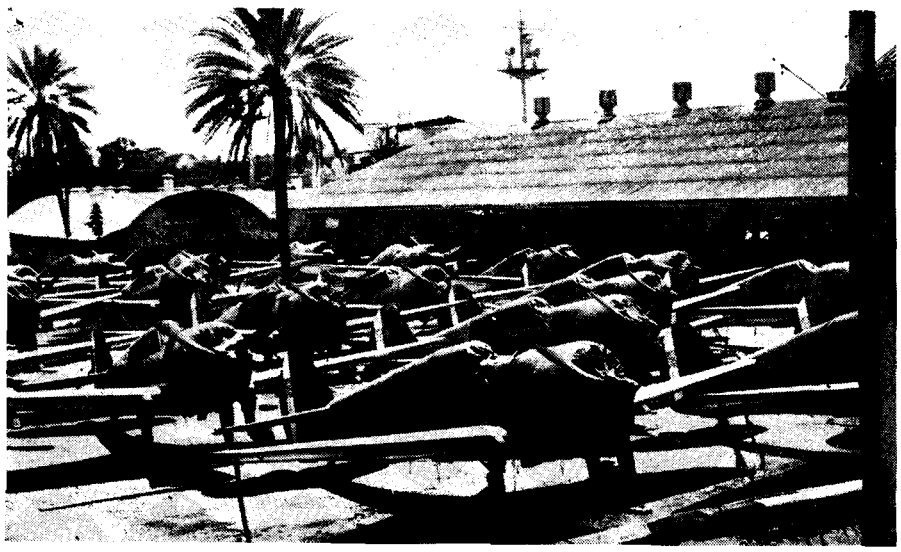
Tied up at a dock were the banana boats Esterel and Barfleur. These too figured in the "Martinique Crisis" generated back home. Both have been disarmed, their guns deposited in the arsenal. Some of these guns, four-inch affairs, will be mounted on the island.

At another dock on the inner curve of the harbor lay the light cruiser Emile Bertin. Three small freighters boxed her in, bows to sea as though in case of alarm they could swing around and protect the cruiser. Martinique fears attack, maybe German, maybe American.

The funnels of all ships were dead. Only on the warships was there a stir of life. The sailors' washing hung on lines, and half-naked men scrubbed decks, polished brass. Life stopped in the harbor of Fort-de-France on June 13.

It is sad to see the warships of a defeated nation when that nation is a

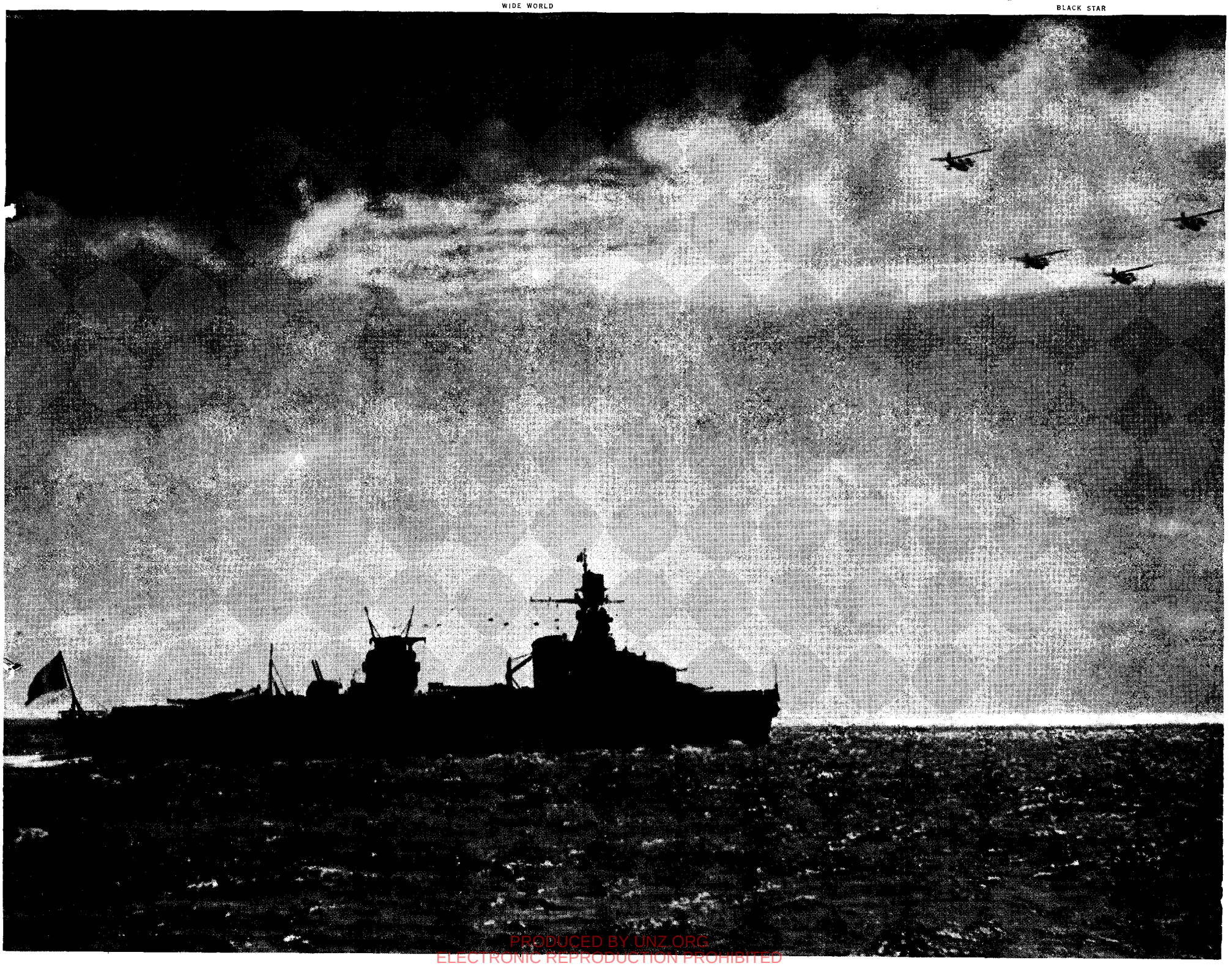
*(Continued on page 41)*



WIDE WORLD

**American planes, en route to France on the aircraft carrier Bearn, were unloaded at Fort-de-France when France collapsed. The Bearn, with the light cruiser Emile Bertin (below) provide Martinique with its only real defense**

BLACK STAR



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# Evil Under the Sun

## By Agatha Christie

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*The Story Thus Far:*

HERCULE POIROT, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, is enjoying a vacation at the Jolly Roger, an unpretentious hotel on an English south-coast island, when it dawns on him that everyone around him is nervous, apprehensive. And presently he learns what is wrong:

Two of the guests—Kenneth Marshall's wife, Arlena (a man hunter) and Christine Redfern's handsome husband, Patrick—are deep in a none-too-secret "affair"; and the other guests are in a dither for fear that, sooner or later, there will be serious trouble, perhaps even a shocking tragedy of some sort.

Poirot sees much of the Marshalls and the Redferns. He meets the other guests, among them: Miss Emily Brewster, an amiable old maid; the Reverend Stephen Lane; two Americans—Mrs. Odell Gardener and her husband; Major Barry, a bore from India; Rosamund Darnley, a well-known London dressmaker; and Horace Blatt, a man of means—and many words.

It is Blatt who tells Poirot of "Pixy's Cave," *a near-by cavern which, according to legend,* is connected with the hotel by secret passages and guarded by pixies ("moor spirits"). . . . One warm August morning, Arlena Marshall goes to the little beach below the Jolly Roger. She climbs on a small "float" and paddles away. Some time later, "Pat" Redfern and Miss Brewster, out for a jaunt in a rowboat, find her body on the beach at Pixy Cove—she has been murdered, strangled to death!

The tragedy jerks Poirot out of his restful mood; and, with Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston, he goes to work—searching for clues, interviewing everyone who may contribute some item of value.

Kenneth Marshall is, naturally, the most obvious suspect. But he could not have killed his wife—at the time of the murder he had been in his room, busily engaged in typing letters. Who, then, killed Arlena Marshall? *Some man*—because Arlena had been strangled *by someone with powerful hands.* But what man?

Colgate, Weston and Poirot have no theories—yet. Minds open, they inspect the hotel's register. They make a list of the men whom they should interrogate. They come to the name of Horace Blatt. Poirot makes a rapid analysis of Blatt's personality. Then—while Colgate and Weston listen: "*There is something not quite right about Mr. Blatt,*" he says slowly.

### V

POIROT paused and went on, with a change of voice:

"Next comes Miss Rosamund Darnley. Her business name is Rose Mond Ltd. She is a celebrated dressmaker. What can I say of her? She has brains and charm and chic. She is very pleasing to look at." He paused and added: "And she is a very old friend of Captain Marshall's."

Weston sat up in his chair.

"Oh, she is, is she?"

"Yes. They had not met for some years."

"Did she know he was going to be down here?"

"She says not."

Poirot paused and then went on: "Who comes next? Miss Brewster. I find her just a little alarming." He shook his head. "She has a voice like a man's. She is gruff and what you call hearty. She rows boats and has a handicap of four at golf." He paused. "I think, though, that she has a good heart."

"That leaves only the Reverend Stephen Lane," Weston said. "Who's the Reverend Stephen Lane?"

"I can only tell you one thing: He is a man who is in a condition of great nervous tension. Also he is, I think, a fanatic."

"Oh, that kind of person," Inspector Colgate said.

"And that's the lot!" said Weston. He looked at Poirot. "You seem very lost in thought, my friend?"

"Yes," Poirot said. "Because, you see, when Mrs. Marshall went off this morning and asked me not to tell anyone I had seen her, I jumped at once in my own mind to a certain conclusion. I thought that her friendship with Patrick Redfern had made trouble between her and her husband. I thought that she was going to meet Patrick Redfern somewhere and that she did not want her husband to know where she was."

POIROT paused. "But that, you see, was where I was wrong. Because, although her husband appeared almost immediately on the beach and asked if I had seen her, Patrick Redfern arrived also—and was most patently and obviously looking for her! And therefore, my friends, I am asking myself, *who was it that Arlena Marshall went off to meet?*"

"That fits in with *my* idea," Inspector Colgate said. "A man from London or somewhere."

Hercule Poirot shook his head. "But, my friend, according to your theory, Arlena Marshall had broken with this mythical man. Why, then, should she take such trouble and pains to meet him?"

"Who do *you* think it was?" Inspector Colgate asked.

"That is just what I cannot imagine. We have just read through the list of hotel guests. They are all middle-aged—dull. Which of them would Arlena Marshall prefer to Patrick Redfern? No, that is impossible. And yet, all the same, she *did* go to meet someone—and that someone was not Patrick Redfern."

Weston murmured, "You don't think she just went off by herself?"

Poirot shook his head positively.

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**"I oiled myself and sun-bathed and Mrs. Redfern sketched. Then, a little bit later, I went into the sea for a swim"**

"*Mon cher,*" he said. "It is very evident that you never met the dead woman. Somebody once wrote a learned treatise on the difference that solitary confinement would mean to Beau Brummel or to a man like Newton. Arlena Marshall, my dear friend, would practically not exist in solitude. She only lived in the light of a man's admiration. No, Arlena Marshall went to meet *someone* that morning. *Who was it?*"

COLONEL WESTON sighed, shook his head and said: "Well, we can go into theories later. Got to get through these interviews now. Got to get it down in black and white where everyone was. I suppose we'd better see the Marshall girl now. She might be able to tell us something useful."

Linda Marshall came into the room clumsily, knocking against the doorpost. She was breathing quickly and the pupils of her eyes were dilated. She looked like a startled young colt. Colonel Weston felt a kindly impulse toward her.

"Poor kid," he thought, "she's nothing but a kid after all. This must have been a pretty bad shock to her."

He drew up a chair and said, in a reassuring voice, "Sorry to put you through this, Miss—Linda, isn't it?"

"Yes, Linda."

Her voice had that indrawn, breathy quality that is often characteristic of schoolgirls. Her hands rested helplessly on the table in front of him—pathetic hands, big and red, with large bones and long wrists. "A kid oughtn't to be mixed up in this sort of thing," Weston thought.

He said reassuringly:

"There's nothing very alarming about all this. We just want you to tell us anything you know that might be useful, that's all."

"You mean—about Arlena?" she asked.

"Yes. Did you see her this morning at all?"

The girl shook her head. "No. Arlena always gets down rather late. She has breakfast in bed."

Hercule Poirot said, "And you, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, I get up. Breakfast in bed's so *stuffy*."

"Will you tell us just what you did this morning?" Weston asked.

"Well, I had a bath first and then breakfast and then I went with Mrs. Redfern to Gull Cove."

"What time did you and Mrs. Redfern start?" Weston asked.

"She said she'd be waiting for me in the hall at half past ten. I was afraid I was going to be late, but it was all right. We started off at about three minutes to the half-hour."

"And what did you do at Gull Cove?" Poirot asked.

"Oh, I oiled myself and sun-bathed and Mrs. Redfern sketched. Then, a little bit later, I went into the sea for a swim and Christine went back to the hotel to get changed for tennis."

WESTON said, keeping his voice quite casual, "Do you remember what time that was?"

"When Mrs. Redfern went back to the hotel? Quarter to twelve."

"Sure of that time—quarter to twelve?"

Linda, opening her eyes wide, said, "Oh, *yes*. I looked at my watch."

"The watch you have on now?"

Linda glanced down at her wrist.

"Yes."

"Mind if I see?"

She held out her wrist. He compared the watch with his own and with the hotel clock on the wall.

"Correct to a second," he said, smiling. "And after that you bathed?"

"Yes."

"And you got back to the hotel—when?"

"Just about one o'clock. And—and then—I heard—about Arlena. . . ."

Her voice changed.

"Did you—er—get on with your stepmother all right?" Weston asked.

She looked at him for a minute without replying. Then she said, "Oh, yes."

"Did you like her, Mademoiselle?" Poirot asked.

"Oh, yes. Arlena was quite kind to me."

Weston said, with rather uneasy facetiousness, "Not the cruel stepmother, eh?"

Linda shook her head without smiling.

"That's good," remarked Weston. "That's good. Sometimes, you know, there's a bit of difficulty in families—jealousy—all that. Girl and her father great pals and then she resents it a bit when he's all wrapped up in the new wife. You didn't feel like that, eh?"

Linda stared at him. She said, with obvious sincerity, "Oh, no."

"I suppose your father was—er—very wrapped up in her?"

Linda said, simply, "I don't know."

Weston went on: "All sorts of difficulties, as I say, arise in families. Quarrels—rows—that sort of thing. If husband and wife get ratty with each other, that's a bit awkward for a daughter, too. Anything of that sort?"

"Do you mean, did Father and Arlena quarrel?"

"Well—yes."

"Rotten business, questioning a child about her father," Weston thought to himself. "Why is one a policeman? Damn it all, it's got to be done, though."

Linda said positively, "Oh, no." She added: "Father doesn't quarrel with people. He's not like that at all."

"Now, Miss Linda, I want you to think very carefully. Have you any idea at all who might have killed your stepmother?"

Linda was silent a moment. She seemed to be giving the question a serious, unhurried consideration.

"No, I don't know who could have

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wanted to kill Arlena" She added: "Except, of course, Mrs. Redfern."

"You think Mrs. Redfern wanted to kill her? Why?"

"Because her husband was in love with Arlena. But I don't think she would really want to *kill* her. I mean she'd just feel that she wished she was dead—and that isn't the same thing at all, is it?"

Poirot said gently, "No, it is not at all the same."

Linda nodded. A queer sort of spasm passed across her face. She said, "And anyway, Mrs. Redfern could never do a thing like that—kill anybody. She isn't—she isn't *violent,* if you know what I mean."

Weston and Poirot nodded. The latter said, "I know exactly what you mean, my child, and I agree with you. Mrs. Redfern is not of those who, as your saying goes, 'sees red.' She would not be—" he leaned back, half closing his eyes, picking his words with care—"shaken by a storm of feeling—seeing life narrowing in front of her—seeing a hated face—a hated white neck—feeling her hands clench—longing to feel them press into flesh—"

Linda moved jerkily back from the table. She said, in a trembling voice, "Can I go now? Is that all?"

"Yes, yes, that's all. Thank you, Miss Linda."

Weston got up to open the door for her. Then he came back to the table and lit a cigarette.

"Well," he said, "I suppose we'd better see the Redferns next. I expect he's recovered a bit from the shock now."

PATRICK REDFERN had recovered full composure by now. He looked pale and haggard and suddenly very young, but his manner was quite composed.

"You are Mr. Patrick Redfern of Crossgates, Seldon, Princess Risborough?"

"Yes."

"How long had you known Mrs. Marshall?"

Patrick Redfern hesitated, then said, "Three months."

Weston went on: "Captain Marshall has told us that you and she met casually at a cocktail party. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's how it came about."

"Captain Marshall has implied that until you both met down here you did not know each other well. Is that the truth, Mr. Redfern?"

Again Patrick Redfern hesitated a minute. "Well—not exactly. As a matter of fact I saw a fair amount of her one way and another."

"Without Captain Marshall's knowledge?"

Redfern flushed slightly. "I don't know whether he knew about it or not."

Hercule Poirot murmured, "And was it also without your wife's knowledge, M. Redfern?"

"I believe I mentioned to my wife that I had met the famous Arlena Stuart."

Poirot persisted: "But she did not know how often you were seeing her?"

"Well, perhaps not."

"Did you and Mrs. Marshall arrange to meet down here?" Weston asked.

Redfern was silent a minute or two. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well," he said, "I suppose it's bound to come out now. It's no good my fencing with you. I was crazy about the woman—mad—infatuated—anything you like. She wanted me to come down here. I demurred a bit and then I agreed. I—I—well, I would have agreed to do any mortal thing she liked. She had that kind of effect on people."

Hercule Poirot murmured, "You paint a very clear picture of her. She was the eternal Circe. Just that!"

Patrick Redfern said, bitterly, "She turned men into swine all right!" He went on: "I'm being frank with you, gentlemen. I'm not going to hide anything. What's the use? As I say, I was infatuated with her. Whether she cared for me or not, I don't know. She pretended to, but I think she was one of those women who lose interest in a man once they've got him body and soul. She knew she'd got me all right. This morning, when I found her there on the beach, dead, it was as though—" he paused—"as though something had hit me straight between the eyes. I was dazed—knocked out!"

Poirot leaned forward.

"And now?"

Patrick Redfern met his eyes squarely.

"I've told you the truth," he said. "What I want to ask is this—*how much of it has got to be made public?* It's not as though it could have any bearing on her death. And if it all comes out, it's going to be pretty rough on my wife.

"Oh, I know," he went on quickly. "You think I haven't thought much about her up to now? Perhaps that's true. But, though I may sound the worst kind of hypocrite, the real truth is that I care for my wife—care for her very deeply. The other—" he twitched his shoulders— "it was a madness—the kind of idiotic fool thing men do—but Christine is different. She's *real.* Badly as I've treated her, I've known all along, deep down, that she was the person who really counted." He paused—sighed—and said rather pathetically: "I wish I could make you believe that."

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. He said, "But I do believe it. Yes, yes, I do believe it!"

Patrick Redfern looked at him gratefully. "Thank you," he replied.

Colonel Weston cleared his throat. "You may take it, Mr. Redfern, that we shall not go into irrelevancies. If your infatuation for Mrs. Marshall played no part in the murder then there will be no point in dragging it into the case. But what you don't seem to realize is that that—er—intimacy—may have a very direct bearing on the murder. It might establish, you understand, a *motive* for the crime."

"Motive?" Redfern asked.

"Yes, Mr. Redfern, *motive!* Captain Marshall, perhaps, was unaware of the affair. Suppose that he suddenly found out."

Redfern said, "You mean he got wise and—and killed her?"

The chief constable spoke rather dryly: "That solution had not occurred to you?"

REDFERN shook his head. "No—funny. I never thought of it. You see, Marshall's such a quiet chap. I—oh, it doesn't seem likely."

"What was Mrs. Marshall's attitude to her husband in all this? Was she—well, uneasy—in case it should come to his ears? Or was she indifferent?"

"She was—a bit nervous. She didn't want him to suspect anything."

"Did she seem afraid of him?"

"Afraid? No, I wouldn't say that."

"Excuse me, M. Redfern," Poirot murmured. "There was not, at any time, the question of a divorce?"

Patrick Redfern shook his head decisively.

"Oh, no, there was no question of anything like that. There was Christine, you see. And Arlena, I am sure, never thought of such a thing. She was perfectly satisfied married to Marshall. He's—well, rather a big bug in his way." He smiled suddenly. "County—all that sort of thing, and quite well off. She never thought of me as a possible *husband.* No, I was just one of a succession of poor mutts—just something to pass the time with. I knew that all along, and yet, queerly enough, it didn't alter my feelings toward her. . . ."

His voice trailed off. He sat there thinking.

Weston recalled him to the needs of the moment:

"Now, Mr. Redfern, had you any particular appointment with Mrs. Marshall this morning?"

Patrick Redfern looked slightly puzzled. "Not a particular appointment, no. We usually met every morning on the beach. We used to paddle about on floats."

"Were you surprised not to find Mrs. Marshall there this morning?"

"Yes, I was. Very surprised. I couldn't understand it at all."

"What did you think?"

"Well, I didn't know what to think. I mean, all the time I thought she would be coming."

"If she were keeping an appointment elsewhere you had no idea with whom that appointment might be?"

Patrick Redfern merely stared and shook his head.

"When you had a rendezvous with Mrs. Marshall, where did you meet?"

"Well, sometimes I'd meet her in the afternoon down at Gull Cove. You see the sun is off Gull Cove in the afternoon and so there aren't usually many people there. We met there once or twice."

"Never on the other cove? Pixy Cove?"

"No. You see Pixy Cove faces west and people go around there in boats or on floats in the afternoon. We never tried to meet in the morning. It would have been too noticeable. In the afternoon people go and have a sleep or mooch around and nobody knows much where anyone else is."

Weston nodded.

Patrick Redfern went on:

"After dinner, of course, on the fine nights, we used to go off for a stroll together to different parts of the island."

HERCULE POIROT murmured, "Ah, yes!" and Patrick Redfern shot him an inquiring glance.

Weston went on: "Then you can give us no help whatsoever as to the cause that took Mrs. Marshall to Pixy Cove this morning?"

Patrick Redfern shook his head. He said, and his voice sounded honestly bewildered:

"I haven't the faintest idea! It wasn't *like* Arlena."

"Had she any friends down here staying in the neighborhood?"

"Not that I know of. Oh, I'm sure she hadn't."

"Now, Mr. Redfern, I want you to think very carefully. You knew Mrs. Marshall in London. You must be acquainted with various members of her circle. Is there anyone you know of who could have had a grudge against her? Someone, for instance, whom you may have supplanted in her fancy?"

Patrick Redfern thought for some minutes. Then he shook his head.

"Honestly," he said, "I can't think of anyone."

Colonel Weston drummed with his fingers on the table.

"Well, that's that. We seem to be left with three possibilities. That of an unknown killer—some monomaniac—who happened to be in the neighborhood—and that's a pretty tall order—"

Redfern said, interrupting, "And yet, surely, it's by far the most likely explanation."

Weston shook his head.

"This isn't one of the 'lonely copse' murders. This cove place was pretty inaccessible. Either the man would have to come up from the causeway past the hotel, over the top of the island and down by that ladder contraption, or else he came there by boat. Either way is unlikely for a casual killing."

"You said there were three possibilities," Patrick Redfern said.

"Um—yes," said the chief constable. "That's to say, there were two people on this island who had a motive for killing her. Her husband, for one, and your wife for another."

Redfern stared at him. He looked dumfounded. "My wife? Christine? D'you mean that *Christine* had anything to do with this?"

He got up and stood there stammer-

*(Continued on page 49)*

**"That's his conscription card. It says to carry it with you at all times"**

ROBERT DAY

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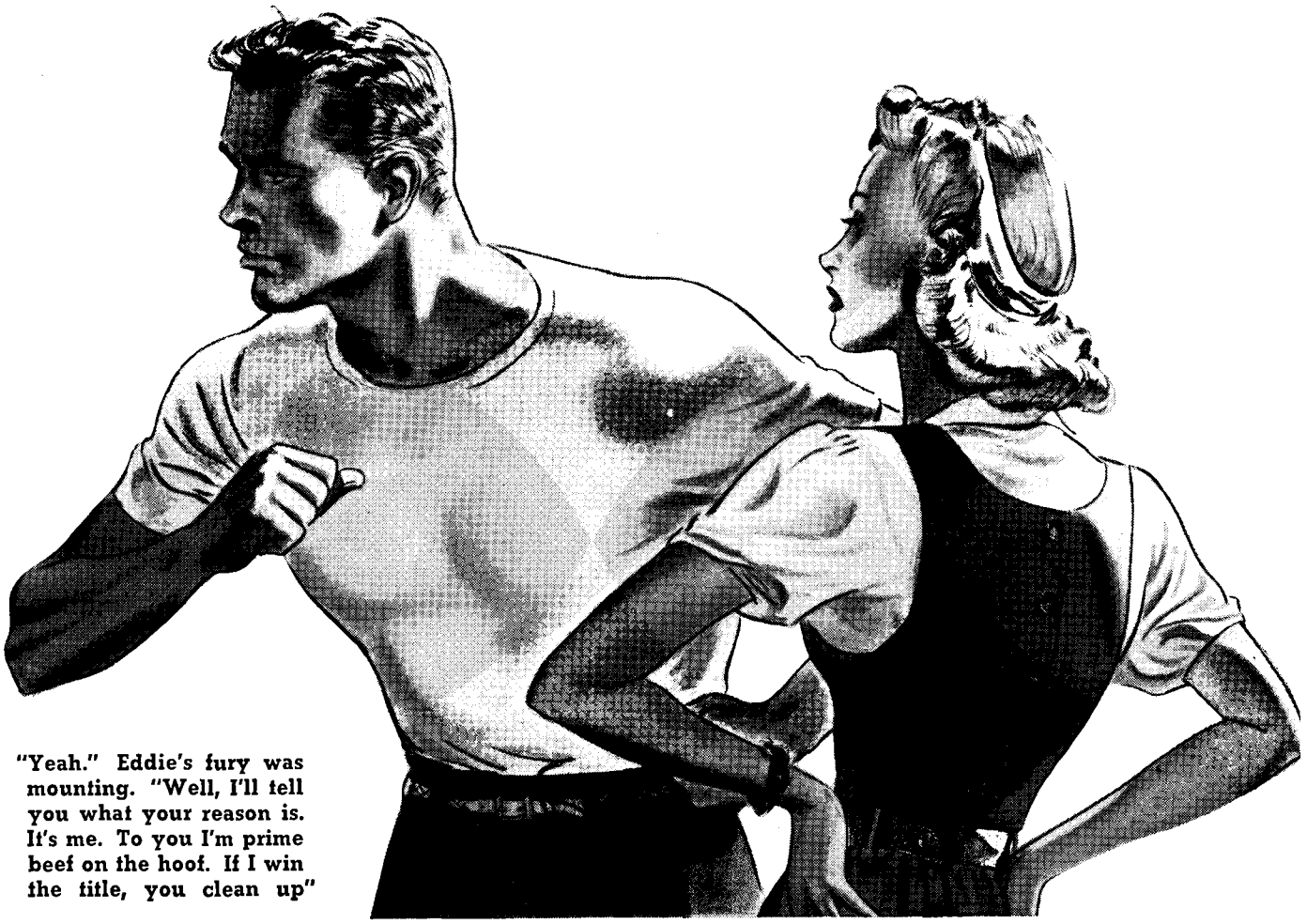

"Yeah." Eddie's fury was mounting. "Well, I'll tell you what your reason is. It's me. To you I'm prime beef on the hoof. If I win the title, you clean up"

# Kid Tinsel

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

*The Story Thus Far:*

WITH orders from Max Ellison, a prominent New York fight manager, to sign up Eddie Gordon, a young middleweight whose manager, Pop Mallory, has just died, Joe Barton motors to Birmingham, Alabama. A few days later, back in New York, he reports to Ellison—tells him that, because of a curious contract Gordon had signed, he must work for a girl: "Pat" Mallory, Pop's daughter! He does not refer to a murder that he, Joe Barton, had committed near Birmingham, late one night—and his flight from a possible witness, *Eddie Gordon,* who had not seen his face in the darkness but who had gained possession of his revolver!

Gordon goes to New York City. There he meets Max Ellison, and his gay young daughter, "Babs" (who soon falls for the young fighter). And there, managed by Pat Mallory (whom he has never understood or liked), he wins a series of fights.

Labeled "the Tinsel Kid" by Cliff Halliday, a sports writer, he is generally regarded as a coming champion.

Unfortunately, he has an enemy: Joe Barton. Barton loves Babs Ellison. Jealous of the fighter, he plans to "eliminate" him—have him murdered by Morrie Oakes, a professional killer. But first he must regain possession of his revolver, which happens to be registered in the name of Joseph Barton! . . .

After gadding about with Babs Ellison almost every night, Eddie fights Tommy Gateley—and is knocked out. By this time, Max Ellison feels sure that the boy from Birmingham is a great fighter—greater than his own Dixie Grogan, world's champion middleweight. So, to prevent the two from ever meeting in the ring, he tries to force Pat Mallory, by trickery, to sell him Eddie's contract. But, outsmarted by Cliff Halliday (who threatens to expose him in the newspapers), he admits that he is beaten. And, after Eddie has knocked out Gateley in a return fight, he signs articles for a fight between the great Grogan and Eddie Gordon. . . .

In training at an attractive "camp" near New York, Eddie receives two callers: Babs Ellison and Joe Barton. When they leave, Eddie watches them as they drive away—in Barton's car. The car seems vaguely familiar—*he wonders where he has seen it before!* Joe Barton notes the expression on the fighter's face. Guessing its meaning, he realizes that he must act—get rid of Gordon—as soon as possible.

### IX

PAT tried to relax; tried to console herself with the thought that she was absolutely right in what she was about to do.

She knew what she was stepping into: more bickering, more quarreling, more misunderstanding, more unhappiness . . . all widening the already well-nigh unbridgeable gap between herself and Eddie. It was all so very silly; so wrong. Something which had started with a silly cartoon before they'd ever met—a cartoon they'd both practically forgotten. Things had piled up . . . clash had built on clash until cause was forgotten under the daily impact of effect. Well, there was one more week to go: one more week during which she had to stick her chin out and let them pound it. She heard Babs' car coming up the road and she was standing outside the gate as it came to a quivering halt. Babs jammed on the emergency, snapped off the ignition and stepped out of the car with what seemed to be almost a single motion. She said, indifferently, "Oh, hello . . ."

"Good evening . . ."

Pat was slender, yet beside her, Babs looked thin. Pat was pretty and feminine; Babs was vivid. Pat was gentle; Babs was hard and on the defensive. She was young, but her instincts were keen. She sensed that this was no accidental meeting.

Pat said, "I'd like to have a little chat with you."

"That can be arranged."

"It isn't going to be easy . . ." The older girl was feeling her way. "I hope you won't misunderstand. It's about Eddie."

Babs surveyed her insolently. "You're not telling me anything I didn't know when I saw you waiting."

Pat kept her voice steady: "Next week, Miss Ellison—Eddie is fighting the world's champion. It's the most important moment in his career. He isn't in the shape he ought to be—either mentally or physically. I know you have his interests at heart just as much as I have. . . ."

Babs said coldly, "Listen, Mallory—suppose you pitch all your fine phrases into the bushes. We've got each other sized up, so there's no sense sparring. You think I'm poison to Eddie and you want me out—is that it?"

Pat hesitated, then met Babs on her own ground: "That's it. Though I wouldn't have put it so brutally."

"Of course you wouldn't. Your trouble is that you're a chronic lady. Well, I'm not—and I don't want to be. This

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sort of thing has got to be talked straight."

"I'm talking straight."

"Like heck you are." Babs' voice was contemptuous. "If you were honest, you'd say that you're in love with Eddie and jealous of me."

"No-o . . ." Pat shook her head. "You're wrong on both counts."

"Oh yeah? Well, I don't think so. So you can go peddle your tomatoes somewhere else."

Babs started toward the gate, but Pat barred her way. Her voice now matched that of the younger girl, and her eyes looked squarely into Babs'. Pat said, "You're making me do this the hard way, Miss Ellison."

"You aren't doing anything. I'll see Eddie whenever I want, and no dizzy dame is going to stop me."

"We'll see . . ." Pat fought back her own anger and compelled herself to talk more gently. "Let's don't play this way, Miss Ellison. Try to believe me. I'm not jealous of you, and—so far as I'm concerned—you and Eddie can do what you please when you please after next week. But right now you're bad medicine for him, and I'm changing his prescription."

"And what will he say?"

"Plenty. None of it nice. But it's still going to be that way."

"Suppose I walk in anyway . . ."

"I'm renting this place. For the time being, it's mine. If you walk in, I'll have you taken out."

Babs put thin hands on narrow hips. "Tough gal, huh?"

"I can be—if I must. But I don't like it. Why not be reasonable. What's a week more or less? Go on back to New York. Lay off Eddie until after the fight. That's not much to ask."

"It's a heap more than I'm going to do."

Pat sighed and shook her head. "You're forcing my hand."

BABS looked down the path leading from the river and turned back to Pat. "Here comes Eddie," she said. "Seems like the stage is all set for a lovely battle royal."

Pat waited. She was tense and white with anger. This was worse than she had anticipated, and she suspected that what lay immediately ahead would be even less pleasant. But there wasn't any running out now. She saw Eddie come toward them, saw that he observed Babs' hot, angry eyes; saw his inquiring gaze turn from Babs to her, heard him say as he joined them, "What gives? Who did what to whom and why?"

Babs was silent, and so Pat spoke. She said, "It's something you'll neither understand nor like, Eddie."

"That's no novelty. Let's have it."

Pat didn't evade: "I've asked Miss Ellison not to see you again until after the fight."

She saw his cheeks flush . . . but before he could say anything, Babs spoke. "That's a nifty," she said caustically. "She didn't *ask* me anything. She said if I came around this camp again she'd have me pitched out on my ear."

"Is that true?" Eddie was grim as he turned to Pat.

"It's true."

"Well. I'll tell you what I—"

Pat cut him off: "Don't bother to say it, Eddie. In the first place, I know exactly what you're thinking. In the second place, it won't make any difference. My reasons—"

"Yeah." Eddie's fury was mounting. "Your reasons! Well, I'll tell you what your reason is. It's me. To you I'm one hundred and sixty pounds of prime beef on the hoof. If I win the title, you clean up."

Babs interrupted: "There's more, Eddie. She's also jealous of me."

"That's a laugh," he snapped. "Pat isn't jealous of anything except the dough I might make for her."

"So . . . ?" Babs was amused and there was a wise, mature look in her young eyes. "You're a nice lad, Eddie—but awful blind."

"What do you mean: Blind?"

Babs said tauntingly, "You tell him, Mallory."

Pat held herself in with an effort. "I'll tell you both only one thing," she said quietly. "So far as I can control things, Eddie's stepping into that ring next week in first-class shape. I can't stop him from seeing you, Miss Ellison . . . but I can stop you from visiting this camp—and I shall."

Pat Mallory turned away. She walked toward the house. A certain dignity walked with her, and Eddie looked after her uncertainly. Then he turned his attention to Babs. He said, "You're not going to pay any attention to her, are you, Babs?"

She looked up at him. There was an odd light in her eyes; a light of unwilling admiration.

"I believe I am, Eddie," she said slowly. "There are two things you don't know about that girl," she said. "*One* of them is that she isn't fooling."

**"Keep an eye on him—I think he's got a frock full of snowballs"**

CHON DAY

MORRIE OAKES paced the sitting room of Joe Barton's impressively ornate apartment. Two or three times he opened his lips to speak and closed them again without saying anything.

Young Mr. Barton, elegantly encased in a flowered silk lounging robe, lay back in a huge club chair and eyed his stalwart companion through half-closed eyes. His slim, young figure was momentarily relaxed, but the eyes were not. Those agate eyes of Joe's never seemed to relax. And he waited for Morrie to speak.

The big man whirled suddenly and said, "Jeez—don't stare at me like that. It gives me the creeps."

Barton smiled thinly. "I'm waiting to hear what you've got to say."

Morrie shook his head. "You're too deep for me, Joe. You tell me to go out and pick you a guy who can do card tricks. So I done it. So I still don't know what it means."

"Who did you get?"

"Jimmy Watson. And I'm telling you, the guy is good. He can change the spots right in front of your eyes."

"Can he keep his mouth shut?"

"He's a sphinx." Morrie seated himself heavily. "What I don't get is where Cliff Halliday rates in this setup."

Joe Barton spoke softly, more to himself than to Morrie. "I still don't like Gordon," he said, "and I don't dare to touch him till I get the gun. He hasn't got it, and it isn't in Pat Mallory's joint. The way I've got it pegged is that Gordon turned it over to her, told her it was important—and that she put it in her bank box. The job is to get it out of there."

"Which ain't no cinch."

"Maybe . . ." Barton paused long enough to light a cigarette. "I've been watching. This Mallory cluck and Cliff Halliday are nuts about each other. So if he asked her a little favor, she'd do it."

"I'm beginning to get it."

"Sure. Even you, Morrie. Now, just suppose Halliday was to tell Mallory that he was in a jam, and asked her for the gun she's got in her bank box. I figure Gordon never told her what that gun spells . . . and if I'm right, there'd be no reason for not turning it over to him. Then the minute I got it—"

Morrie nodded and snapped his fingers. "Goomby Gordon," he said. "Just like that." Another idea commenced to penetrate the brain of the slow-thinking Mr. Oakes. "But Halliday ain't *in* no jam," he said.

"He will be. That's where Jimmy Watson fits. Cliff Halliday is a pushover for stud poker and he hasn't got a dime in the world. His salary is spent two weeks before he gets it, but he still thinks he can push cards around, which is one of the reasons. So I want Watson to nick him for every cent the traffic will bear . . . and on credit. Let him tickle Halliday along. What I want right now is his IOU for all he can write."

Morrie shook his head. "You're sure doin' this the hard way, Joe. And I think it's all for nothin', anyhow. Eddie Gordon ain't spotted anything, or he'd have cracked."

Joe's eyes bored into Morrie's. "I ain't paying you to think," he said coldly. "I'm telling you what to do. When do you see Watson again?"

"Right now. He's waitin'."

"Then get going. And keep in touch with me."

Mr. Oakes walked out of the apartment. He sought and found Jimmy Watson and repeated his previous detailed instructions. Mr. Watson was laconic to the point of exasperation. Yeah, he knew Halliday; yeah, he'd played stud with him before lotsa times; yeah, he'd already fixed things up for them to play this evening. Then he'd report.

Morrie sighed with relief and walked out. It was up to Jimmy now, and he had a hunch Jimmy was the right lad. Dapper and shrewd, and he had a way with him. All during the afternoon, Morrie gave an occasional thought to Mr. Watson, and he telephoned that gentleman at seven o'clock. Watson's report was brief but satisfactory. He said, "It's on."

"Goin' okay?"

"Yeah."

AND it did go okay. Cliff Halliday was an excellent stud player, but he had the definite handicap of being honest. Of course he knew that Jimmy Watson, lived by his wits, but it never occurred to even so sophisticated a person as Cliff that he'd be cheated in a simple, friendly game like this.

Cliff lost with magnificent consistency. Jimmy Watson feigned sorrow. He ribbed Cliff into playing on credit. He did a good job of it, too, until finally Mr. Halliday shoved back from the table and said, "That's all the beating I can take, Jimmy."

"Aw, come on. Your luck's bound to change."

"It might get worse."

Watson gave as good an imitation of a smile as he could. "You're sure out of luck."

"Nope." Halliday made a valiant effort to conceal his very genuine worry. "You're the one who's out of luck. I told you from the beginning that my credit isn't worth a dime to the grand. I can't figure anything more useless than those IOU's you've got. Three thousand, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Well, if your grandchildren collect it, you'll be fortunate."

"So what? I'm not yelling. You told me all that before we started, didn't you?"

"That doesn't make me feel any better." Cliff smiled at the other man. "Am I lousy, Jimmy—or are you really good?"

"I make a living at it. But that ain't news to you, either."

"Right." Cliff was embarrassed. "I feel pretty crummy . . ."

"Forget it. Maybe some day you'll get some dough, and if you ever do, you're the sort of mugg who'll pay."

They said goodby and parted. Cliff Halliday drifted downtown and ate in solitary misery. He didn't suspect that he had been trimmed, he suspected nothing except that he was seventeen kinds of an idiot. He made light of debts outwardly, but inside, they worried him. Even a debt of this kind. He carried his worry to bed with him. He didn't fall asleep until early morning and he was still sleeping when a knock sounded on the door of his bedroom. He said, "Come in," and sat up in

*(Continued on page 38)*

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Now, here's a real man. He has no gift for gab but little Susan very definitely goes for this guy

# Loved I Not Honor More

## By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

WELL, here I am—little Susan Jones, gone patriotic all of a sudden. Chris should see me now. It would hand him a laugh, me attending the organization meeting of the Women's Auxiliary Air Corps. Chris is going to see me pretty soon. I'm to meet him at the Cock and Bull for luncheon. Cock and Bull . . . ha! He might at least have picked a restaurant named the Stars and Stripes. A man ought to make it look good, when he tries to dodge the draft by proposing immediate marriage. He ought to—

"Susan Jones!"

"Oh . . . I'm here—"

"How many flying hours, Miss Jones?"

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Private pilot's license, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"Any experience as a mechanic?"

"No-o, not much. But I'm willing to train for it."

"Good. Thank you, Miss Jones. Next—Mildred Bailey—"

I've been all wrong about Chris Hartwell. The stupid ones bore you, but the bright ones fool you. It's quite all right to be able to earn thirty thousand a year as an advertising-agency executive. A pat on the back, Chris. You are a clever lad, but, my dear, you can't put *this* over on dumb little Susan Jones. Almost, but not quite. There are too many gags in the newspapers and magazines about young men of draft age who decide to marry suddenly. Oh, Chris, how could you expect a gal, even when she is madly in love, not to bump her nose against the obvious? All her best friends will tell her, darling. Only just now, Mildred Bailey said—

"We are honored to have with us this morning Major O'Donnell of the United States Army Air Corps!"

Now, here's a real man, Chris. He has no gift of gab and he's just told that corny I-want-to-be-hostess-in-an-Army-bomber joke, but little Susan very definitely goes for this guy. There comes a time when the witty chatter palls, Chris. It begins to date you, my cynical, amusing pal. This nice, dull major goes up in the sky and says it with bombs and machine guns. Maybe that's the way we're going to have to say it—

". . . This is a new kind of warfare. The world has reached a dreadful democracy of battle. Civilians, men, women and children, are soldiers now. There is no more 'front' in the old definition of the term—"

You see, Chris? He's right. It's no good sitting around night-club tables and making jokes about politicians. There was plenty to be said, of course, and you did say it well. I laughed, didn't I? A good audience, little Susan. And we'd read all the old war books, hadn't we? The whole debunking lot of them from Three Soldiers to All Quiet. War is hell and a fool's game and civilized people have sworn off forever. Not again, never any more. What do you want to be when you grow up, my little man? Alive. Oh, sure. Let someone else fight this one, if it comes. I think I'll sit this one out!" you said. I'm sorry, Chris. I clapped hands for that. But—

"The Women's Auxiliary Air Corps is a mighty long name. They've got one in England. They call 'em the Me-Toos. I like that better. You see—"

I HAVEN'T dared tell you that I sneaked off and joined this outfit. I was afraid of your sardonic grin. We are funny, Chris, but we're in earnest. We won't get anywhere, much. They may let us ferry training ships, if there's a war. Probably we'll just get some dirty kitcheny work to do. Like mopping up grease around the hangars. But they can't keep us gals home knitting socks this time. We're Me-Toos. This would be everybody's war—

"Well, that's about all I have to say—except that, like any professional soldier, I am hoping we can get tough fast enough not to have to fight. We'll hope for the best—and good luck, young ladies."

And good luck to you, Flier! How I wish I could take you with me to see Chris. He'll probably want to argue. And you can't argue this. You either feel it or you don't. Oh, Chris, if you were only a conscientious objector! I might—but you're just a cynic, my dear. The only thing you're afraid of is being called a sucker. They oversold us all on that sucker argument. The Yanks Are Not Coming—that's the Communist slogan. The one catch in it is that maybe some pretty tough boys will be coming to get the Yanks. And so we sit this one out in a nice, fat advertising job, eh, Chris? We yell "Hi-yah, Sucker!" and—

"Susie!" and—

"Hunh . . . oh . . . yes, Mildred?"

"Does Chris know you've joined up?"

"No . . . not yet, darling."

"It'll hand him a laugh!"

"Yes?"

"After the way you used to talk—he'll *die*."

"Oh, yes, indeedy—but he won't die permanently. That's one thing Chris is going to be very careful about!"

"Why, Susie!"

Well, here I go to the Cock and Bull. If I wanted to make this good and corny I would dress up in my W.A.A.C. uniform and carry a little white feather to pin on the boy. But, for auld lang syne, I will try to be subtle, Chris. Never by word or deed shall I indicate my nasty suspicion. I shall merely say that I do not think we understand each other well enough for marriage. That will baffle him. But, after all, a gal can't come right out and say: "Why all the hurry, Chris? Afraid you'll catch a cold—in the draft?" Oh, Chris, I could never say such a thing to you. I do love you . . . or I did . . . no, maybe I still . . .

"Uh . . . hello, Susie!"

"I beg your pardon . . . hunh . . . *you*? Oh, Chris—"

"Now, let me explain—"

"*What are you doing in that uniform?*"

"Please don't cry . . . don't get sore . . . you don't have to marry me. . . . I know you think I'm nuts . . . that I'm trying to run out on you—"

"Oh, Chris, dear—"

"Shhhh . . . everybody's staring . . . let's go outside . . . you can denounce me—"

"You enlisted . . . as a *private* . . . oh, Chris—"



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# PARTLY PRIMITIVE

## By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

**Katherine Dunham, "the Marian Anderson of the dance," goes direct to voodoo headquarters in the Haitian jungles for her material. The resulting ballets have the critics hunting new adjectives**

KATHERINE DUNHAM was eight when she gave her first dance recital. She organized a dozen other small colored girls into a troupe and they performed one Sunday at the Baptist Church in Joliet, Illinois—proceeds to the Christian Endeavor. "It was a hideous affair," Katherine says today, "and all the little girls' brassières fell off."

Sixteen years later Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition hired Katherine to direct a hundred and fifty young Negroes in a production at Soldier Field. "It was terrible," Katherine sighs reminiscently; "eight of my little girls lost their brassières."

There's something about Miss Dunham's style of dance—"primitive dancing" she likes to call it—that results in nudity. Even today her choregraphy has a wild abandon, and it is only a complicated series of ingenious hooks, zippers and pins (patent No. 16382, K. Dunham) that keeps her girls from losing their shirts nightly.

The Katherine Dunham Dancers, hand-picked and hand-pinned by Katherine herself, are a company of seventeen—fifteen whirlers, a pianist and a drum beater. They are to be seen nightly, except Sunday, spinning and leaping at New York's Martin Beck Theater where they form the nucleus of the all-Negro musical-comedy hit, Cabin in the Sky. Sunday is their free day—except for rehearsals in the afternoon and regular, highly profitable concerts in the evening.

An anthropologist of note, Miss Dunham carries a degree from the University of Chicago, and can boast a year spent in the West Indies as a research fellow of the Rosenwald Foundation. She is the author of a great many articles on primitive dancing and it has been said of her by such thoughtful individuals as Herman de Vries, music critic of the Chicago Herald-American, "Kath-

**Here's Katherine Dunham dancing in the title role of one of her original ballets in the musical show Cabin in the Sky. She's Temptress Cleopatra**



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**A West Indian number with Dunham and four of the members of her company. Right, the Negro choregrapher as a singing, dancing Georgia Brown**

erine Dunham is to the dance what Marian Anderson is to song."

She appears on stage regularly with her troupe and is acclaimed as a solo performer, but is rather proud that she doesn't dance exceptionally well. She simply shrugs her smooth, brown shoulders at those "misguided souls" who, infatuated by her slim grace, don't notice that her footwork is unremarkable. One young Harlemite who wanted to get into her troupe made the mistake of trying to flatter her by saying, "If I could dance like you, Miss Dunham, I wouldn't care about doing anything else in the world —not even eating."

Katherine stared him out of her dressing room. "If you danced the way I do," she said, "you couldn't afford to eat."

Among the "misguided" who think her a distinguished dancer are Richard Watts of the New York Herald-Tribune ("Miss Dunham is both an exciting young woman and a provocative dancer"), John Mason Brown of the New York Evening Post ("Katherine Dunham is unquestionably an excellent dancer"), John Martin of the New York Times ("As a dancer she is not only lovely to look at, but has style and authority"). When she reads notices like these, Katherine smiles her wonderfully understanding, relaxed smile. "How nice of them," she says. But let someone praise her choregraphy—her real love and true pride—and she is as coyly flattered as a Victorian maiden refusing her first proposal. When Dance Magazine said that she had "a true genius for theater choregraphy" she skipped on air for weeks.

The Katherine Dunham Dancers, Inc., are a great success and much in demand, earning well over $2,000 weekly. New York is at Katherine's feet, but she is too happily busy to notice it. "I'd love to come," she told an imploring hostess recently, "but I'm at work on a dance about puberty rites among primitive peoples—and I don't think I'd be very good company."

In 1937, when she was twenty-seven, Katherine resorted to psychoanalysis. Each week she went to a young psychologist in the graduate school at the University of Chicago who had finally succeeded in tearing down her psychoses and complexes and was almost ready to begin the task of putting her back together again. She was in the midst of her tenth treatment when the doctor abruptly asked to be excused. He went into the next room and shot himself.

"I still worry about it," says a now rehabilitated Katherine. "I'm afraid I must have said something wrong."

In the case of an intelligent, sensitive Negro forced to live in our prejudiced society, one doesn't have to look far for the need for psychoanalysis, but Katherine had still another cause for complaint—when she was a child her father made her play The Wedding of the Winds on the piano.

A kindly man whose family romantically stems from Madagascar, via Tennessee, Mr. Dunham had—and still has —a strange and improbable attachment for the mandolin and guitar. During the day he runs a cleaning-and-dyeing establishment in Joliet, but at night he becomes a fiend for music of a peculiarly sentimental variety.

### Why Pop Plays Alone

He made Katherine learn piano, and her brother Albert was pressed into service as second mandolin. The trio played nightly with Katherine's mother and the family doctor for audience—until one night when Katherine was seven. Suddenly she stormed from the room, tears in her eyes and anger in her heart, screaming in childish treble, "I won't ever play—no I won't ever *listen* to that windy marriage again!"

The grateful doctor happily prescribed an end to Katherine's piano playing, but Mr. Dunham insisted that Albert play on—louder. Albert stood it a while longer and then fled to the quiet of the University of Chicago where he became one of the most brilliant students in its history. He won scholarship after scholarship, got his bachelor's and later his Ph.D. there. He took his master's at Harvard and now teaches at Howard University, where there is an unwritten rule that no student play, whistle or hum The Wedding of the Winds.

With Albert gone, the Dunham household settled into a silence interrupted only by an occasional ping as Mr. Dunham plucked a reminiscent chord. He hinted around sometimes, and Katherine might have relented and accompanied him, if she hadn't been so very busy right through high school and junior college. There was her regular school work, her literary pursuits as class poet and occasional paid contributor to Child Life Magazine, and her activities with the Terpsichorean Club. This last was an "interpretative dance group" and Katherine soon became its star and renegade. Subtly she perverted its warm-milkish dances to her own ends, and by the time she was ready to follow Albert to the University of Chicago, members of even this staid group were beginning to drop an occasional brassière.

Before she left Joliet, Katherine knew that her mind worked best as a choregrapher; that her field must be group—not solo—dancing. So, still in her 'teens and still middie-bloused, she decided to form a dancing school to help her earn her tuition at college and, at the same time, provide her with a reservoir of dancers trained the Dunham way. She entered into a long correspondence with a real-estate agent in South Side Chicago, and, by mail, rented herself a studio which she was assured was "quite large enough for anything."

Her first evening in Chicago she went directly to her new property. She was delighted to find a big, beautiful, old house. Feeling like a squire, she hurriedly tried the key the agent had mailed her. It wouldn't fit. She noticed an old, dilapidated stable in the rear. The key fitted.

There were bugs in the stable, and there wasn't any water. The furnace burst at the first suggestion of cold weather, and Katherine was forced to ask the aid of a kind, faintly criminal friend who showed her how to tap a city gas main for free gas. The police hunted her down and threatened to jail her, and the gas company placed their most solemn curse upon her. "Never again, so long as you may live," pronounced the overzealous supervisor, "will you be permitted to buy gas from us." As a result Katherine had bronchitis most of the winter, and her few students who could afford to pay tuition caught cold and were yanked home by irate mothers. Only a few of the hardier souls remained and they hadn't a penny among them. However, Katherine somehow dragged herself to her university classes every day and did brilliantly.

Her college career was motivated by three itches: the itch to dance, the itch to travel, and the itch to get warm. They were all scratched simultaneously in the board room of the Rosenwald Foundation one day in 1933. The professors and pince-nezed ladies and gentlemen of the board called her into their presence at the behest of Mrs. Alfred Rosenwald Stern, who had been impressed by one of Katherine's dance recitals in an abandoned loft. A committeeman asked politely what study Miss Dunham would like them to finance for her.

### The Committee Catches On

"It's a bit difficult to describe exactly," she said. "Do you mind if I show you?" While the board members gasped, Katherine took off her jacket and skirt, and stood revealed in her rehearsal tights and blouse. "This," she said, "is the only kind of dancing you can learn in Chicago." She did some meaningless pirouttes, an arabesque, and personified a lovesick faun. "Now," she continued, "what I want to learn is something more native—more vital; something that will help me teach people about Negroes." She did a short tribal war dance. "I want to go somewhere where they dance like that; find out why, how it started—and what influence it has had on the people."

"How about the West Indies?" the chairman asked, without bothering to take a vote.

During her year in the Caribbean she investigated Jamaica, Martinique, Trinidad, and many smaller islands, but her real love was Haiti. At the beginning of her stay there she had a difficult time because the upper-caste residents, both white and Negro, were suspicious of this strange young woman who

*(Continued on page 46)*



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# Miss Rear Admiral

## By Jan Fortune

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

**The Higgins girl of Beaver City, Nebraska, joins the U. S. Navy, and takes Hollywood with the only weapon it doesn't understand—the simple, unvarnished truth**

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IT WOULD have been all for the best if I'd just turned off the alarm and gone back to bed with an ice bag and the headache I already had.

Then I'd never have met the Spirit of the Fleet Special when it pulled into Los Angeles that Sunday morning; and if I hadn't met the special, I'd never have gotten myself mixed up with the worst little headache I've ever had, bar none: Miss Zone Higgins of Beaver City, Nebraska.

But when Manny Steinberg gets an idea for an epic, it's not for an assistant promotion man to cavil on a Sunday-morning assignment, hang-over or no hang-over. So I called my photographer, Horace, and took off for L. A.

The Spirit of the Fleet Special was already in when we clattered into the station. You could spot the contest winners easy, because each one wore a ribbon across her chest, and the ribbons were variously labeled: Miss Battleship, Miss Sub Chaser, Miss Submarine, Miss Destroyer and so on for twelve so-ons, which covered various phases of naval activities.

Horace said somberly: "It pains me—this sort of cheap promotion does, Bob."

I said, "Well, this bunch isn't hard to take—" and broke off, because I'd spied a little golden-haired cutie, standing on her handbag, peering out over the heads of the people. Across her chest was a ribbon which read, "Miss Aircraft Carrier." A bunch of news guys were crowded around her, asking questions.

"Do your stuff with the cheesecake," I said to Horace. "The blonde seems to have something."

I barged over just in time to hear Otto McMann saying: "But where *is* Beaver City, Miss Higgins?"

"Nebraska," she said, not looking at him.

"And, of course, you are just too thrilled over coming to Hollywood, aren't you?" McMann probed.

She said, still not looking at him: "I can smell it from here."

THE news guys roared. McMann saw me and winked. "Smart dame," he said. "She can smell Hollywood from here."

The girl swung around to face McMann, her chin out. "I wasn't talking about Hollywood," she said firmly. "I meant I could smell the sea—the harbor—the place where the ships are—" Everybody roared again. "What's funny?" she demanded. "There *is* a harbor in Los Angeles, isn't there?"

"Sure." McMann winked at me again. "Battleships bumping the curb at Main and Market." I pushed through and took her arm.

"I'm Bob Henry from the Steinberg Studios, Miss Higgins," I said. "And the harbor's at Long Beach—thirty miles away." I gave McMann a glower. "Any of you smart guys want to ask any more questions, go ahead—I'll answer 'em."

McMann said, unabashed: "Let her talk, Bob. Maybe she doesn't want to be a movie star, either."

"I don't," Miss Higgins replied flatly.

McMann pushed in closer. "Then why did you enter this contest?"

"Because I wanted to see the Fleet," she said.

McMann made a soft, breath-sucking sound. "So I presume you're not at all interested in the chance of appearing in a Steinberg epic with Gable Taylor?"

"No," Miss Higgins retorted, "I'm not."

"You—you just wanted to come to the West Coast so you could see the Fleet?"

"Sure," Miss Higgins said. "I wanted to see it so bad that I didn't even mind being a contest winner!"

"Such patriotism is indeed touching," McMann said softly.

"What's touching about it?" the girl demanded. "I'm from a Navy family. My great grandfather was at Manila Bay with Dewey."

"And what was great grandfather's name?" McMann was looking at me, tapping his yellow teeth with his pencil.

"Thaddeus," she said, her chin out. "Thaddeus Ephraim Higgins!"

IT SOUNDED okay. It sounded like a swell blurb for Manny's Navy epic, only somehow a sort of sixth sense told me I'd better get Miss Higgins away from the press, and do it quick. Horace broke it up by calling for her to make a shot. When that was over, we herded the girls into cars. I took Zone with me—that sixth sense again, I told myself. We were scheduled to lunch at the studio commissary and tour the harbor afterward. But the next thing I knew, I was sitting at the lunch counter on the Navy landing, while Zone ate a ham sandwich and gazed out at the Fleet, enraptured.

"When I was ushering at the Bijou in Beaver City, I used to dream about doing this." She slapped more mustard on the ham. "Gosh, Mr. Henry, you don't know what it means to be the only girl in a Navy family. All my menfolks died in the service, except great grandfather, and he got pensioned off for what happened at Manila."

"Wounded in the battle?" I asked.

"No, in the engine room," Zone said. "Seems Admiral Dewey gave an order to back up right quick, and great grandfather was caught off balance. He backed into the firebox and burnt his—his—That's how come he was pensioned."

Whew! I thought. If McMann had heard that one!

"And Grandfather Higgins—" Zone took a swig of coffee, "he died in Havana right after the sinking of the Maine."

"In—a naval engagement, I suppose?"

"At a cockfight," she said. "My, he was the one! My grandmother said he could drink his whole ship's crew under any bar anywhere!"

"And your father?" I asked feebly. "Was he killed in a naval engagement?"

"No," Zone said. "He was on shore leave in Balboa, and a monkey dropped a coconut on his head. It was the week I was born. That's how come my mother named me Canal Zone—on account of father—but I dropped the Canal—"

THERE was a tremendous flutter and clatter outside. Horace and the other sweet young things had arrived. So had McMann and his photographer.

"Look, baby," I said to Zone, "promise me you won't talk to any newspapermen. Don't tell them anything about yourself or your father or your grandfather—or the coconut—or the monkey—or what your full name is, please, for the love of Pete and Manny Steinberg!"

"But I think it's patriotic," Zone said stubbornly. "I'm proud of it."

McMann had spotted us through the window and was heading our way. "Be a sweetheart," I said. "Scram—and meet me at the motor launch."

She had seen McMann, too. She scrammed.

He slid onto the stool beside me, grinning knowingly. "Well," he said out of the corner of his mouth, "is Beaver City *the* one?"

I snapped: "Look here, Manny doesn't pull that sort of stuff and you know it."

"No, but maybe the Navy does," he winked. "In exchange for certain favors—?"

Horace banged on the window and gestured toward the motor launch.

"Which admiral's cousin is she, anyway?" McMann persisted.

"You're all wet," I said, and got up.

"So's the Navy," McMann said. "But I'm patriotic. I'll string along. What say, Bob?"

"I say you go chase yourself," I told him, and walked out.

Zone went her own sweet way the minute she felt a new deck under her feet. Aboard the Tennessee, I located her in a gun turret, where a bunch of gobs were explaining battle stations to her; on the Maryland, I had to drag her away from six young aviators to have her picture made with a rear admiral; and when we made the flagship she just disappeared into the bowels of the ship. I finally found her in the engine room, regaling the crew with the story of Grandpa's wound at Manila Bay. I gave

**Right there was where the jolly tars earned their salt. They lifted Zone onto their shoulders, formed a flying wedge, and leaped up on the stage**

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her a cold eye. I said: "I told you not to tell that yarn!"

"To newspapermen," Zone corrected me. "And I didn't. I waited till he went away." She sighed dreamily. "Mr. Henry what do you think? I've been invited to three Navy hops! I can't wait."

"I can't either," I said sarcastically.

WHEN we got back to the studio that night, Horace said: "Bob, I don't think it was fair of you to tip off Beaver City."

"I didn't tip her off to anything!"

"Of course not!" Horace said. "It was just coincidence today the way she left the admirals flat."

"Zone prefers enlisted men, that's all."

"Don't try to stall a pal," Horace said. "Admirals are all very well—but you and I know it's the enlisted men who are going to choose the Spirit of the Fleet."

"Horace, on my word of honor—I didn't tell her!"

"Well, let's go have a drink, anyway," Horace said sadly. So we did.

When we emerged from the bar at midnight, the morning papers were on the streets, and I bought one. McMann had his whole page taken up with a layout of the pictures he'd snooped of Zone that afternoon. The caption underneath read: "Granddaughter of late Rear Admiral Higgins snoots Navy biggies to fraternize with enlisted men." Underneath was a whole column about the late Rear Admiral Higgins at Manila Bay.

With the smug paternal air inherent in all Hollywood commentators, McMann said that Manny Steinberg's nation-wide search for a girl epitomizing the Spirit of the Fleet had ended. Miss Zone Higgins (whose unassuming charm and naïveté had already swept blasé Hollywood off its feet) was IT.

"Well," I said to Horace sadly, "that ends her."

"Yep," Horace agreed. "Whenever McMann picks a winner, they never even place. Little Zone is phft!"

We went home.

NEXT morning when I got to the studio, my boss, Walter Doran, was screaming his lungs out. "Big shots all over the place," he yelled at me. "And you have to shoot her with a bunch of sailors. A hell of a way to handle an admiral's daughter."

"He wasn't an admiral," I said, "and it was her own idea, and besides—"

"Don't quibble!" the old man shouted. "She's connected with the Navy, and—"

"Look, chief," I said. "Just because this baby happened to have Navy menfolks doesn't mean we've got to do nip-ups—"

"But the enlisted men are doing the voting!" the old man wailed. "And they'll vote for the admiral's daughter. They'll have to or lose their jobs!"

"The Navy personnel works under a little different setup from a motion-picture studio," I pointed out dryly. "An admiral isn't a producer, and the jolly tars, believe it or not, can vote for whomever they please, and still keep their jobs. Besides, the Spirit of the Fleet hasn't been chosen yet, and when she is, I'll wager my last plugged nickel it won't be this Higgins!"

"You're darn tootin' it won't!" I swung around. Zone was barging through the door. I slid off the desk.

"This," I said, "is Miss Zone Higgins!" She went right past me, straight up to the old man and stuck the newspaper under his nose. "Are you the boss of this business?" she demanded. "Well, listen, I don't stand for having my great grandfather poked fun at—not even for a Steinberg Navy epic!"

"A most regrettable mistake," the old man soothed. "We'll see that you get some really good stories—"

"You just see that I'm not mentioned at all, and it'll suit me fine!" Zone raged. She spread the page on the old man's desk and pointed to the McMann caption. "So I fraternized with the enlisted men, did I?" she raged. "Well, what of it! Where'd we all be if the Navy didn't have enlisted men, and somebody jumped on us? We'd be in a mess, that's what! We'd be pushed right off the ocean, that's what!"

"You're absolutely right, Miss Higgins," the old man began, but she slammed the paper down on his desk. "Count me out of your silly contest," she said. "I won't be a party to anything that's as phony as this!" She went out the same way she'd come in.

The old man took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"You get a rough idea," I said.

"Well, what are you standing there for?" he yelled. "Go after her!"

"But she said she wouldn't—"

"Hell's bells!" he roared. "We can't offend the Navy—not when we're facing a shooting date! Besides, what she said is good stuff—it makes sense—it's a darn' swell story!" He started pushing buttons. "And as for you—you go get Miss Zone Higgins to change her mind about this contest or you're not working here any more. Whether she's our winner or not, remember, she's still an admiral's daughter—"

I started to tell him again, and then I thought: "What the hell! Hollywood's been done in before!"

I went looking for Zone instead.

She was standing on the corner waiting for the bus. I said: "Hello."

She said: "Don't you hello me! If you'd let me tell that long-nosed guy the truth yesterday—"

"Look, honey," I said. "If you'd told McMann what you told me about the Higginses, you'd be crucified on the highest hill in Hollywood this morning. Let's get a ham sandwich."

"No siree!" she set her heels stubbornly. "They can have their money back! I'm through!"

"Okay," I said. "Then I'm through, too. And jobs are scarcer than hens' teeth right now."

"Every now and then you sound an awful lot like Beaver City," she said. "Where were you born?"

"Del Rio," I told her. "It's a little town in Texas—and the folks there still think the harbor is in Los Angeles." All at once we were laughing together.

"I'll take that ham sandwich," she said. "And I'll do what you want me to about the contest, Mr. Henry."

"I want you to go right on being Zone Higgins," I said. "Do as you please, say what you think, and no matter what happens, don't let 'em push you around."

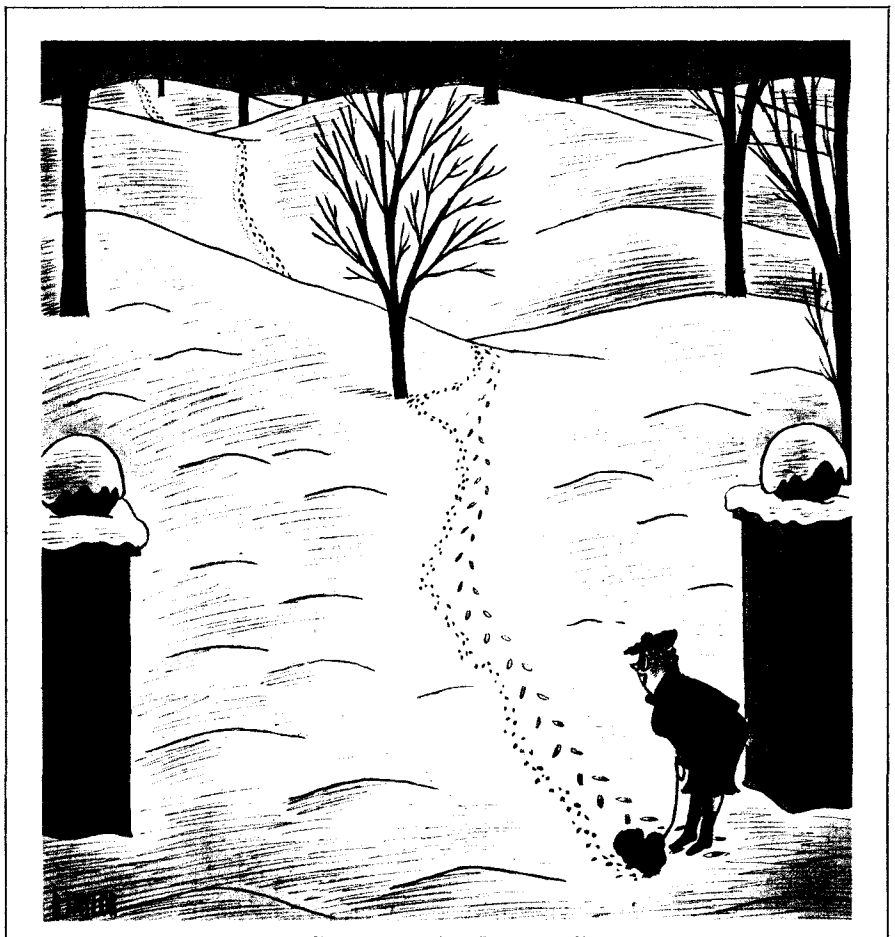
"Can I go to the Navy hops?"

"By all means," I said. "Don't miss *any* Navy hops!"

She didn't. When the votes came rolling in, it was a landslide for Beaver City.

WHEN I walked on Stage Five, at nine o'clock Monday, the script girl said Zone was still over at make-up. Just then she barged in through the door, followed by the hairdresser, and marched up to me, eyes blazing.

"Will you look at me?" she demanded.



"See, Ming? That's us!" RICHARD TAYLOR

"I feel like a silly cow peering through a fence, with these false eyelashes banging my cheeks—"

I said: "Honey, you look wonderful!"

She said: "I look like every other girl I've seen in Hollywood—"

I shoved her sides at her. "Here, read your lines and cool off, glamor girl."

She started reading, her little red mouth moving with the words. Suddenly, she looked up at me.

"None of this makes sense!"

"That's just your cues," I explained.

"I know all about cues," Zone cut in. "We used to have high-school plays back in Beaver City." She started across the stage. "Which one is the director?"

I hurried after her in a panic. "Look here, Zone, you can't do this—"

"You told me not to let 'em push me around," she said over her shoulder. She walked right up to the great Garson Moyle. "I'm Zone Higgins," she said.

"The Spirit of the Fleet," I put in feebly. "You remember—?"

Moyle said: "Oh, yes—well, we're not quite ready for you yet, Miss—Spirit—"

Zone said: "I don't like anything about this whole thing—terribly."

Moyle's eyes bugged in his fat face a little. He said: "What in particular don't you like terribly, Miss Higgins?"

"This make-up, for one thing," Zone reached up and yanked her eyelashes off. "Nobody really has lashes an inch long—at least, not where I came from. And these silly little curls! A plain girl who has to work for a living can't afford to keep her hair fussy like this, Mr. Moyle. A plain girl's hair would really look this way."

She gave her blond curls an upward swish with both hands.

I heard a low moan as the hairdresser collapsed in a vacant chair.

Zone was going on: "And the way this girl talks—she makes me sick!"

Moyle was smiling his nastiest smile, which I knew meant trouble. He turned to Sidney.

"Miss Higgins—this is Mr. Martin Sidney, the author of our story. Suppose you tell Mr. Sidney what he can do to improve it."

"You're kidding me," Zone said. "But I'll do it anyway. What can I lose?"

"Exactly," Moyle purred.

I backed up and sat down in a chair beside the hairdresser, who was moaning through his hands.

I patted his shoulder sympathetically. "I know, pal," I said.

"Look," Zone was saying to the great Sidney, "this girl is a plain girl—like me, isn't she? Or like I'm supposed to be. And yet you've written her all goggled-eyed because the boy friend is an ensign, and got her fussed about Annapolis, and stuff like that. Well, why don't you have her a girl who's really Navy—Navy from down under and darn' proud of it? Not ensigns' and admirals' and rear admirals' Navy, but the enlisted men's Navy? Because it's the enlisted men who make up the Fleet—and it's their womenfolks who take pride in them and keep them at it—so the enlisted men are the important people—don't—don't you see? Or—don't you?"

There was an awful silence. Then I drew a long breath, and got up. "Come on, baby." I took her arm gently.

"Wait a minute," Sidney cried. "You've got something, darling—something we've all missed. You've got the real Spirit of the Fleet!" He put his arm around Zone's shoulders. "Come over to my office, baby—and keep on talking!"

I went along, but nobody noticed me. They sat Zone down in an easy chair, they offered her a drink—which she refused—and Sidney said: "Now, darling, tell us some more about this girl who's Navy from down under."

"Well—" Zone said. "Well, suppose she had—say, a—a great grandfather who was with Dewey at Manila—only he wasn't an admiral, or even a rear admiral! He was just a fireman—"

The little minx gave that whole Higgins routine, and they ate it up. They told her she was wonderful—they said she had imagination. They didn't know the half of it!

AFTER that, I didn't see Zone for quite a while, but I followed her doings in the gossip columns. According to them, she was "twosing" at the night spots with Moyle or Sidney and at last even with Gable Taylor.

Finally I ran into her one day on the lot at noontime. "Hi, glamor girl," I said. "How's to buy you a ham sandwich?"

"Don't you ham-sandwich me, Bob Henry!" she said briefly.

"Oh, gone Hollywood, I see," I said.

"If you'd minded your own business, I wouldn't be mixed up in this mess!"

"What's your beef?" I laughed, and

*(Continued on page 50)*

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# Soose s No Goose

**By Bob Considine**

***Young Billy Soose has the skill and intelligence that make champions. And he can take a terrific beating, but oh, how it hurts his manager!***

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

IN MORE respects than one the most remarkable young fist fighter in the country today is good-looking William Stephen Soose, called Billy, college-bred son of a Hungarian steel worker.

Soose has beaten both claimants of the world's middleweight championship without winning the title. He has had extreme success as a professional since leaving Penn State, but his income was so unsatisfactory that he thought of retiring from the ring at twenty-two. He is one of those rare fighters who takes care of his manager, instead of vicious versa, for Soose's manager is a sensitive, good-natured Hollywood scenarist who has been known to faint dead away at the sight of Soose taking a punch on the jaw.

Soose says things like, "I dare say my right hand is completely over its tenosinivitis trouble . . ." without blinking an eye. He'd like to go back to school, to complete the medical, legal or physical-education courses he started. He has a year and a semester left, but from the looks of things he'll have to postpone that for a long time, for he seems about to embark on a career as a world's champion and after that he wants to take a crack at Hollywood as an actor.

Don't get the idea that Soose is a goose. He is sensible far beyond his twenty-three years, and though he is quiet, rangy and photogenic, he is a two-fisted fighting man, full of the necessary pitilessness. He is just plain unconventional for the ring game. To light-heavyweight champion Billy Conn's honest amazement, Soose can fight "even if he did go to college." That is Conn's and the fight game's highest compliment.

Madison Square Garden and the top-notch fight writers were eagerly awaiting Billy's New York debut in his fight scheduled with tough young Tami Mauriello, a Bronx middleweight who has been unbeaten in 25 fights. Mauriello can take it as well as dish it out. The experts figured that it would be a torrid test for Billy. But they knew too that no pain he would absorb would be as keen as the sympathetic aches and imaginary cuts endured by his manager.

Soose's relationship with his manager, Paul Moss, has created downright alarm in the beak-breaking business. It is revolutionary in that there is no master-servant aspect to it. Moss, a rugged-looking, quick-witted hometownsman of Soose's, rarely goes into Soose's corner any more. Makes Moss nervous. To pour additional salt into the wounds of the Managers Guild, Moss demands, "What good could *I* do, Billy?"

But Soose is not looking for a Jack Kearns or a counterpart of the late great Joe Jacobs to pilot him. Moss arranged for Billy's education, started him on his pro career, got him centered in the public eye by announcing that Dick Powell, the actor, was Billy's manager, steered him into a fight with Ken Overlin, world's middleweight champion of New York, and, even more astutely, got Soose into the ring with Tony Zale, world's middleweight champion of the National Boxing Association.

Soose did the rest with a clean, crackling right-hand punch, a busy, nagging, hooking left and some of the most classic footwork this side of a Currier and Ives print. He was (and is) counseled by one of the greatest trainers and seconds in the game, Ray Arcel, who owns a "piece" of him. At Penn State he fought under the guidance of Leo Houck, the coach who also developed Steve Hamas at the same school. But Billy was his own first instructor. For he was only fifteen when he made his formal ring debut, and weighed ninety-eight pounds. The main terror of his first ten fights was that his mother would find out and give him a licking.

### No Fights, No Soose

Billy Soose became the greatest college fighter of all time. At least no other learned leather-thrower equaled his record. He fought fourteen freshman and varsity matches from the time he entered college until he left in his junior year. He knocked out all fourteen opponents, some of whom outweighed him twenty pounds, and did it with those heavy mittens the collegians use.

One day the school's dean of men called him into his office and showed him letters from the University of Wisconsin and from the University of North Carolina threatening to drop Penn State from their schedules if Soose remained on the team. At the same time the Eastern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, after investigating Soose's active amateur career, put through a ruling specifically aimed at him. It barred thereafter from conference-teams all former winners of Golden Gloves tournaments. And Soose had won Golden Gloves titles from 112 to 145 pounds. Soose quit school.

That led to his becoming a pro, and to the formation of the novel team of Soose and Moss. Moss is a Farrell, Pennsylvania, boy who made good. After graduating from Penn State he engaged in radio and publicity work in New York, then went to Hollywood where he helped to write the first Big Broadcast and other pictures. He returned to Farrell for a vacation and saw Soose, then finishing Farrell High, fight several of his 184 amateur battles.

Soose had offers to go to the University of Pittsburgh and to Washington & Jefferson. Pitt even offered to send a special tutor to Farrell to coach him over certain entrance hurdles. But in that region of Pennsylvania the sun of learning rises and sets on State College, and Moss rendered what was hailed as a great public service to Farrell when he fixed it for Soose to become a Nittany Lion. Moss went back to Hollywood, became Powell's praise agent, and forgot Soose.

To help support himself at school, the young man waited on tables, worked as an usher and assisted the trainer of the football



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team. At first his ambition was to become a doctor, then he decided that the law was his forte, and when he was flung more and more to the physical side of the school he decided to specialize in physical education. What the school's athletic department wanted him to specialize in, of course, was fighting—for it was soon apparent that he was extraordinarily gifted in mayhem.

He was like a man fighting boys. Long before he was out of high school, and as young as he was, he knew from bitter experience how to feint, and weave, and slip punches, and counter and pace himself. The rival collegians he met were excellent college fighters, because Penn State's schedule is always tough. But he handled them just as a good pro would handle a barroom fighter.

When Billy turned pro in April of 1938 a group of his Farrell supporters immediately thought of Moss. They wired him and suggested that Moss send for him and become his manager. Moss' knowledge of the ring game was limited to an uncertain conviction that there was a difference between feint and faint. But he wired Soose the train fare to California and agreed to become a fight manager, a decision that promises him an early but exciting grave. Looking back on the decision Moss believes that he acted primarily in self-defense. He was afraid that if he said No to the Farrell demand the citizens of the village would boycott his family's furniture store. He had also had trouble getting masculine-gender publicity spread around the country on Powell, and he thought Soose might be a temporary solution.

Soose arrived, and Powell, the so-called manager, was pictured with a towel around his shoulder, attending to the corner needs of a battler who looked more like an active customer's man. On the strength of the Powell tie-up, Moss talked the promoters of the Henry Armstrong-Baby Arizmendi fight into using Soose in the semiwindup. Thus he made his debut pretentiously, on March 13, 1938, at the Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles.

### Fighter Manages Manager

Moss and Powell shook visibly while a tough sailor named Johnny Dean waded enthusiastically into the stringy, black-browed ex-collegian. And they lost all vestiges of managerial restraint when Soose knocked out his man in the third round. Before that, Soose had his hands full with them in his corner, especially Moss. "Take it easy, Paul," the panting fighter soothed the manager between rounds. "I'll get him soon."

Soose knocked out four of his next five opponents on the coast, but never made more than $50 in a fight. The combine went deeply into the red when Soose needed a tonsilectomy. Both Soose and Moss were losing all their illusions about the dough in the pro game when Moss got a wire from a Pittsburgh promoter offering Soose one thousand dollars to box Al Quaill at Forbes Field.

Now Moss numbered among his friends some of the most incorrigible ribbers in Hollywood, and for a full day he was convinced that this was a phony wire. It took Joan Blondell, Mrs. Powell, to convince Moss that it wasn't a phony. The right-hand punch that Soose hit Quaill with in the first round of their Pittsburgh fight was no phony, either, nor was the fighter's realization that he had done some woeful harm to the fist.

He finished out the fight against Quaill using his left almost exclusively, and won it with a fine exhibition of boxing skill, though Quaill was a ten-to-three favorite. Soose won a few fights after that, too, but it was plain that his hand wasn't right.

Moss ordered a long rest in the hope that the hand would improve. When it remained weak he got Billy a job in the Mercer Tube works, a Farrell steel plant, in hope that the handling of hundred-pound ingots would strengthen the hand, keep Billy as tough as those ingots. But the hand remained weak.

### A Jolt for Mr. Jacobs

Moss then sent him to New York to go under the wing of Ray Arcel. At the same time, with disarming naïveté, Moss wrote to a bewildered, head-scratching Mike Jacobs that "It is not my intent to bore you with words about this boy's fighting ability. Such a description would have to be secondhand if it were to carry any weight, since my experience in the boxing game is limited to what I've gathered around the country during the last six months, the sum total of which has convinced me that I know little or nothing. So I must rely on boxing men like Harry Keck, Arcel, Nate Lewis, and trust that they are at least partly correct when they say he is the most outstanding fighting prospect in the ring today."

Mike said, "Phew!" and sent the letter out to his publicity department, for translation. Simultaneously, Soose's hand seemed to respond to Arcel's treatments. He was able to beat Johnny Duca in February, 1939, at Youngstown. It was a satisfying victory in that Duca had won a bad decision over him in Lancaster the year before. But after the excitement of the fight wore off, his hand was an angry lump of pain.

Moss borrowed money to retain Dr. Jerome G. Finder, a celebrated Chicago surgeon. Finder practically rebuilt Soose's hand, put sheathing, tendons and muscles back in place and scraped out scar tissue—working through a one-inch incision which now shows only faintly on the back of Soose's hard fist. Soose was sent off to the Maine woods, and Moss wouldn't schedule another fight for him until September, 1939. But when Soose did fight, against one Joe Fedz in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, Billy won by a quick kayo. The ersatz fist withstood the hammering, and there was joy unrestrained in this cultured clouting combine.

In 1940 Soose started out with a decision over Vince Pimpinella and followed that one with a three-round knockout of Jimmy Clark. The clever Georgie Abrams outpointed him for the second time in his career, but Soose came back to belt out Enzo Iannozzi and former champion Babe Risko. Coincidentally, Ken Overlin won the New York end of the middleweight crown from Ceferino Garcia and, gay soul that he is, found himself broke two days later. Looking around for somebody safe with whom he could draw money, Overlin, and his manager, Chris Dundee, selected Soose as the victim, assuming naturally enough that Soose, who couldn't beat Overlin's lesser stable mate, Abrams, certainly wouldn't bother the champ. The match was made at over-the-weight terms, obviating any chance that Overlin would lose his title.

It seemed an absurd precaution at the time. Overlin was three-to-one even in hostile Scranton, scene of the fight. But at the start of the fight Soose sank his right into Overlin's middle and took charge of the match, at least to the satisfaction of the two judges. Referee Jack Walton voted four rounds for Soose, five for Overlin and one even. The New York writers who bore witness generally condemned the verdict, stated that Overlin deserved at least a draw, and for the most part overlooked the fact that a fellow with only a semilocal reputation had put up a whale of a fight against a champion.

Moss smartly used the unfavorable publicity as a wedge to get into Chicago. He conned Art Winch and Sam Pian, astute former managers of Barney Ross, into believing that Soose was Zale's natural opponent. They agreed that a quick victory for Zale, a ferocious knockout specialist, over the man who held a decision over Overlin would strengthen Zale's claim to the title and proportionately cheapen Overlin's. The over-the-weight match was staged within a month after Soose's July victory over Overlin. And to the discomfiture of his hecklers, Soose was terrific. The referee and both judges agreed that he won eight of the ten rounds. The crowd, whistling for a knockout after Zale hit Soose with everything except the arena's mortgage in the first two rounds, swung over to Soose and rooted him home.

The only thing certain about Soose's future, futures in the ring game being even more uncertain during these conscripting days, is that they'll never have to run a benefit for him. He loves to fight, but he could get along without it. He suspected not long before the Overlin fight that there was more gore than gold in the game, and he thought of retiring to become boxing coach at Cornell. The Overlin and Zale fights boosted his three-year professional earnings to $12,250 and put him in line for important money. If all goes well this winter he should become Penn State's best paid ex-student of recent and near-recent vintage. Also, and wholly without vanity, he sees a future for himself in Hollywood if he becomes champion. And, that failing, he will be content to go back to school, get his degree and go to work.

One thing Moss has never learned. He has never absorbed the "They Can't Hurt Us" philosophy of managers. He can't look at Soose getting hit without a surge of sympathetic reaction. In the trying moments of the Overlin fight he roamed off into the night, white-faced and shaken, forcing himself to go back into the ball-yard arena just in time to see Soose's hand raised in victory. He was ill after Soose, peering through a film of blood, beat Frankie Nelson into a mass of wounds.

### A Manager Takes the Count

But Moss' peak for sympathy was reached on the night of December 11, 1939, in Cleveland. Billy was in there against tough old Paul Pirrone. Moss was in Billy's corner with Arcel. Pirrone came glaring out of his corner, let a Soose jab slide back across his thick head and countered with a beaut of a right to Soose's jaw. All six feet of Soose came tumbling down in an insensate heap from the effect of the shocking punch, while Moss watched in horror.

Arcel was screaming some instruction to Soose's dead ears, but as the count of the referee reached three the trainer heard a heavy thump next to him. And, turning, he saw Moss on the floor in a glassy-eyed swoon. It was one hell of a problem for Arcel, what with both Soose and Moss down and out. But he kept bellowing advice to the stricken fighter, while with a free hand he broke one of those ammonia capsules and held it under Moss' nose.

Moss began to come around. In a minute he knew where he was and when the full horror of what he had seen happen to Soose struck him again he gasped, weakly, "My God . . . was Billy hurt bad?"

Arcel busily pointed at the ring, and when Moss' eyes cleared there was Billy, very much alive, pounding Pirrone from rope to rope with a furious counterattack. He had gotten up at the count of nine, but a referee could have counted 109 over his manager. Soose won the fight, but Moss hasn't been quite the same since.

# Out of the

## By Jim Marshall

**Careful—don't fire at the soldier floating down from the clouds. It may be your cousin Hector who joined the U. S. Parachute Battalion last month. Here's a progress report on the Army's doughboys of the skies**

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**Army parachute jumpers line up for inspection before a practice jump. Equipment includes emergency 'chute in front, regulation 'chute on back, pistol strapped to leg and special shoes, some with ankle supports. Equipment is not yet standardized: note two men at right wearing helmets designed to keep pilot's mouth from falling open when pulling out of power dive**

IF GENERAL NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST had been a Bostonian instead of a Tennessean he might today be known as the Pappy of the Parachutists. He had the main idea. The hitch was that the Confederate armies had no air service. The Unionists had, but they didn't have much imagination about it. This shows you the necessity for combining things and imagination if you want to get anywhere.

You'll remember old General Forrest. He was the gallant Southern commander whose simple rule for winning a battle was to "git thar fustest with the mostest." He was a swooper of the most persistent type and gets credit in Army books as the inventor of the idea of mounting infantrymen on horses. After he'd got them aboard and told them to *hang on*, he'd send them swooping around the Union flanks, hell for leather, to blow up supply dumps, tear up railroads and generally raise Cain.

This sort of unorthodox warfare tried Union patience sorely and for months the Boys in Blue marched with their chins on their shoulders listening for the hoofbeats of Forrest's mounted infantry in their rear. If Forrest had had the Union's air-service balloons it's a cinch he'd have had his raiders swooping down from the sky on parachutes instead of across hill and dale on horses.

But General Forrest didn't have any air transport and the Union didn't have any novel ideas, and so it wasn't until 1940 that parachute troops began trying to "git thar fustest with the mostest" during the German attack on Holland. And it wasn't until six months later that our own Army had a parachute outfit organized and ready for action. We'll go down to Georgia and have a look at it in a minute—but first let's get some background, as the saying is.

The basic war problem is, and always has been, the same. It is to get a doughboy—fed, watered, happy and in good working order—from here to there with a minimum of delay. That was Hannibal's problem and Genghis Khan's and Napoleon's and Pershing's. Today it is General Marshall's. The problem has been tackled, through the centuries, by putting soldiers aboard transport, taxicabs, busses, battleships, mules, horses, elephants, camels, trucks and planes. Hitching them to parachutes is merely the latest device for the same old purpose.

Since our Army started to organize parachute troops, civilians are always asking how 'chutists could be used by a nation on the defensive. We have been sold the word "defense" so thoroughly that the idea of our Army's attacking an enemy seems unreal. The truth is, as Army men point out, that you can't win a war on the defensive. To win, you have to attack. A "defensive" army—or navy—is just a political catchword. Any force organized merely to defend a country would be beaten before it started.

You may get some idea how our parachute battalions might be used by imagining the Germ—well, an enemy, had landed in Labrador, set up an air base and started to bomb our "Vital Triangle." That's the territory enclosed by a line running from Boston to Washington to Chicago to Boston. Put that triangle out of business and it's curtains—most of our industry is concentrated there. Well, suppose the enemy has this Labrador base.

We'd try to bomb this base and then capture it. In the old days we'd have tried to get troops there afoot, or in trucks or on horses. Now, the idea is to get them there via parachute. This would be about the only way to get them onto the enemy base. Our planes couldn't land them, to start with. But with reasonable luck—and, oh, boy! the luck we've had in our wars!—a couple of parachute battalions might get five hundred fighting men onto the base, to capture and hold it long enough for our troop-transport planes to set down reinforcements and bring in artillery, small tanks and armored cars, all of which have been carried experimentally by plane.

This sounds, for the 'chutists, like a suicide detail, but as a matter of fact a man coming down on a 'chute isn't so

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF



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vulnerable as you might think. In the old Western phrase, he's comin' asmokin' with his .44 and maybe some hand grenades. The enemy on the ground is actually at some disadvantage.

In the World War, for another example, parachute troops might have been sent to reinforce the famous "Lost Battalion." In the next war they'll undoubtedly be used to rescue cut-off detachments, as well as to operate, if possible, behind the enemy lines.

The birthplace of parachute fighting in our country wasn't at an Army post or air-service field, but near the little town of Winthrop in the high Cascade Range of northern Washington State, and later in the Bitter Roots near Missoula, Montana. The man who started it wasn't a flier or a soldier: he was David P. Godwin, assistant chief of the Division of Fire Control of the U. S. Forest Service. Godwin wasn't after new methods of attacking human enemies; he was after forest fires.

The Russians had been experimenting with parachute troops, and so had the Germans. The Forest Service lads had discussed it for years and had been parachuting food, water and tools down to fire fighters for a long time.

Godwin got reports from both countries and had them translated. The Russian dope wasn't very useful and the German was full of baloney, obviously intended to mislead—or frighten. So, late in 1939, Godwin went out to the Pacific Northwest and started to work out the thing from the ground up—and down.

The service started dropping smoke chasers into fire areas in October, 1939. The first jumps were made by professionals, but the local boys soon caught onto the idea—and that gave Godwin a basic principle: It's much simpler to make a parachutist out of a fire fighter than vice versa. The Army has adopted the principle and is making jumpers out of infantrymen, instead of the other way around. If you're a professional 'chute jumper, but a civilian, you're out of luck trying to get into a parachute battalion.

Godwin and his men developed special clothing and braces for jumpers, to protect them in landings in rough country and treetops. One danger was the tendency of 'chutes to oscillate, which might mean maiming or killing a man by swinging him against a tree or rocks. So a nonoscillating 'chute was worked out. To drop cargo, the rangers made 'chutes of burlap at a cost of $1.50 that would carry down anything from a crate of eggs to a radio set for the use of fire fighters in rough country.

The end of the fire season and the coming of winter stopped work that year, but it started again early in 1940, this time with the Missoula district as a base. The service worked out a technique. When a lookout reported a fire, smoke chasers got into their protective suits, climbed into the plane and streaked for the blaze, which was usually just a small one. The plane first circled and dropped a test 'chute with a sandbag. Watching where this landed gave the pilot the wind direction. On the next circle he knew just where he must drop his fire fighters to land them near the blaze. It had to be close, because in that mountain country ground travel is slow.

When the plane was in the right spot, the pilot gave the word to go, and the smoke chasers bailed out. The ship then made a third circle and dropped cargo 'chutes carrying rations, maps, flash-

**Shroud lines in hand, and legs spread for the impact, this U. S. Army Parachute Corps man floats down to a perfect landing at Fort Benning, Georgia**

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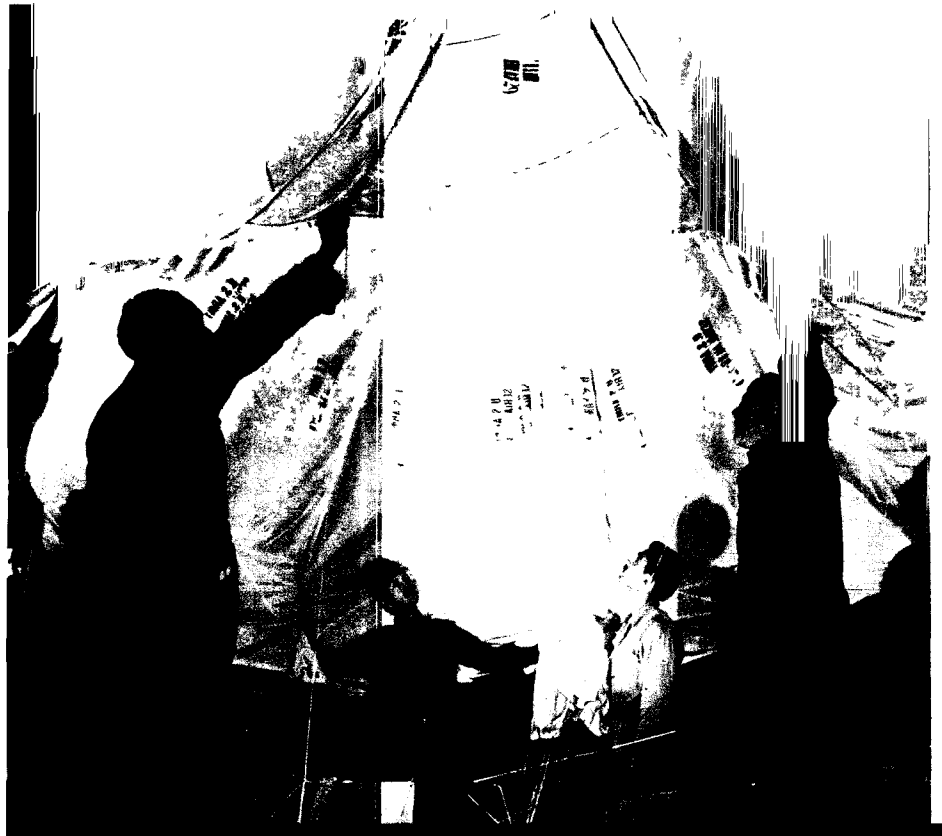
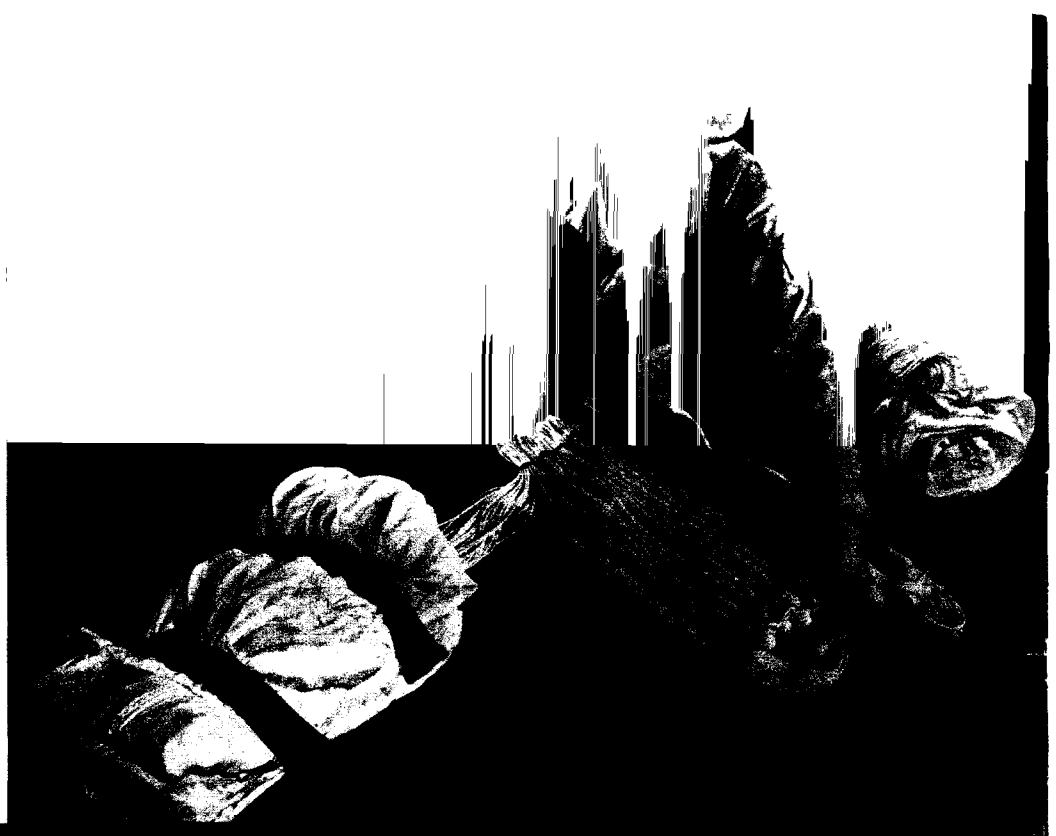
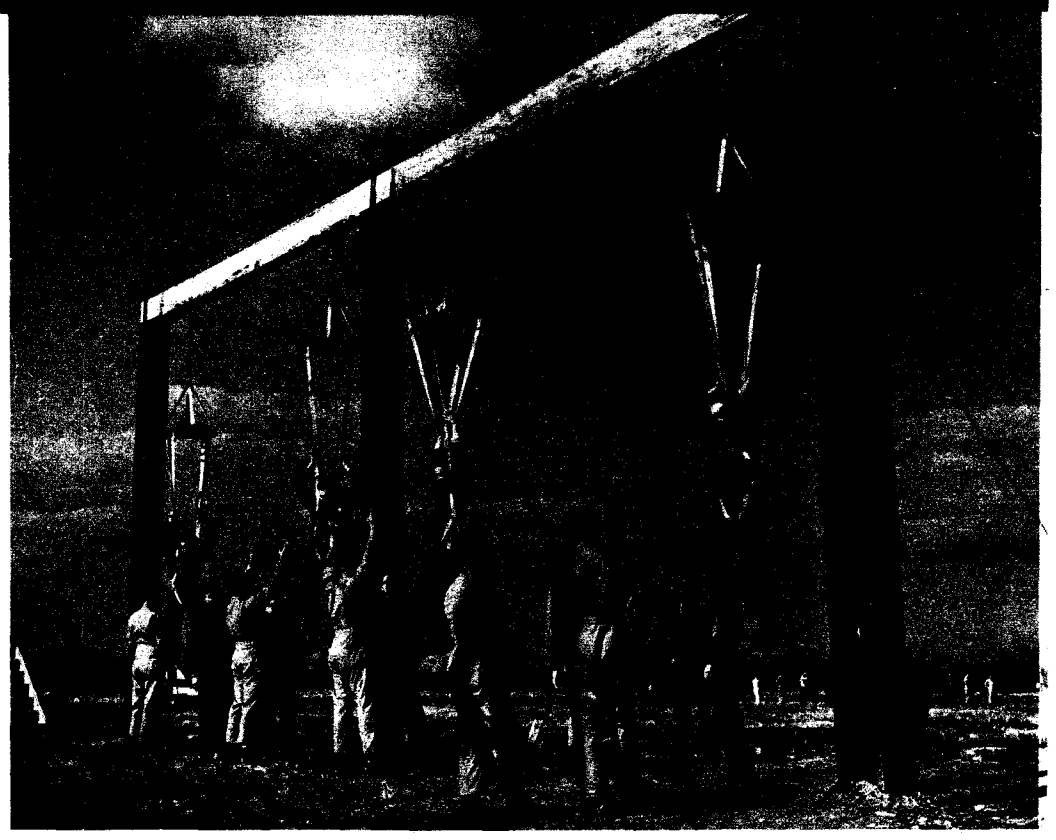


'Chute inspections are frequent and rigorous. Here members of the corps hang up a 'chute to look for dirt, moisture and grasshoppers

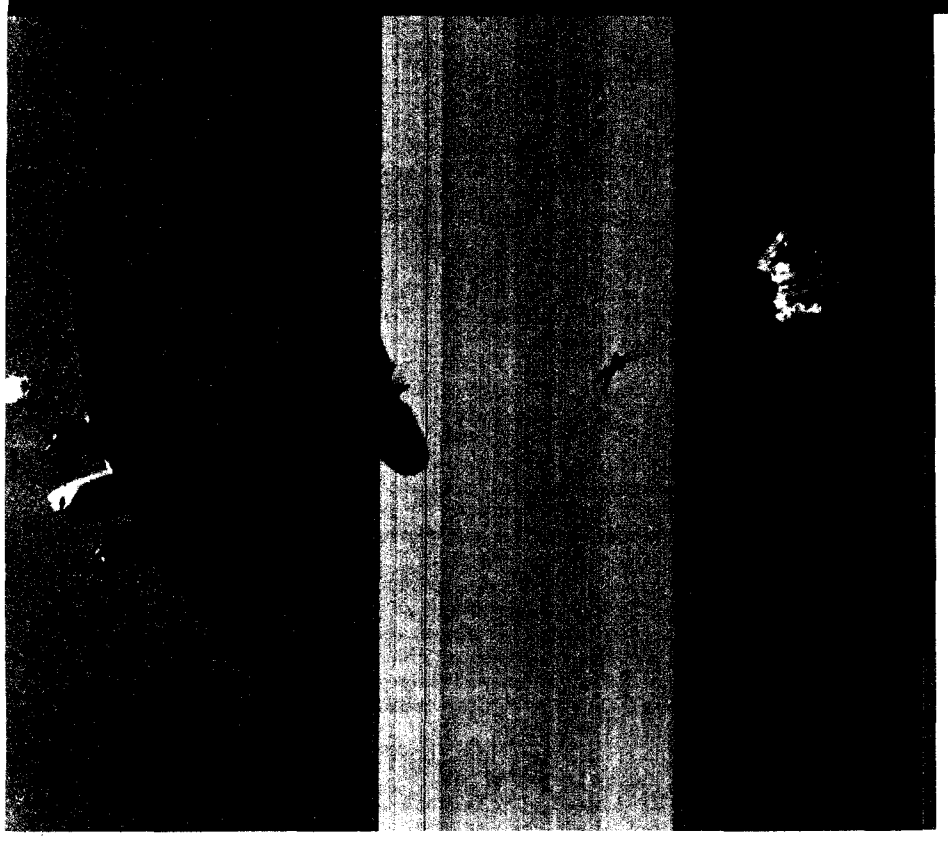


Air Corporal James Wallace, expert rigger, demonstrates the all-important job of packing the 'chute. Jumpers must learn to pack their own 'chutes

A parachutist's big moment: the 'chute begins to blossom. Jumper has no rip cord; a 12-foot "static rope" attached to plane opens it



Suspended in harness, recruits learn how to break landing impact by a quick overhead tug on the lines, a trick that requires perfect timing



lights, water, tools and a compass. The fighters themselves carried down a five-and-a-half-pound radio telephone set. In tests, fire fighters were talking with the plane eight-and-a-half minutes after jumping. This usually meant, too, the time taken to climb down out of the tree in which the 'chute caught, sometimes a long way from the ground.

The service worked out the thing to the point where, if a fire was reported fifty miles from the plane's base, smoke chasers could be dressed up, flown to the blaze, dropped and be at work on the fire within thirty minutes. To get them to the fire by truck and afoot might have taken a day in that country, and by that time the fire might have been out of hand and blazing through miles of timber . . . The 'chutes were just a new method for "gittin' thar fustest."

Don't be impatient at all this background. We're getting around to the Army. Early in the summer of 1940 Godwin met General Henry H. Arnold of the Army Air Force in Washington and they got to talking about parachute troops. Godwin told the general what the Forest Service had been doing out in the timber country, and Arnold asked if he could send out some observers. Godwin said sure. Arnold sent out Lieutenant Colonel E. A. Smith, of the infantry, and Captain Reuben Kyle, Jr., of the Air Service. They flew to Missoula, found out all they could, borrowed samples of the equipment invented by the forest boys, flew back east and started the organization of a parachute corps.

The outfit was created at Fort Benning, where the Army's infantry school is located, in the pine and cotton country of western Georgia, ten miles from the textile-mill town of Columbus. Here, on a 152-square-mile reservation, are concentrated infantry, tanks, mechanized units. Here, too, is the Air Service's Lawson Field.

The first jumpers came from the Twenty-ninth Infantry and were all volunteers. Every officer in the outfit volunteered, too. From the available men, the organizers took the athletes—basketball and football and volleyball champs, track men and boxers. Parachute battalions in the future are going to win all the athletic events, it seems, because they'll be composed of the pick of the Army's sports experts.

To command the 501st, which is the official designation of the battalion, the general staff chose Major William M. Miley. Soft-spoken, hard as nails, Miley is a Californian and one of the Army's top gymnasts. He is a swordsman and an acrobatic tumbler and before he started parachuting was athletic director at Benning.

Under the major in the early stages of development were Captain Bill Ryder and Lieutenant Jim Bassett. Like their C. O.—and all the rest of the outfit—they were intensely interested in 'chuting, working twenty-four hours a day, experimenting, writing manuals and reports, working out tactics, inventing new gadgets—doing a swell job. There were less than fifty of them, to start with, living in pyramidal tents out on the prairie because there were no barracks for them.

Now let's go out to Lawson Field and watch the boys jump. They pile out of trucks and hunch into their 'chutes, helping one another, looking one another over for flaws. Captain Ryder is togged out like everyone else.

"It's a rule," he says, "that the men never are asked to do anything the officers don't do. It isn't that way in some armies. . . ."

The boys file into the big ship, standing with motors idling. It roars away, gains altitude, circles the field. The noise lessens as the ship is throttled down. Then suddenly a man appears at the doorway and steps out. Seconds later his 'chute is opening, billowing above him like half a grapefruit shell. Another man, and another. You time them. Twelve men out in ten seconds.

The men are coming down now at about ten miles an hour, you figure.

*(Continued on page 36)*



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# Down with Shoulders

## By Aimee Larkin

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

**There's a definite fashion trend to follow in selecting a 1941 wardrobe. Here are the clues**

**Shoulders are the big news for 1941. From sports to evening clothes, in coats and dresses, shoulders have gone natural. There is only enough shoulder padding to make hips look slim**

**We are getting smooth hips by wearing a pull-over, a sarong or a longer bodice with fullness placed at the hip line or below. How far down your overblouse comes depends on your figure**

**Your skirts will still be short, but they'll be only short enough to flatter your figure. Let the right length be decided by your legs. Even when skirts look slim they give you room for action**

DRESS BY
LORD AND TAYLOR

HAT BY DOBBS

IT'S gotten so you can't buy a dress or a hat or a pair of shoes without running smack into a lot of ballyhoo about American designers. You see their names on the tags, and their pictures in the papers, and you read about them in the ads. If Paris hadn't fallen, most of them would never have gotten to first base with the publicity boys and girls. They would still be working behind the scenes, while the department stores, the wholesale manufacturers and mostly Paris would have kept right on getting the credit.

It's a fact America has some top-flight designers. A couple of good big handfuls of them. They have been functioning in New York and California for years. Their names were familiar to you before the ballyhoo began. They are truly great designers, who have earned their fame by the excellence and originality of their work. But when designers are cropping up by the tens and dozens all along Fifth Avenue, and you can't look at anything in any store without having its parent rise up and haunt you, it's time to get out your popgun. Important designers aren't developed overnight.

American mass production doesn't work that way. It has to its credit the fact that American women are the best dressed in the world. They can get good-looking clothes at any price they want to pay anywhere in the country. They can get them from a mail-order house if there isn't a store handy to the ranch. They are the envy of all the other women of the world, for nowhere else is it possible to get such good materials, so well styled and well cut, at a price to fit every pocketbook. America can well be proud of this industry.

But because he has a big investment involved, the manufacturer isn't keen to jump on every new idea a designer may conjure up. He'd rather give you something similar to that dress you liked and bought in such quantities last year—he feels sure of that. Just enough changes, he'll say to his designer, to make it this year. A runner, he calls it. Some manufacturers would rather watch what their nearest rivals are doing, which is the reason design-piracy is one of the evils of the trade. Of course, most of them frankly adapted and copied from Paris models. None of these things is conducive to creative design. There will have to be some changes in the American setup, and some money invested in design that doesn't have to beat sales figures before the latent talent here can really blossom.

But, meanwhile, there's that dress to buy, and that hat and those shoes. . . . Where is the clue to your 1941 wardrobe? What's the trend to watch, so that, out of all you see, you will buy clothes that are on their way into the fashion picture, not on the way out?

Never doubt it. There are plenty of fashion tricks, here today and old stuff tomorrow. But underneath is a slow-moving trend—changes in fashion because you like change in everything; slow changes because you are not going to launch a brand-new wardrobe every year. The present trend was evident in Paris two years ago. It is here today in full force.

It spotlights normal shoulders and slim hips.

The accent has been taken from extremes of fashion and put on simplicity and naturalness. Shoulders are padded only enough to flatter your hips into looking slimmer.

Skirts hang straighter. They are short; but only to a shortness that is becoming. The actual brevity in inches is up to you. Pleats, a subtle shirring of fullness or a sarong give you graceful motion and plenty of walking room.

Waistlines are normal. Some bodices are bloused. Some are the casual easy-fitting pull-over, due for popularity day and night; continuing down over the hipbone it gives a long, slim-torso look that is eminently becoming.

Your whole wardrobe will be fined down in this way. Fewer tricks, simpler lines, more emphasis on the basic suit, coat and *(Continued on page 40)*



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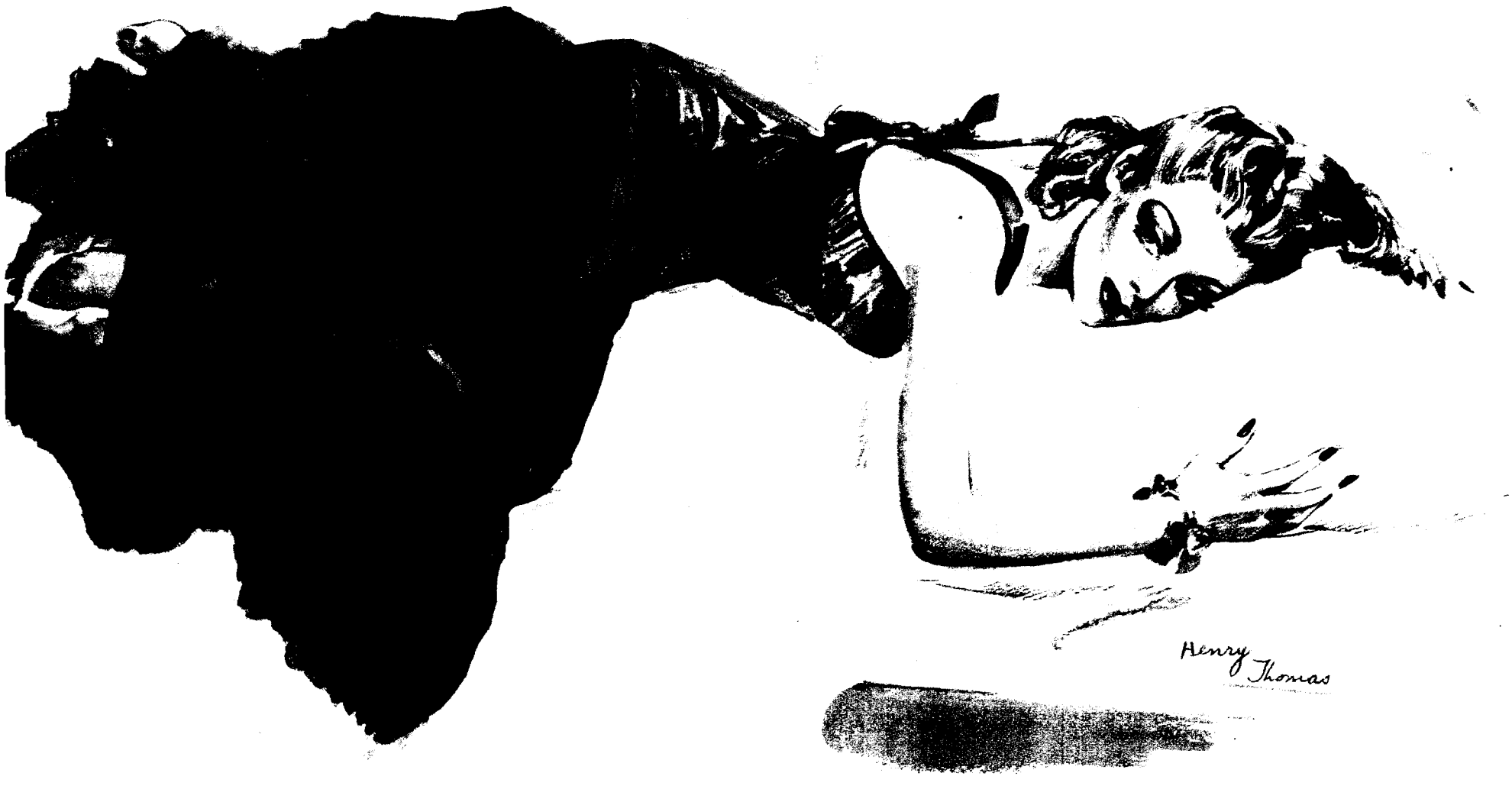


She dropped back into the berth, picturing to herself Henry's tanned face and his dark almond eyes

# Over Night

## By Nancy Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY THOMAS

**Growing pains of a girl who was too young to play at being a woman**

JAN felt funny, standing there in the apartment, now that everything was all over and she was going home to Boston. She thought suddenly of a week end she and Curly had spent on Long Island last summer, when the people had taken them over to one of those summer theaters to see a rehearsal. It was on Sunday, and the play for the week before was over, but the scenery that had been used for it was still up.

The actors rehearsed the new play against a background that was done with, that didn't have anything to do with what they were acting. It had been nifty getting to see actors rehearse and really seeing behind the scenes. They had stood about watching, and one of the stage people had said, too loud, "Look at the solid-gold babies set with tennis rackets from Westbury." There had been she and Curly and Babs Greenough and Lefty Vandercliff and the Fenno girl. Maybe that was when Curly started getting this terrific sneaker for the Fenno girl.

Anyway, something about this moment made her think of that. She was standing in a place that had been home for four years and that now suddenly wasn't any place at all, just an apartment on Sutton Place with a lot of furniture in it, a lot of wedding presents that didn't have any significance any longer. She didn't belong to it any more; she had already started a new life; it was already the past, this apartment, a place she would remember, maybe: when I was married to Curly Mayson we lived in an apartment on Sutton Place.

Maybe she would remember that night right after they came home from the honeymoon and sat in front of the fire in the living room in their bare feet; maybe she would remember coming home from the hospital after Funny-face was born, how funny it had felt to them both that there was a baby in the place that belonged to them; maybe she would remember all the good parties, people barging in after the theater, the Negro from Harlem they used to get in to play the piano, the night she drank too much champagne and did a dance in the middle of the floor.

And maybe she wouldn't remember at all. Already the four years were sort of a blank, unreal. Maybe she would be having such a wonderful new life that she wouldn't remember the one with Curly because she wouldn't have time. This moment was set like a wall between the two lives, the end of one, the beginning of the other. The end of Mrs. Charles Mayson, the beginning of Mrs. Mallory Mayson. The Fenno girl would be Mrs. Charles Mayson soon. It was funny having three different names in your life before you were twenty-three. First Janet Mallory, then Mrs. Charles Mayson, now Mrs. Mallory Mayson. . . .

Her mother-in-law moved about the living room in a distracted sort of way. She had come in from Long Island to see Jan off and to start the work of having all this stuff put into storage. It was nice of her to see to that; Jan was glad she didn't have to fool with it. She never knew how to cope with that kind of business; she felt about twelve when she tried. Mrs. Mayson was dead set against the Fenno girl; she thought she had lured Curly away. But it was all right with Jan. Curly couldn't help it if he got this terrific sneaker, and the Fenno girl was divine, all right. You couldn't help falling in love with people. Maybe she would fall in love with somebody herself. She was beginning a brand-new life in which anything could happen.

"I STILL can't believe this awful thing is happening, Jan dear," Mrs. Mayson said. She sank down on the big sofa and lit a cigarette. "You and Curly were so perfect together. It's so heartbreaking to have it break up now, before you'd hardly got started. You're being so brave, Jan."

"No, I'm not. . . ." She really wasn't. There wasn't anything to be brave about. She and Curly had had a divine time ever since the night she met him at the Hasty Pudding dance up in Cambridge. They'd had everything they wanted: got married two months later with a swell big wedding and millions of parties and scads of bridesmaids and ushers; had a honeymoon in Honolulu and done simply everything marvelous; come back to this apartment and had a big time in it, parties and going out to Long Island for long week ends; had Funny-face dumped in their lap like a prize package, terribly cute and sort of surprising. Now Curly was mad for the Fenno girl and wanted to marry her. It was all right; it had been fine.

"Curly doesn't realize what he's throwing away," Mrs. Mayson said. "If he was a little older maybe he'd have more sense and realize that you are the girl he really loves. Or ought to. I just hate to have you get hurt, darling. I feel as if you were my own child. It's odd for me to say it, but you mustn't feel your life's over. You'll meet dozens of other men and fall in love with someone and marry him."

"I feel okay," Jan said. Mrs. Mayson thought her heart was broken, but it wasn't. She just felt through with something, and ready for what came next. She had loved Curly, she still did. But after all when you were eighteen you didn't know anything. You just knew how to have fun. She felt about Curly the way you would about a brother, maybe. Of course they'd been married and had Funny-face. But all that hadn't



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sunk in, exactly. It was all just gay and fun, not important. It certainly wasn't anything you called passion. Things like that, real grown-up love, lay ahead of her in this new life. That was what made it so exciting. She moved restlessly around the room and ran her hand over her pale blond, shoulder-length hair.

"It's absolutely fair for Curly to have to be the one to go to Reno," his mother said. "He broke it up. I know he wants to go, to be near that girl while she gets hers, but anyway I'm glad you don't have to go out there. It's an absolutely savage place. Horrible women. You oughtn't to be exposed to anything like that, darling. Don't tell me. I know."

Jan didn't answer. Curly wanted to go to Reno, and she didn't care. It might have been fun to see what it was like, but it was going to be fun this summer up on the North Shore too. It didn't matter who got the divorce. It was all cooked up anyway. Mental cruelty. Her being mentally cruel to Curly. How would you be mentally cruel to anyone?

At last Nana was coming in with Funny-face. Jan put on her red straw hat in front of the mantel mirror. It looked nice, with her red-and-white foulard print. Funny-face looked sweet in his lavender romper, running around the room holding on to Nana's hand. Jan looked at him with the curiosity she always felt; how funny that that fat little tootsie was her child! She never really felt that he was, more as if he was a baby brother. It hadn't bothered her any while he was coming; they used to go dancing right up to near the end. . . .

MRS. MAYSON was kissing the baby. "I'll miss little Charles horribly," she said. "It's been divine for me, having a grandson at my age. I can't wait till he comes back for our six months of him. Gran's baby, yes, oh, you darling! I hope it won't be too awful for you giving him up part of the year, Jan. But I promise you I'll see he's well taken care of. I won't let that girl neglect him as I'm sure she would. I'll keep my eye on things. And Nana will be right on deck, I'm sure, won't you, Nana?"

The big-boned, horse-faced Irish nurse smiled back at Mrs. Mayson.

"I know it'll be all right," Jan said. She put on her white gloves and picked up her red purse from the coffee table. "Well," she said.

Mrs. Mayson got up and put her arms around Jan.

"Goodby, Jan darling," she said. "I could kill Curly for acting like such a dummy, even if he is my own child. You're a sweet, darling little girl, and it makes me sick. Remember I'm terribly fond of you and I'll always be. I'm absolutely on your side and I wish you could come and stay with me, although I suppose you won't."

Jan kissed her. "You're an angel to attend to all this," she said, waving her hand around the room.

"It's the least I can do. And it would be so heartbreaking for you to have to send away all your lovely wedding presents. It seems yesterday that we had such fun fixing up the apartment. Oh, dear," she kissed Jan again.

She saw them off from the door of the apartment, standing there while they waited for the lift, the three of them. Then it came, and they got in, and the door slammed, and that was the last time Jan would ever go down from the apartment. She felt fresh, as if her face had just been washed, and ready for what was to come next.

Fifty-seventh Street was bright and hot and beautiful in the afternoon sun. The heat put a sort of hush over the East River where tugs floated languidly on the grayish oily water; people strolled slowly down the street; the cart loaded with flowers in pots crept along the curb, and Jan waved to the man driving it as she got into the taxi after Nana and Funny-face. She would probably never see him again. This early June heat made her feel expectant; it was the kind of afternoon when you left to drive out on Long Island for a big week end; it was the kind of afternoon that made you look forward to smelling the salt sea, and playing tennis, and having fun with lots of people. The whole summer lay before her, mysterious and unimaginable.

The taxi stopped and went, stopped and went, through the hot city over to the West Side, toward the dock where they would take the boat for Boston. They passed pier after pier, going far downtown.

They got out of the taxi and Jan paid the driver and gave him a fifty-cent tip and they walked slowly along the pier, slowly on account of Funny-face's short fat legs, and onto the Boston boat. They had two large staterooms side by side. Their bags were carried in and Jan tipped the porter. Then with Nana and the baby she went up on deck and stood against the rail looking down at the swirling, dirty water. A lovely fresh smell came from the sea down beyond the harbor. They would sail in a minute now. Lots of people crowded the deck and hung over the rail.

**"You have just heard Major Fortescue's analysis of our overseas broadcast. This will be interpreted by our Washington expert, Mr. Greeley. Mr. Marshall, our networks expert, will then analyze Mr. Greeley's broadcast. You will then hear from our overseas correspondents again, who will analyze Mr. Marshall's talk"**

JACK MARKOW

"It's time Charlie had his supper," Nana said. "I wonder if I shall be able to order the proper things."

"Oh, sure," Jan said. "Take him down into the dining room, I guess. They can get you everything."

Nana took Funny-face away by the hand. Jan watched them go. Then she looked back at the water. They were nearly around the Battery and steaming up the East River. Pretty soon they would pass the end of Fifty-seventh Street. She must remember to look up and see the apartment house once more.

Barges and tugs passed, the wash from them spreading out fantails in the dark and oily water. They were going up to Boston, to a new life. Curly was all gone; not part of her life any more; somebody she'd see sometimes and be glad to see and feel fine friends with. He had been her husband. But it had always felt kind of silly to know that she had a husband. The word sounded so much more important than any way she felt. Curly kept on being a boy, a beau, somebody to have fun with. And then there was Funny-face, the only thing that would live on as an actual proof that she had been married, and had a child.

She leaned over the rail and scowled gravely at the New York buildings sweeping by. She wondered if she was horrid, the un-motherly way she felt about Funny-face. But she didn't see how she could help it. She simply didn't feel maternal or whatever you felt. Funny-face had popped out at her from nowhere as a big surprise and he might as well have said boo. He didn't need her, with an expert like Nana, and Jan didn't feel any need for him. She adored him. But she didn't yearn toward him or any of those things. He was just a funny little thing she had picked up somewhere who was, incredibly, part of her life just as her mother and her father were part of her life. But she didn't feel like a mother, she never had.

She hadn't been ready to be a mother, that was it. A sort of quick clarity invaded Jan's mind and she felt she had an explanation. Because she still had the feeling she had had in school, that some day it would be wonderful to have babies, to be married. She still felt that anticipatory way in spite of the fact that she had been married and had a baby. She hadn't been ready to be married, either; it had just come along and overtaken her. A whole lot of things had happened to her prematurely, as if she had dreamed them, and they hadn't taken hold of her because she simply wasn't ripe for them.

SHE was still twenty-two and she felt that young, and at the beginning of things, ready and waiting for life to begin. It was as if she hadn't been to enough dances; hadn't met enough boys; was still waiting for the moment when she would fall in love with somebody and then would want to marry him and want to have a baby. It had all happened, but it hadn't happened to her inside; she was still twenty-two, waiting for everything.

Funny-face was like a tangible reminder of a forgotten dream she had had once.

They were way uptown now and she hadn't looked to see the apartment house. It didn't matter at all. The breeze from the Sound was battering at her straw hat and she started below. The crowds that filled the boat were an odd lot; not like on an ocean liner, not settling down, because they would land next morning; milling and laughing and acting crazy on the Boston night boat. Jan looked at them curiously, going down the stairway. Near the bottom she passed a young man who looked at her fixedly; his dark face was somehow familiar to her, but she could not remember where she had seen him before. She went on along the lower deck to the staterooms. Funny-face was being put to bed.

"Have you got everything you need?" she asked Nana, awkwardly.

"Yes, madam. I expect so. It's not to say like a proper boat, is it? More like one of them excursion boats. I hope it's quite safe."

"Oh, yes, it's perfectly safe, honestly. Why, you just go along the Sound and then through the Cape Cod Canal and you're hardly ever in the actual ocean."

She bent over the pink child in the bed and kissed him. He was sleepy and soft and his fair hair was damp on his fat neck. He was a cunning baby, she thought.

"I'll be glad when we reach Mrs. Mallory's, madam. I'll feel so much safer. And I expect Mrs. Mallory will be glad to see her little grand-baby, yes, she will, won't she, Charlie?"

The baby smiled and said, "Nana kiss." As Nana was kissing him Jan went away. She went soberly down to dinner and ate a club sandwich, had two glasses of milk and a dish of chocolate ice cream. As she came out of the dining room it was beginning to get dark. In the large hallway she came face to face again with the dark young man. She looked at him and walked on, but then she heard his voice behind her.

"Aren't you Jan Mallory?"

SHE turned around. He was tanned very dark and smooth, and he wore a gray-tan gabardine suit. His hair was dark and his eyes were very dark and long, and he was smiling.

"I'm Henry Bolton. I met you ages ago at a dance."

"Oh . . . Bolton. Was your brother Jenk Bolton?"

"Yes. That's right."

"He could hit a target spitting through his front teeth. I've never forgotten it."

"He still can!"

She remembered this man now a little, at some dance in Boston, dancing with her, and that he danced very well. She remembered hearing his name, Henry Bolton, long ago, oh, back in school.

"You haven't been living back in Bean-town, have you?" he asked.

"No, you see. . . . I've been married and living in New York. My name is Mayson now."

"Oh, yes," he said, as if he remembered. "Sally Gray's cousin, isn't he, your husband? Curly Mayson, or something?"

"Yes, only . . ." She realized she would have to do this often now, explain. She might as well get used to it, telling people in Boston, like this boy. "I'm divorced. I mean, getting a divorce."

"Oh," he said, looking off casually. "Getting it up in Massachusetts?"

"No. Curly's out in Reno."

"Oh. Well. . . ."

"I'm going up to mother's. I'm taking the baby up."

"So?" he said, lifting his eyebrows. He smiled at her with his long eyes. "Well. Would you like to dance? It's a lousy orchestra but we could give it a try."

"I'd love to."

They went along to the upper deck where the orchestra was playing noisy music. He did dance terribly well. She felt gay and happy and excited. They sat down at a table and ordered lemonades and Henry took a flask out of his pocket and poured gin into them. He kept looking at her with those dark, almond-shaped eyes, and she looked back at him. This all felt so brand-new. She was on her own, back to being a single girl again, out dancing with a boy.

They drank and danced some more

*(Continued on page 43)*

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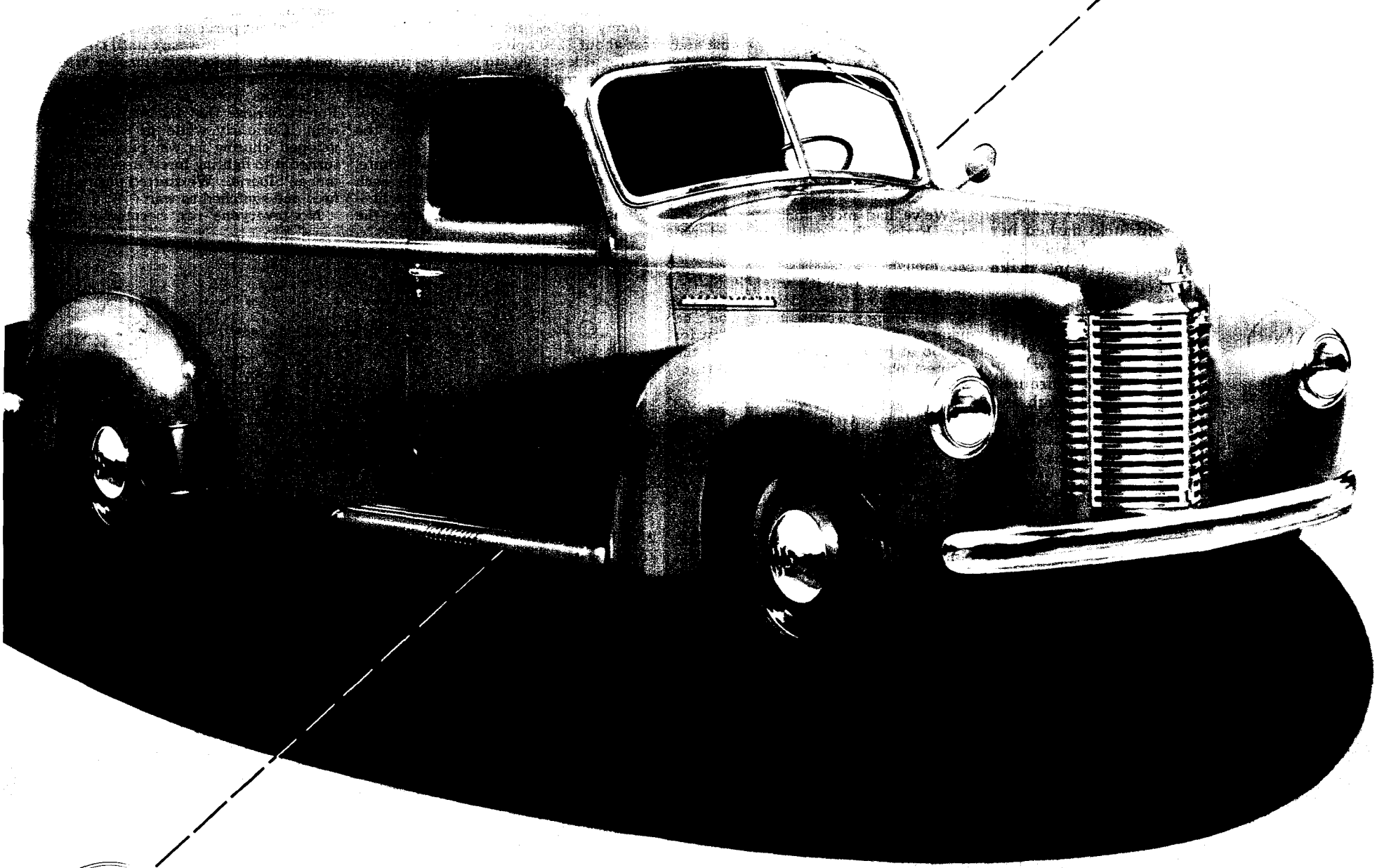
# THE INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS*



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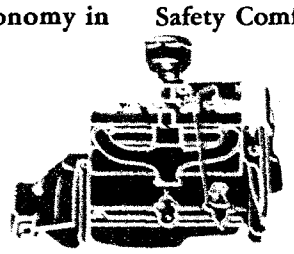
These trucks are new to you but they have already successfully endured hard lifetimes of hauling service in every type of test on all kinds of roads, and months of grueling punishment over the great International proving grounds.

Economy is again the outstanding feature. And the heart of the remarkable economy in all the light-duty models is the new International-built Green Diamond Truck Engine . . . exclusively International. The smooth performance of this new power-giant, plus its sensational low-cost operation, make these new K-Line Internationals big money-savers on any hauling job.



*See the new Green Diamond Engine*

There are new double-anchor hydraulic brakes; long, easy-riding springs; sealed-beam headlights; safety glass throughout; a new all-steel Safety Comfort-Cab; and many other features.

Phone any International Dealer or Branch for a *New* International demonstration . . . And write for a catalog giving you all the details about the *new* International line.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

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Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.

But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.

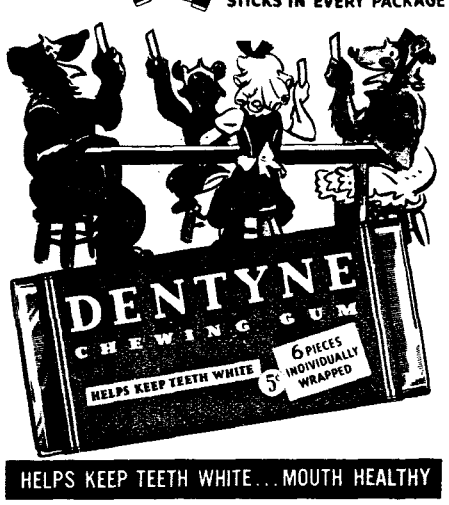
"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and *extra* good."

"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."

*Moral:* Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a flavortite package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE




HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE . . . MOUTH HEALTHY


# Out of the Blue

Continued from page 31

Their problem is to land in a group on a target about thirty feet square. The dangling bodies swing back and forth as the jumpers manipulate the steering flaps to counteract air currents. Two of them almost collide, but quick work saves them.

There is the crack of a shot from the sky and then a short volley. Captain Ryder is practicing marksmanship as he descends. Pretty good at it, too, considering this is only his tenth jump.

Less than a minute after they have left the plane the eleven men and the captain are grouped, hauling in their 'chutes, within the limits of the target. They have come down about 700 feet in fifty seconds. Just before each lands, you see him reach up with both hands, grip the lines and give himself a lift just as his toes touch earth. This trick, which calls for split-second timing, breaks the shock of collision. If you do it too soon, or too late, chances are you'll break a bone, probably an ankle.

One man is pulled over by a gust and tumbles, like an acrobat, as he hits. He's up in a second.

"You see why we need tumblers," grins the captain—and to the 'chuters: "Good work, men. Any bruises?"

There are none this time, it turns out.

### The Army's not Copying Anyone

"We've had more than 300 jumps," says Ryder, "but only one fractured ankle. Plenty of bruises and a sprain or two, though."

He explains that it's vital, in battle, to get all your men down in perfect physical shape, because there won't be many of them, and each must be fit for his job at once. There mustn't be the slightest physical—or emotional—trouble.

"Don't get the idea we're just copying the Russians or Germans," says Captain Ryder, back in the orderly tent. "We're starting in where they leave off. Can't win a war by copying the other fellow—you have to outsmart him.

"You can't go much by what the Germans did in Holland or in Norway. Their parachutists came down in ideal conditions, with a lot of preparation done for them by spies and secret agents.

"By the way," he adds with a grin, "all our men are volunteers. Our information is that the Germans had to order their men into 'chutes and that they had a tough time getting good ones. We have hundreds of volunteers. Look here . . ."

He displays a file of letters, from all over, pleading for a chance to join the 501st—letters from civilians and kids and privates and sergeants and majors in the Army and Reserve and the National Guard. Most of them are man-to-man letters, from Private George Spelvin to Major Miley, in defiance of War Department red tape. But, horrified as they may be at this democratic way of running an army, the brass hats at Washington haven't done a thing to Private Spelvin—that sort of spirit is too good to discourage . . . Couldn't get away with it in any other army, though.

All the jumpers with whom I talked agreed that the surprise of the game is that the 'chutist has little or no sensation of falling. Most of them were afraid they would. It was the same story from the newest rookie to Captain E. Vern Stewart, of the Illinois National Guard, who has more than 400 jumps to his credit. The captain has jumped at 500 and at 22,000 feet. The long jump took thirty-six minutes and the main sensation was boredom.

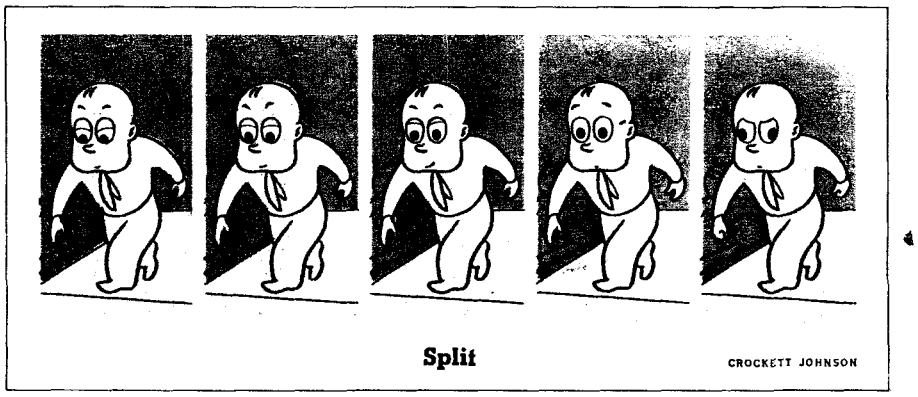
"If I ever jump that far again I'll take along a good book," grinned Stewart.

You'd think, if you stepped from a plane going nearly a hundred miles an hour and then were stopped by a parachute's opening, there'd be a mental or physical jolt. But there isn't. In the Army you don't even have to worry about pulling a rip cord.

"The way we've developed it," explained Captain Ryder, "each man has a twelve-foot 'static rope,' one end of which is attached lightly to the 'chute on his back. He holds the other end of the rope. When he is ready to jump he goes to the door of the plane, clicks his rope fast to a gadget, leans forward a little, half facing toward the ship's tail, and steps off, arms folded over his chest. The rope tightens, opens the 'chute and then snaps at the 'chute end. It's pulled back into the plane. The soldier by that time is dropping like a feather—more or less—guiding himself down."

Army 'chutes are made of silk and cost about $250 apiece. With care they last for at least 200 jumps. Experiments are being made with nylon, rayon and cotton. Some of the sharps think even tough, waterproof paper may be developed with strength enough for the shocks and strains.

Each Army jumper has his own 'chute, takes care of it and folds it after each jump. A 'chute *has* to be folded right—if it isn't, the next time you jump the



**Split** CROCKETT JOHNSON

War Department notifies your next of kin.

Some of the Army's early experimenting was done at Hightstown, New Jersey, from a 125-foot tower operated by a private concern. This was something like the famous parachute jump at the New York World's Fair, and was used to get the men accustomed to the idea. At Benning, the Army is building a 250-foot tower, for the same purpose. It will enable the men to learn each move slowly, and give officers a chance to correct mistakes before the actual jumping from planes is done.

In actual warfare, men will be 'chuted down from as low an altitude as possible, in order to shorten the length of time they're exposed to enemy fire. It's planned to have the boys jump from only 300 feet, which would give them less than twenty seconds in the air. Surprise is an important element in attack by parachute troops, and the sooner they can be grounded, the less chance there is of discovery.

The Army hasn't tried it yet, but landing in a dense forest is easier than on open ground—according to the veterans of the Forest Service. They call treetop stops "featherbed landings." Only trouble is, after a 'chute gets tangled up in the trees, to get it down. The smoke chasers want to recover the 'chute because it's expensive; the Army will want to because its presence would be a giveaway to enemy planes.

They haven't decided yet whether to send men down with guns and grenades, or cargo-'chute these down separately. The Germans claim to send their troops down with machine guns, bomb loads, trenching tools and even bicycles. It's safe enough to chute down grenades, in case you're worrying. You can play ball with them all day—unless you pull the firing pin.

### We're Underway Now

In 1917 and '18 General Billy Mitchell of the Air Service tried to sell General Pershing the idea of parachute troops, but Black Jack thought, as did most others at the time, that the parachute would never replace the horse . . . . Incidentally, there's an unofficial move today to name our first 'chute outfit the Mitchell Battalion.

Ten years after the war there was some more talk, by people called "visionaries," about parachuters. Nothing came of that, either. It wasn't until Germany made such a spectacular display in Holland that any real progress was made.

Then, as we've seen, it was to the Forest Service that the Army went for help. Curiously, while the Russians developed 'chuting for war purposes, they turned it to fighting forest fires last summer in Siberia. We started out fighting fires and switched to war.

Not everyone can become a parachutist. The experience of the Army so far is that if you pick your candidates to start with, you can expect about ninety-five per cent of them to become jumpers; taking the Army as a whole, perhaps ten per cent would fail, some physically, some psychologically.

The percentage of civilians who never can become jumpers is pretty large. That is why, in early days, commercial air lines resisted well-meaning campaigns to make them supply 'chutes for each passenger. The lines knew that, in the emotional grip of a fall, some passengers would freeze in the doorway, refuse to jump, and thus block passengers who would; that other passengers would jump and then forget to pull the rip cord to open the 'chute.

Late in 1940 we had only a couple of score jumpers in our Army, but new ones were being developed fast; by this time next year we'll have thousands. A parachute battalion includes 412 officers and men—and 379 of them, including all the officers, are jumpers. We have just one battalion getting under way. How many Germany and Russia have isn't definitely known. Not many, though.

Just as old General Forrest's mounted infantry was composed of Southern lads, so is our new 'chute outfit. Your correspondent asked Captain Ryder where most of his flying doughboys were from. The captain grinned. "They're all Southern boys," he said. "That is, all but one. He's a No'the'n boy—from Kentucky."

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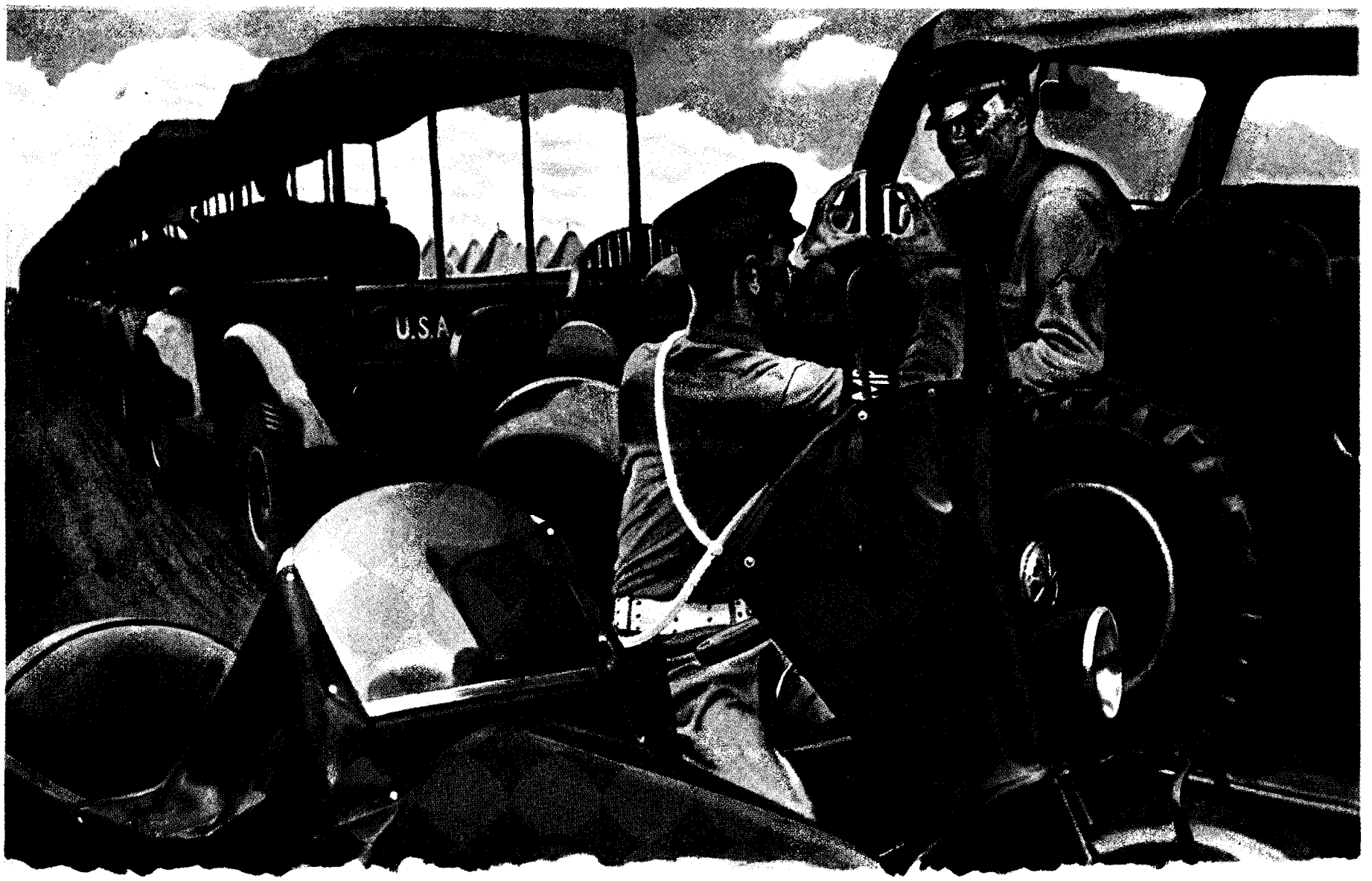
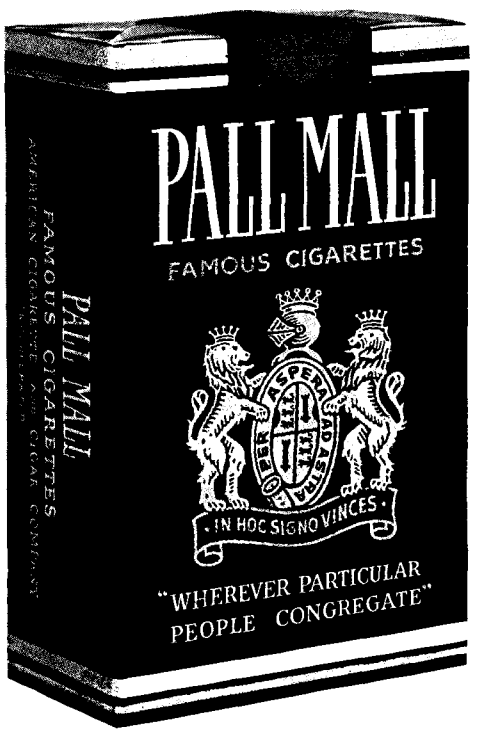



# *Something is happening in the cigarette business!*




Look around—America.

Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. Something is happening in the cigarette business. A basic improvement in cigarette design is here.

It's Pall Mall—modern, streamlined,—over 20 per cent longer than your old cigarette,—designed for better smoking.

See what this step-forward in cigarette design does for you!

It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own true filter. In Pall Mall the additional length travels the smoke further—giving you not alone a longer cigarette but a better cigarette—a definitely milder, a definitely cooler smoke.

Pall Mall is a smoother cigarette, too. BULKING—that natural process revived by Pall Mall—lets time do what machines can only approximate. BULKING causes the traditionally fine tobaccos of Pall Mall to mellow, softens all traces of harshness. As a result, Pall Mall is a really smoother smoke.

Prove it—yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you don't agree that something is happening in the cigarette business!

PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**

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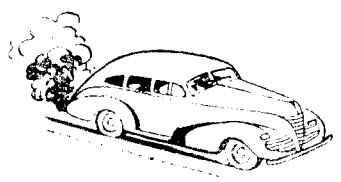
...and on oil pumpers, too,



HALF DONE JOBS won't do!

ALWAYS CHECK ENGINE BEARINGS

Power-stealing, motor-fouling oil waste is often caused by worn connecting rod bearings. To correct it calls for new bearings as well as new piston rings, or the job is only HALF DONE—and the costly oil pumping continues.

If your car engine is sluggish, lacks pick-up, has smoky exhaust and "eats oil", remember that it costs little more to replace the connecting rod bearings, when the engine is opened up for service, and thus be sure of complete correction.

You can quickly find out if worn connecting rod bearings are causing oil pumping. Have your service man check the engine with the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector—and *see for yourself* if engine bearings are the source of trouble. If so, replace in sets with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy!

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

WORN ENGINE BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING

AUTHORIZED FEDERAL Mogul ENGINE BEARING SERVICE

QUICK CHECK-UP AT THIS SIGN

*Look for this sign of Expert Engine Bearing Service for a scientific diagnosis of engine condition while you wait!*

REPLACE WITH GENUINE

# Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 20

surprise as Jimmy Watson appeared.

Cliff rubbed the heaviness out of his eyes and said, "Sorry, Jimmy—but I'm still broke."

"Yeah. I figured."

Watson reached into his pocket and produced Cliff's three-thousand-dollar IOU. "Been worrying about this?" he inquired.

"That's one way of stating it."

"Want it back?"

Halliday had the grace to grin. He said, "Listen, Jimmy: a burnt dog gathers no moss. I'm off poker for life."

"That's smart, for a sucker like you. But it wasn't what I came for." Watson's narrow face was expressionless, his voice flat. "If you want to do me a little favor—and ask no questions—you can have this."

HALLIDAY frowned. "That doesn't sound right sensible, Jimmy. What you've got in your hand says three thousand. There's nothing I could do would be worth that."

"It would to me." Watson seated himself by the side of the bed. "I'll give you the setup and you can say yes or no. There's no use asking questions, because I'm not talking."

"Go ahead . . ."

"You're pretty good friends with Miss Patricia Mallory," stated Watson, pretending not to notice the start of surprise which Halliday made. "She's got a bank box somewhere. In that box is a .32-caliber, pearl-handled, nickel-barreled revolver. It doesn't mean a thing to her, but it means plenty to me. Ask her for the rod, slip it to me—and I give you this IOU."

Cliff was sitting up straight, his manner grave, his eyes thoughtful. He asked, "What's the gimmick?"

"That's for me to know. There *is* one, sure: otherwise I wouldn't be offering three grand for a gun worth maybe twenty bucks. But I'm not telling, see. Now look: I'm not asking you to do anything that's under the table. You don't steal the gun. You go straight to her and ask her for it. Open, like that. Tell her why if you want. Tell her who for—it don't make any difference to me. It's all on the up and up. She either does or she doesn't. What's it to you if I got my own personal reasons for wanting it?"

Halliday smiled. "You make it sound plausible. But the thing seems screwy. Miss Mallory's got a gun that's worth three thousand dollars to you. But it still doesn't mean anything to her. You figure that if I ask her for it, she'll hand it over. It doesn't check."

Jimmy Watson shrugged. "Maybe it don't check, Cliff—but you know what you can do if you want. What's the answer?"

"I don't know. . . ." Cliff looked up at the other man. "I've got to think it over, Jimmy. That all right with you?"

"Yep. You know where you can reach me."

He went as unceremoniously as he had arrived. Cliff got out of bed and put some coffee in the percolator. A few minutes later, with the first hot sips of the coffee, his brain began to clear, but the answers continued to elude him.

He walked to his dresser and opened one of the drawers. Digging down beneath a pile of shirts, he uncovered a revolver and picked it up.

That was it, all right—.32-caliber, pearl handle, nickeled barrel.

The more Cliff considered the situation, the crazier it seemed. Obviously the gun had been used in the commission of some crime — else Watson wouldn't want it. But he wondered where Pat fitted in.

Cliff also wondered why Jimmy Watson didn't think that Eddie Gordon had the gun. "It's insane," he decided. "I've got to carry it to the right spot."

He called long distance and asked for Eddie's training camp. He got the camp but there was a long wait before Eddie came to the phone. He said, "I'm driving up, Eddie. Got the day off. I want to make palaver with you—alone."

Eddie seemed enthusiastic, and a half-

**"Now here is something nice—if you go in for home movies"**

GEORGE PRICE

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hour later Cliff was at the wheel of his little car headed into the wilds of New Jersey. He'd already thought so much about the thing that he was only confusing himself. There simply wasn't any answer, and he hadn't invented one when he reached the training camp three hours later.

He closeted himself with Eddie in the latter's bedroom, and told the whole amazing story from the beginning. "And that's all I know about it, Eddie. It's your gun. You gave it to me. And I brought it back to you."

Eddie was thinking, too. He wasn't having much luck piecing things together, but he was remembering something. He recalled the night when a strange man had frisked his room. There had been a fight, and the intruder had escaped. But nothing had been stolen. It seemed clear now that whoever it was must have been after that gun.

Even that, however, didn't check, because Cliff described Jimmy Watson as a small, wiry man, and the person who had invaded Eddie's room was a husky individual. He heard Cliff saying, "Why's it worth three thousand dollars to this guy Watson? Why did he think Pat Mallory had it? And where did you get it?"

Eddie walked up and down the room. He said quietly, "I'm in a fog, too, Cliff. I'll tell you how I got that gun."

HE TOLD the story of the collision and subsequent assault on Shades Mountain the night before he left Birmingham. Cliff nodded and said, "I figured there was something violent behind it, all right. Look, Eddie . . . how did this lad shape up: the one who slugged you?"

"I don't know. He conked me before I got a look."

"And you didn't get even part of a gander at him?"

"Not really. He was small, as I remember it—and certainly not very strong."

"That's a hell of a vague description," commented Cliff. "But what there is of it would fit Jimmy Watson. And presuming he *did* kill a man with that gun . . . he'd certainly want it back."

"Yeah . . ." Eddie was staring at the floor. "I don't know your little friend. But if he's been a naughty boy, that's his business. I'm a lot more interested in getting you out of your jam."

He studied the revolver intently. It was harmless enough looking; gay even. He carried it to a writing desk in the corner, scrutinized it closely and wrote something on a piece of paper.

"What happens?" inquired Cliff.

"I'm noting down the serial number," grinned Eddie. "Just in case."

"What a brain. . . ." Cliff touched his friend on the shoulder. "You happen to be pretty regular also, Mr. Gordon."

"Thanks." Eddie turned toward his bedroom door. "Mind waiting here a moment, Cliff?"

Eddie walked alone into the other room and closed the door behind him. Cliff relaxed in his chair. He gazed out through the window at the late afternoon sun as it streamed through the foliage and bathed the training camp in golden splendor. He knew that there was more to this thing than appeared on the surface. He fancied there might be more even than Eddie had told him.

He sat up suddenly, his figure rigid. He had heard the bark of a revolver: dull but frightening.

Cliff leaped toward the door of Eddie Gordon's bedroom, his face white.

For the merest fraction of a second, Cliff Halliday paused with his hand on the doorknob. Then he stepped inside.

Eddie Gordon was standing near the foot of the bed with the gun in his hand. From the barrel there came the faint remembrance of a wisp of smoke, and the room was pungent with the acrid smell of powder. Eddie looked at the gun in his hand, and then at Cliff.

"Nothing to get excited about," he said. "Just the same old story: Gun went off accidentally."

Halliday made an impatient gesture. "Don't give me that," he said. "What happened?"

"Okay." Eddie placed the gun on his dresser and walked to the bed. "Give a look."

He stripped off the bedclothes and started doing things with the mattress. He ripped it in the middle and inserted probing fingers. He wore an expression of concentration, and eventually he smiled. He withdrew his hand and held it out, palm up, toward Cliff.

"There's the answer," he explained.

Cliff looked down at a bullet, and then up at Eddie.

"Out of that gun?" he inquired.

"Sure. I thought I could muffle it completely."

"What's the idea?"

"Ballistics. Plus a hunch. I'm going to send this airmail and special delivery to the Birmingham police. They undoubtedly have the bullet which killed that poor lug at Buzzard Roost. They can test one against the other. It's as sure as fingerprints."

"And if you find out that he was killed with this gun—?"

"We can then discuss what to tell the cops—if anything."

Eddie seated himself at the desk, and started to write. Cliff watched him. Nice guy, this Gordon. Odd how Pat Mallory got in his hair. Seemed as though the two couldn't get together without scrapping. Eddie got up and handed him a sheet of paper. "Look it over," he suggested. "See if it's literate."

Police Department
Birmingham, Alabama

About eight months ago a man was killed somewhere near Buzzard Roost. I imagine you have kept the bullet which was taken from his body. If this killing has not been solved, may I suggest that you make a ballistics test of that bullet in connection with the one I am enclosing, to determine whether they might have been fired from the same gun. Please answer to my New York address which is . . .

Cliff nodded and smiled. "It ain't only literate," he compliments, "it's classic. You must have done more in college than play football."

"Maybe . . ." Eddie took Halliday's arm and propelled him toward the door. "Out you go, fella. You got some business to transact."

"Meaning you want to get this off right away?"

"Yowzah. Airmail, special delivery, registered, and from New York."

"Do I get to see Pat?"

"You do—but briefly." Eddie waved, turned away and walked toward the old barn which was doing temporary service as a gymnasium. Two battered pugilists were sitting in front of a rickety old table pushing checkers around, and Eddie beckoned to one of them.

"Listen, Happy," he asked, "didn't I hear you say you had a brother on the New York police force?"

Happy Madden nodded. "Sure you did, Boss. He ain't no ordinary flatfoot, either. He's—"

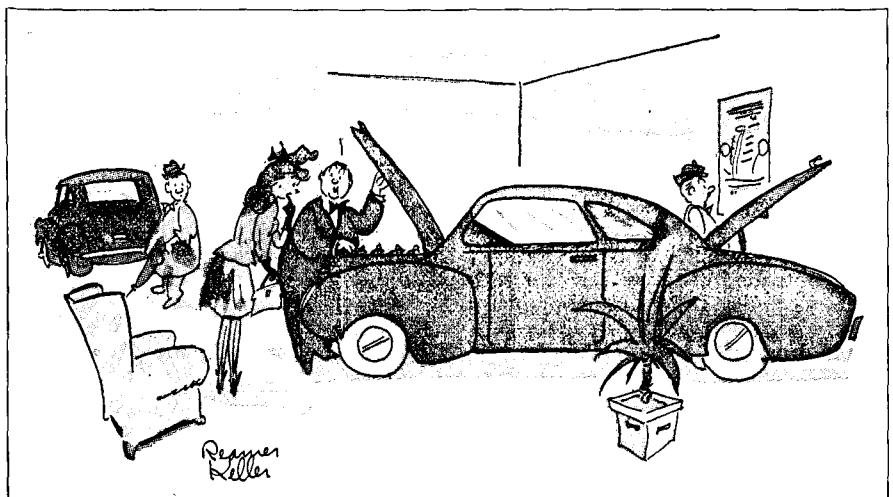
"Skip it. How'd you like to do me a favor, and to keep your mouth shut about it?"

"You call it."

EDDIE handed him a slip of paper. "That's the serial number of a gun," he explained. "Maybe it's a New York gun and maybe it isn't. If it is, I want to get whatever dope they have on it. You know, where it came from and who it belongs to."

Happy took the paper. "Can do," he grunted. "Easy."

"Can keep mum, too?"




**"Can't you put a little mark on there or something so I can remember which end the luggage goes in?"**

REAMER KELLER

"Like a clam."

"Then you're set. We're moving in to New York day after tomorrow. As soon as you get settled, start finding out."

Mr. Madden made a semicircular gesture in front of his battered countenance. "I gotcha, Boss. Time my brother gets through lookin' up this number, you'll know the gun's middle name."

Eddie thanked him and walked into an adjoining room where a solicitous Feets Johnson was waiting for him.

"You done pos'poned yo' rubdown again, Mistuh Eddie," reproved Feets. "'Tain't right."

"I had business."

"Yeah—you been havin' plenty business recent, Mistuh Eddie . . . but they ain't enough of it fightin' business."

Eddie doffed his clothes and stretched out on the rubbing table. "Maybe I ought to get mad at that, Feets—but I can't . . . quite."

"Hmph! 'Tain't no matter does you git mad or not. You been cuttin' up, Mistuh Eddie, an' somebody ought to had tell you about it."

"They have been . . . if you know who I mean."

"Yeah, I know. Trouble with you is you don't pay enough mind to Miss Patricia. She's a smart lady, Mistuh Eddie."

"Maybe."

"'Tain't no maybe 'bout it. Lookit what she done fo' you: Got you fightin' fo' the world's champeenship. Matchin' you up swiff an' easy. Ain't that what she done?"

Eddie's thoughts flashed to Max Ellison, whose co-operation had made the break-in possible. "She's done all right," he conceded. "But there are certain things you don't understand."

"'Tain't me that don't understan'." Feets' ministrations became more violent than he realized. "It's you, Mistuh Eddie. Honest, I never seen no man with so much brain an' so lil sense. If you knowed which side yo' bread was buttered on—"

"I probably wouldn't eat it." Eddie refused to let Feets disturb him. He said, "Did you know that Mr. Ellison is still trying to buy my contract?"

"Co'se I knowed it. But shuh! he ain't no good manager like Miss Patricia is. An' anyway, how come him to want it now? Fust off it was 'cause iffen he was handlin' bofe you an' Mistuh Grogan—he could keep you fum fightin' under the law. But now . . ."

"He figures me to win, and he'd like to be handling the champion."

"Well, Miss Patricia would like to handle you better. So she was right to say she wouldn't let you go."

"You're partisan, Feets."

"That ain't so, Mistuh Eddie. Ise an honest, decent man, an' you know it."

"I apologize." Eddie turned over on the table and pillowed his head on his arms. "You been having a bit of trouble yourself, haven't you, Feets?"

Mr. Johnson grimaced with distaste. "Ise gittin' awful fed up with the female gender," he confided. "Seems like they don't never want nothin' essept what they ain't got."

"Doesn't that go for you, too?"

"It wouldn't if I was rid of Magenta. That 'ooman . . ."

"Does she know about Marvel?"

MR. JOHNSON emitted a long, low, unhappy whistle: "Mistuh Eddie, she knows plenty—an' what she don't know, she makes up. Ise glad Miss Geech departed away fum this vicinity on account else they might have been an embarrassin' situation."

"What do you mean: Embarrassing?"

"I mean Magenta was threatenin' to commit mortality on Miss Geech." Feets shook his head and veered away from the subject. "Look, Mistuh Eddie—there ain't on'y a few days lef' befo' you fight Mistuh Grogan. How come you cain't git relaxed 'twix now an' then?"

"I'm relaxed."

"No, you ain't. You is skittish as a young colt when he's fust turned loose in a clover field. All the time fightin' with Miss Patricia; all the time gittin' grouchy . . . what it's doin' to you, Mistuh Eddie, ain't no good."

Eddie turned over and sat up. "I've been in better shape," he confessed. "But I'm still all right."

"I sho Lawd hope so. You is the best middleweight that ever was . . . but this Mistuh Grogan, he ain't no bum. Pop always used to say that a champeen had somethin' extra special, an' that when the goin' got bad, you'd find out plenty quick what it was that made him champeen. Well, tha's what Ise skeered of, Mistuh Eddie. You sort of got the idea that this is just another fight. You ain't trained right. You don't seem to give no hoots fo' nothin'."

"Maybe I don't."

"Tha's foolishment, Mistuh Eddie. Ev'ybody wants to be the best in the world at somethin'. Heah you is gittin' yo' one big chance, an' you're doin' yo'-se'f wrong. 'Tain't yo' muscles Ise worried about—it's up heah . . ." and Feets tapped his forehead. "You ain't got the correck psych—psych—what you call the way you is thinkin'. Tha's the thing you ain't got."

Eddie started to dress. Underwear, sneakers, soft flannel shirt and slacks. He ran a comb through his hair and

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turned away from the mirror. "Maybe you've got something, Feets," he said at length. "I'll think it over."

He walked out of the house. Evening was at hand, and the camp was rich with the gold and purple of the setting sun. It was quiet and tranquil and soothing, and the coolness of the September night was settling about the woodland.

Eddie walked toward the river. He wanted to be alone; he wanted to think —undisturbed.

ORIGINALLY the placards stated that the event would be held Thursday. But early that morning billposters, and employees of ticket agencies, pasted red-lettered strips across the word, "Thursday," so that it read "TONIGHT."

Thursday morning's newspapers blazoned the tidings:

DIXIE GROGAN DEFENDS TITLE TONIGHT
Eddie Gordon Favored to Win Bout at Yankee Stadium

There were numerous photographs of Eddie and of Dixie Grogan; there were physical comparison tables which supplied the interested public with all essential details: age, height, weight, reach, chest (normal), chest (expanded), biceps, thighs. . . . There were prophecies, and analyses of records; there was a calm assurance that if the weather happened to be clear (which the forecaster promised) the Stadium would be jammed.

There were many mentions of Pat Mallory, and a couple of pictures of her culled from the files and reprinted.

But on this particular morning, Miss Mallory was having a very difficult time. The sun streamed into her apartment and marked out the lines of concentration in her face. She reached for another slip of note paper and made a fresh start:

"Dear Eddie:
"Tonight you are fighting for the championship of the world. Tonight is your big chance . . ."

Pat quit writing and gazed with distaste at the flat, colorless words on the paper before her. With a quick, nervous gesture, she crumpled the sheet into a tiny ball and tossed it into a wastebasket which was already more than half full of similar false starts.

There was so much she wanted to say that words seemed inadequate. He was going to need all the help she could give him, all the help anyone could give. The chips were down now—he was either in proper shape or he wasn't; what happened was in the laps of the gods and in Eddie's two hard fists . . . and in his mind and heart.

Her mind probed into the immediate future. She was thinking, "This time tomorrow morning I'll know the answer. So many things might happen. . . ."

She was afraid of Dixie Grogan. He didn't have the essentials of greatness that Eddie definitely had; but he was clever, shrewd, courageous and a hard hitter. He had more experience than Eddie. He knew all the tricks. He was a calm, methodical fighter who was at his best when the going got toughest. He was better and smarter than any other man Eddie had ever fought.

Eddie was going to need everything Pop had taught him, everything he'd learned from the other boys he had fought. He needed to be keen and alert, needed to carry into the ring with him a degree of concentration and determination exceeding any he'd ever needed before.

The buzzer sounded. Pat put down her pen and crossed the room, a slim, attractive girl in figured house coat and toeless mules.

She opened the door and arched her eyebrows in surprise.

Pat said mechanically, "Come in . . ." and stood back as Babs Ellison walked into the room. The very young, very wise, very spoiled daughter of Max Ellison seemed utterly sure of herself. She walked to the middle of the room, turned, smiled, and said in a voice that was rather pleasant, "Shall we shake?"

Pat controlled her bewilderment with an effort. She said, as matter-of-factly as she could, "Of course we shall."

Babs dropped her gay red-and-white bag on the sofa, selected a cigarette from the humidor, lighted it and inhaled gratefully. "Surprised, aren't you?" she asked.

"That's natural, isn't it?"

"Sure." Babs' wise young eyes were amused. "Why should we fight, anyway? Up at the training camp you went nuts and I got sore. I'm not popular with you, and maybe that goes double —but there's no sense acting like a couple of kids."

She looked around the compact little apartment and nodded with approval. "Cozy," she commented calmly. "Neat, rather than gaudy." And then, in the same tone, "How's Eddie?"

Pat met the young eyes levelly. She didn't know what this was all about, and she was waiting. She said, "Eddie's all right."

An impish grin appeared on the lips of Babs Ellison. "I expected you to say, 'Don't you know?' "

"That would have been pretty obvious."

"I've seen you that way. But we'll skip it. I suppose you're wondering what brought me here. And no matter what you might guess—you'd be wrong. My real reason is screwier than anything you could think up."

Pat smiled in spite of herself. There was something frank and honest and likable about this amazing child. "I'm listening," she said.

Babs said, "Eddie is due to cop the title tonight. We think it calls for a celebration."

"Who do you mean: We?"

"Joe Barton and I. It was his idea, really. He wants to fling a party at the Penguin Club right after the fight. You and Eddie and Joe and me. And Cliff Halliday, of course."

"Why 'Of course?' "

"Maybe Joe doped it out that you and Cliff would be lost without each other. He's never been right yet."

Pat said hesitantly, "It's a nice invitation, Miss Ellison—"

"Oh, for the luvva Pete—be yourself. My name is Babs, and it isn't a 'nice invitation.' "

Pat laughed. "That's my story and I'll stick to it. What I'm wondering is whether you haven't left something unsaid."

The younger girl looked straight into the eyes of the older one. "Still looking for the low blow, aren't you? You're figuring that maybe I'm building up a beautiful slap in the face for you. You're thinking that maybe Eddie and I might have something to announce, and that I wanted to watch you take it on the chin. Come clean: Weren't you thinking something like that?"

"Perhaps . . ."

"Of course you were. Well, I'll be honest, too. I'd like it to be that way. I'm goofy about Eddie. But that isn't how things are. Not yet." She shook her head. "I'm still trying, though."

PAT was thinking fast. There was something so disarming about this girl; something so grotesquely and intriguingly unashamed. Pat said, "I can't give you a definite Yes or No."

"Why not?"

"It depends on Eddie. He and I haven't been hitting it off so well since that little episode up at camp."

"Forget it." Babs' voice was impatient. "Eddie's maybe trained down too fine. They tell me that's good. Let him get through with Dixie Grogan and he'll be in the mood to step high, wide and handsome."

"I hope so." Pat was speaking gently. "If it works out that way—and if he wants me—I'll string along."

"Why not make it definite?"

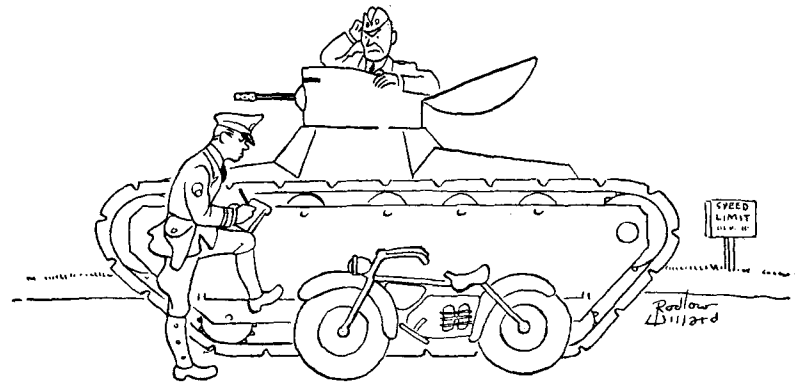
Pat shook her head. "No can do," she said lightly. "There's something I must attend to first."

They chatted briefly and then Babs departed. For a long time after she had gone, Pat sat staring at the opposite wall, trying to fit the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle.

She dressed and went out. She rode to the west side hotel where Eddie had taken a suite of parlor, bedroom and bath. There was a definite absence of warmth in the greeting he gave her, and his manner remained indifferent.

She finally said, "I came over to ask you something, Eddie . . ." and she told him of Babs' visit. "And that's the way she put it, Eddie," Pat finished. "So I'm asking you: Do I go or not?"

(*To be continued next week*)




# Down with Shoulders

Continued from page 32

dress that will be good next season as well as this. More emphasis on quality. Your accessories and the perfection of your ensembling will count for more. This doesn't mean strictly classical clothes. But now that American-made clothes are to the fore, it does mean that the American way of selecting and wearing clothes will dominate the fashion scene. That means comfort—clothes easy to get into and easy to shed with the pull of a zipper.

The most talked about color is beige and that old favorite, Shantung, is due for a comeback.

You'll dress not only to suit your life and climate, but yourself. If the long torso line isn't becoming to your figure, the bloused one is pretty certain to be. Two-piece dresses give you a wide choice; you'll find a proportion of top to skirt that hits you in the right spots. If you've developed a bewitching pompadour, wear a pompadour hat on the back of your head to show it off; youngest is the felt derby. But if the forward-pitched hat is more suited to your beauty, there are plenty of them in the picture, too. They've lost their silly, doll-hat look and now fit the back of your head in a way that is infinitely more becoming and more practical. If you keep your hair perfectly groomed, be sure your hat shows it off. If it's difficult keeping your hair within bounds try one of the new turbans that will cover it entirely, even your ears, making you more sleek and trim than ever.

Now for the basic wardrobe which is fashion's theme song for 1941. Carefully selected, it carries over from season to season and breaks down those sharp distinctions between winter and spring. Then you have clothes that look well in any season of the year. A help when you travel from climate to climate. A boon when spring is delayed and you need the warmth of your heavy coat but hate its wintery look. Think of these things:

Your coat. Consider the boxy greatcoats that can be worn over a suit.

If the color of your coat is an off shade, your ensembling problems can be more than half solved by ordering a half yard of the material for a matching hat. (Often your store can get it from the manufacturer. It's worth trying.)

Nothing will give you more return for your money than a collarless wool suit, to wear now under your fur coat or topcoat. It can be crisp and sporty with a shirt, extra warm with a sweater, and charming for evening with a chiffon or satin blouse and a few fresh flowers. Pick the color and fabric with spring *and* early fall in the back of your head, and the suit can carry you round the calendar. The skirt will be straighter-hanging, perhaps pleated, and the jacket a little longer than last year's.

With these simple clothes, accessories will count enormously. Pick shoes and bags of the same simplicity. Pumps are back as fashion favorites. Bags are bigger than ever and softer, fitted out to hold your paraphernalia in neat order. But heft the bag of your choice first, to make sure it isn't too heavy for all-day toting. Buy the best quality you can afford; your bag is a conspicuous and important part of your costume. Fabric and string bags are your best bet for ensembling different outfits.

Gloves are another important accessory item that can make or break your costume.

Try placing your very best jeweled pin on your hat instead of your chest. Or, for your only jewelry, wear enormous colored stones as earrings and match them with even bigger stones in the cuff links of your shirt sleeves.

There you have the fashion picture for 1941. Wearable clothes, well made in America, with your own individual stamp. For no matter who designs and makes her clothes, the American woman decides what she will wear. She's really America's fashion dictator.

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# Our Designs on Martinique

Continued from page 15

friend. A warship at anchor in times of peace is a ship at rest. It retains its pride. In wartime it is an eager thing, readying for a fight. In defeat, an anchored warship with guns for which there is very little ammunition in the magazines is a sad thing. The Bearn and the Bertin lay motionless on a motionless blue sea, blue as the Mediterranean, so blue it defied the refuse of 53,000 people.

On the docks, men sat and idled in the sun. The docks were littered with rubbish, but there were no sacks of flour, no barrels of gasoline, oil, paint. No sacks of cement, no piles of lumber, none of the paraphernalia of commerce. None of the goods and the movement and the noises and the machinery that make a port a vital part of people's lives. The machinery of the port was dead too.

In the grocery stores, there were empty boxes of macaroni and soap in the windows, and a flyspecked assortment of useless packaged goods in sun-faded containers that only foreigners or tourists would require. There were no bulging bags of rice inside, or of chick-peas and beans. Bottles of old wines were on the shelves, but who wants wine in the tropics? Most important of all, there was no codfish. Salt fish is the staple of native diet. It's been so since slave days.

### The Consul Isn't Talking

You drop in on the American consul, a tall, quiet gentleman from Texas. His name is V. H. Blocker. The "V" is for Vinkler, which is an unusual name for a first name, and you ask him about it and he blushes and says, well, just call me Vink. In the consul's office you also meet Commander Ernest Blankenship, who become Buck practically at once. He was yanked from a peaceful almond ranch in California and he talks with, we thought, a certain nostalgia for Paso Robles. Get that in about Paso Robles somewhere in your story, he says.

"Commander," we said, "while I was looking at the harbor, I saw what looked to me like an American flying boat, a PBY-1 or maybe a PBY-3, drop down and then a boat went out to it and standing in the stern of the motorboat was you with a brief case under your arm."

The commander said something like "Tsk, Tsk, Tsk" and shook his head and looked at that guy from Texas and their faces were as blank as though they had just filled inside straights. The daily patrol boat taking reports from Martinique is a secret known to about 500,000 people. We talked of other things.

There was, for instance, malaria on the island. The marshes were aboil with it. The town of Fort-de-France teemed with typhoid and the dobie itch. Try to cure dobie itch! Only white people try. Five hundred lepers were "confined"—that was the official word for it—to the hutches they call houses in Fort-de-France. There are at least 1,000 on the island, perhaps 1,500. And there are only 250,000 people on the whole island. There is no leprosarium and Frenchmen who rule the island admit leprosy is a "problem." There have been appropriations by the French Chamber of Deputies in Paris for a leprosarium, but these, like those for roads and other improvements, vanished in graft, imported mistresses, cigarette smoke and rum.

Rum is the great prophylactic of the tropics and the indispensable anesthetic against the boredom of an inbred island, a cure for the abysmal weariness of sun and rain, heat and sweat. Rum makes the men forget why they came to the island, or why they married half-castes, why their children are sometimes black and sometimes the color of tea with milk. Women forget about enlarged pores, about the fidelity of husbands. They grow fat and either their bodies lump and sag or they become skeletal and they dream of France and know they'll never go back. All the women, with few exceptions, look like the rain-whipped palms.

Syphilis, in Martinique, is a household word. Amoebic dysentery is known as a "congestion" of the intestines. Sooner or later it gets them all. Even the blacks boil their water and the whites and near-whites drink bottled water out of unsterile bottles.

Since ships stopped coming to Fort-de-France—in a normal year an average of 600 came to take away the rum, sugar, molasses and bananas and leave flour, codfish, perfumes, meat, winter vegetables, clothing and medicines—the island has suffered. There have not been a dozen ships in the harbor since June 13.

The other day an American tanker arrived with a few tons of gasoline and another Yankee freighter with 8,220 sacks of flour. If the bakers don't argue too long and the flour doesn't rot in the sheds while they discuss who should get how much of it, Martinique's quarter-million people will eat for the next month. The arrival of the ships was an event.

Until some ether was obtained from a transient tramp steamer's lockers, there was none in the hospital for operations. There still is no catgut for sutures. The hospital needs cotton, bandages, every variety of medicine. It has about two years' supply of antimalarial serum, but none for typhoid. An epidemic would wipe out Martinique unless the typhoid serum arrived in time.

The sugar mills need machinery, parts for machinery, and coal to run the machinery that's to grind the year's crop. They start cutting cane January 15. More than 30,000 cutters will swing the machetes—if the coal arrives to feed the locomotives that lug the cane cars from the fields to the factory and to feed the old steam engines of the mill, flat-bed single-cylinder affairs that went out with Dardanella.

### Eggs are Important

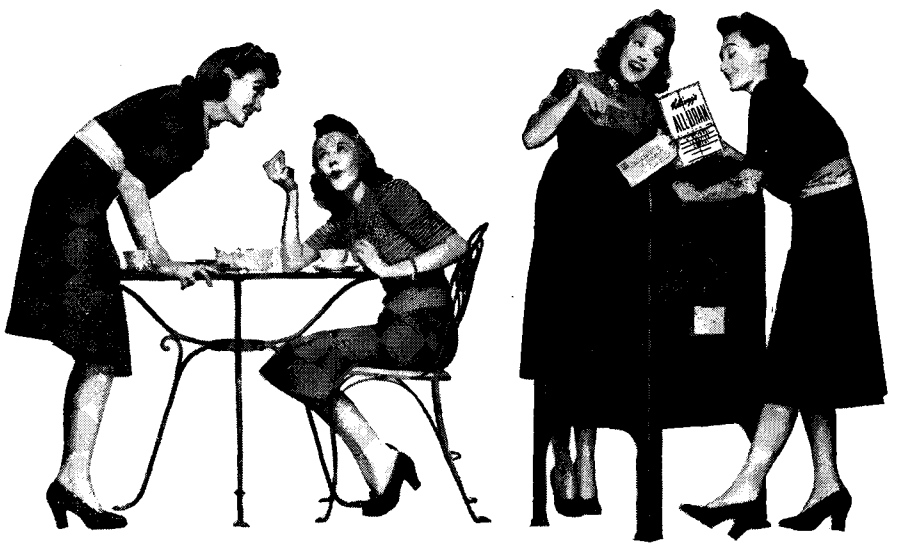
There isn't a pair of shoes to be bought in all Martinique. The Czech, Bata, sold out long ago. Oh, there are a few pairs for the ladies who live in the bougainvillaea-shaded mansions on Didier Hill, 500 feet above the fevers and stinks of Fort-de-France. But none for the men and women who work in the city. A shoe is a sign of caste. It distinguishes the European of island birth from the native.

An egg costs a franc, in Martinique. A franc is only about two and a half cents, but it's a lot of money when a worker earns 20 francs, less than half a dollar a day. Eggs would be cheap if the hens laid properly. They don't because the feed that used to come from the States via France stopped coming. Eggs became scarce. Poultry that survived the mongoose that infests the island has died of starvation or has become diseased. Arrival of a supply of "Lay or Bust" from the States called for a village celebration in the hills. The blacks and the tans all got sozzled on rum and danced the beguine by firelight. The beguine began in Martinique, by the way, and not in Tin Pan Alley.

Back in the hotel a tall, handsome


# There's One in Every Neighborhood!

**1. ONE DAY** Marge and I are having ourselves a cozy little gossip when up strolls this neighbor we call "Mrs. Trouble." You know the kind that is full of conversation—but only about *herself,* and usually about her *ailments?* Well, today it was the irregularities of her intestinal tract.



**2. AFTER SHE HAD GONE,** Marge, the imp, sparks an idea. "These eternal sympathy-seekers!" she says. "Most of them just don't *eat* right. I'll bet a little *'bulk'* of the right kind in her diet would take the *blues* out of her conversation. Let's be her fairy godmothers and send her a letter and a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN."

**3. "'MADAME,' WE'LL SAY,** 'why *endure* your constipation first, and then try to *"cure"* it with purgatives? Better to get at the *cause*—and *prevent* it! If it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk," ALL-BRAN should do the trick. Eat it regularly and drink plenty of water.'"

**4. I FORGOT ABOUT IT,** until one day when Marge and I were together, in waltzes our "Mrs. Trouble" as chipper as a robin on a May morning. "A friend of mine told me," she says to Marge, "that it's to you I'm indebted for a wonderful favor. I've knitted you a little sweater to celebrate my joining the ALL-BRAN 'regulars.'"

## Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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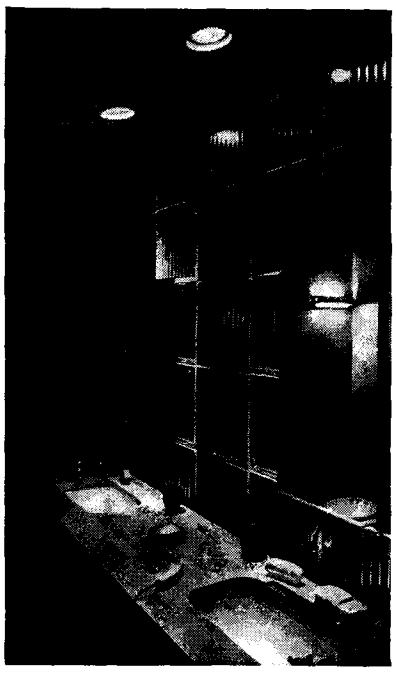
Collier's

OPEN HOUSE



Collier's "House of Ideas" is now a reality! On one of the terraces of Radio Center the house you have read about in Collier's has been built. It's two stories high, beautifully landscaped, and completely furnished down to the last monogrammed sheet.

You are cordially invited to visit this "House of Ideas" at Rockefeller Home Center any day except Sunday, between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.

*For a complete illustrated booklet on the house, send 10 cents to:*
Mr. E. K. Simpson
"Collier's House of Ideas"
Rockefeller Home Center
630 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Negro with a sculptured mustache was waiting for us. He had the manners and speech of a Louis XIV flunky at Versailles in the French era of wonderful idiocy just before Madame la Guillotine got busy. He, too, had gold teeth, but Gold Teeth, new ones.

The name sounded like that of the Monsieur So and So whom Coffee-Cream mentioned on the dock earlier. Gold Teeth said he was a journalist. This turned out to be as reliable as most of his information. He was a baker's second assistant bread-shoveler. But he had been to Paris, on a scholarship, and he used polysyllabic words. After three rums, he was a cinch. Ninety-five per cent (not 90) of the island's population was ready to become American. No matter that Martinique, of all the islands of the Caribbean, never changed hands in the ebb and flood of imperial fortunes in the New World and remained French for 315 years.

This pro-Americanism could easily be proved, continued Gold Teeth, with a plebiscite. He overlooked the matter of convincing the French administrators of the island, tough sailormen like Admiral Henri Robert, newly appointed West Indies high commissioner, that a plebiscite would be advisable. In fact, that goat-bearded little admiral might object with the help of from 4,000 to 5,000 soldiers he could muster and equip from the crews of his ships and the garrisons of the forts. Gold Teeth merely waved his handsome size-18 hands.

### Gold Teeth Has the Answers

We saw a good deal of Gold Teeth after that. Practically every day, in fact. Pretty soon we began to suspect that he was an agent provocateur of the admiral's. The admiral scotched this by sending one of his agents in uniform down to the dock to see us off a few days later and to inquire if we had talked with Gold Teeth and what did we think of him and so we looked very blank.

Not having time to make a house-to-house canvas of the huts in the jungle and the huts in the cities and towns of Fort-de-France, St. Pierre and Lorrain to ascertain exactly how the descendants of slaves felt about becoming Americans, we listened to Gold Teeth and four or five others of his "party." Before we left we found the answer to Gold Teeth's attempts to proselytize American reporters.

He and his gang want America to take Martinique so that the island shall be "freed." Then Gold Teeth and his pals would become big shots. Martinique as an independent state couldn't survive a month. It would die of starvation. It could not sell, as it does now, its $2,250,000 worth of sugar every year to France at four times the crop's true market value. France pays premium prices for sugar as part of a huge subsidy for the colony.

After 40 years the United States hasn't been able to Americanize Puerto Rico. That island's still belligerently Spanish. Martinique would be French for another 300 years. Gold Teeth, to measure his intelligence and, therefore, the accuracy of the song and sizzle he hands every correspondent silly enough to listen to him, said he could make Martinique American in five years.

The Creoles want Martinique to become American, but in a special kind of way. The Creoles are all businessmen, merchants, big farmers, importers and exporters. They want to retain their French nationality and trade with France, whose economy is geared with that of her colonies. But they want American soldiers, sailors and fliers, and American military and naval protection. They want Martinique and they want to sell it too. Now don't be hasty and say, "How French!" That's more Creole. The Creoles are thinking in terms of profits and of the money which America would have to pour into Martinique to make it livable and to convert it into the Gibraltar of the Lesser Antilles, which it very definitely is not at the moment. But Creoles want the Tricolor, not the Stars and Stripes.

The big planters, like the bearded little lord of Usine Laureinty, largest of the sugar plantations and rum mills, would like American intervention too. As this man expressed it, Martinique may die on a pile of her own sugar this next year. What if France can't take the rum and molasses of the island this year despite her promises to do so? Britain may declare the rum and molasses, the base for the extraction of alcohol needed in turn for the manufacture of carburants, to be war materials. Big planters don't care. American intervention would include them in some kind of sugar-quota system. The American taste for Martinique rum could be developed. The little planters would be absorbed, killed off. Instead of receiving worthless paper francs the big planters would receive American dollar bills. The big planters frankly don't give a rap whether they are French or American or English. Not German, however. They don't want Germany. That means paper money and barter.

For all of the islanders—those who can read and write and do, which would be about 100,000 out of the island's 250,000—it is safe to say that they would rather be American than German. It is equally safe to say that if the Nazis should prove so dumb as to send any mission to Martinique, that mission would be murdered. They hate Germans on Martinique. And they don't like Italians, either. And they don't like the English, what with Dakar and Oran and one thing and another. But Americans—why, everybody loves Americans.

The other 150,000 islanders, a cough-racked, skinny lot who know only life and death and sweat and toil when they can get it and calalu when they can stew it with codfish and breadfruit—really don't know whether they'd like to be anything but Martiniquiens. Their world is an island, and so it has been for 315 years, and they breed among themselves and only the scourges that kill the infants keeps the islanders from spilling off into the sea.

The men to contend with on the island are not these, nor their half-white masters, but its new rulers—the officers and men of the Emile Bertin and the Bearn. These number at the very outside about 1,200, probably less. These are the tragic men of the island, lost Frenchmen who've fought Germany at least once, often twice and whose fathers fought Germany before them and knew the humiliation of Bismarck's peace.

### No Time for False Moves

To understand them through their own lies and propaganda and censorship is a difficult thing. It is only when you come to know that their untruths and propaganda and taboos are a defense mechanism that their tragic position becomes clear. They are men with the thong of an armistice around their necks. One false move on their part and the thong is tightened and France, the France that is choking but, miraculously, still breathes, will suffocate.

They can't come out and say they hate Germans and will fight them again if given a chance. But take the men of the Bertin, or the Bearn. They are all Bretons, long-armed men from Brittany, farmers and fishermen and sailors. They have families in Brittany, wives, mothers, sisters, all manner of kin from whom they haven't heard a word since the occupation began. Can these love the Germans?

To keep them from going crazy with worry over their families and with shame in defeat, they've been turned loose on the soil of Martinique and near-by Guadeloupe. They slog around in the mud tending onions, spinach, corn and radishes and a couple of cows. Their arms are corded and they are reasonably happy with sweat. They wear the wooden shoes of Brittany.

When Commandant Robert Battet read from the quarterdeck of the Bertin the orders informing his men that France had fallen, his sailors wept. Their ship had been hit by a 2,000-pound German bomb at Namsos. They don't like Germans. Commandant Aubert and his men on the Bearn are Bretons, too. To say that any of these men are pro-German because as soldiers they must obey the orders of Vichy is a libel on their honor as men and Frenchmen.

Any German attempt to seize Martinique would be a violation of the armistice. The French on Martinique would be within their rights to fight. But would they? We asked a high officer of the Bertin. His reply:

"We would fight to the last man and the last gun. We would be exquisitely right in doing so. It would be our sacred duty to fight. But we would need help to defend the island if the Germans came in great force—an eventuality I do not foresee except as a hypothesis."

By needing help he meant that his ship and the Bearn are disarmed. The disarmament of a warship under the armistice does not mean the removal of guns. It means only that the crew is reduced to the minimum required to maintain the ship, keep it from deteriorating. The crew has been reduced to somewhere between 250 to 400 on the Bearn, which has a normal complement of about 800. The Bertin's normal complement of 700 to 800 men and officers is, as far as we could make out, intact. The demobilized sailors of the Bearn have been sent home.

Disarmament also means that all but a small fraction of the ship's ammuni-

### FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

**Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists**
**No. 21**

**Marvin K. (Tony) Barlow, a native of Bellingham, Wash., attended the University of Washington, studied at the Chicago Art Institute, and later worked in Chicago studios and agencies. Blew into New York with the 1938 hurricane, and sold his first cartoon to Collier's. Hopes some day to break 100 in golf, but is pretty busy now breaking out with gags like the one on page 44.**

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tion has been taken off and stowed ashore.

Briefly, the two ships could put up a hot fight. Maybe the ammunition could be lugged rapidly about half a mile and got on board them to do a better job, but both ships couldn't take to sea. Only one could be properly manned, with combined crews and pick-up sailors ashore.

The Bearn and the Bertin carry batteries of six-inch, four-inch and three-inch guns. They have five or six seaplane scouts—there's not a usable bomber on the island.

Which brings us to the planes that menace the Panama Canal and arrived in Martinique on the Bearn when she was trapped on this side of the Atlantic June 13th. There aren't 110 and there aren't even 100. Anybody who sees them can count them. There are 65 of them, six Brewsters, 59 Curtisses.

I examined the planes personally, taking samples at random. All machine guns have been removed and stored in the arsenal, a mile away. All vital instruments, compasses, altimeters, bank-and-turn and air-speed indicators have been removed. The pilots' seats have been taken out. And there isn't a single air field on the whole island. One could be built in three months, no less.

Contrary to all reports, the ships are in excellent condition. They are not made of fabric, but are all-metal jobs. Only the movable tail, rudder and aileron surfaces are of fabric. Carefully tended, there isn't a rotten spot on them—yet. What will happen even to the metal of the ships in the sun, wind, rain and salt air of the tropics in another couple of months is easy to guess.

The island's also supposed to have terrifying fortifications. Well, there are none that can't be reduced in a few minutes by fire from one battleship and a couple of cruisers. The six-inch guns of the forts at St. Louis and Desaix are so old the officers of the Bertin decided to mount the better four-inch guns taken from the "auxiliary cruisers."

There are on the island, according to some amateur military experts movable batteries of eight-inch guns. There's only one road along which they could possibly be moved. It runs from Fort-de-France to St. Pierre. The other day a storm washed it out. That's how good it is. The other roads are narrow, twisting, winding affairs that are roads only in name.

There's only one menace on Martinique. It's that gold the Bertin loaded at Brest and carried to New York, via Halifax, to buy armaments for the defense of France. There's $368,400,000 worth of it stowed away in Fort Desaix. It might leak out. France might suddenly decide to give it to, say, Germany to propagandize in South America or secretly buy needed war materials. This might, conceivably, happen.

American warships patrol the seas outside Martinique's harbor day and night. Flying boats check the smallest fishing boat that goes in and out, ascertain its destination. Consuls at strategic points ascertain their cargoes. The gold might slip through, but it's about a 1,000 to 1 bet that it won't.

A destroyer lies gray and comforting on the horizon and with an ordinary glass you can read her silhouette clearly. see the four funnels. She's there at night, too, two points of yellow light or the black slab of the sky. We called her "Our Guardian Angel."

No, as a menace Martinique is highly overrated. One move by Germany to seize it and the island's ours. The Havana conventions of last July provide for that. We can occupy it any time it's a threat to our security. And the Monroe Doctrine enables us to grab Martinique with any attempt to change the sovereignty of the island. Martinique a menace? No—but she has a swell harbor. And that we ought to have it is a different story.

## Over Night

Continued from page 34

and had another drink. The crowd was noisy and foolish, and big fat men plowed around the dance floor with middle-aged women in flowered chiffon dresses, who threw back their heads and laughed as the fat men hugged them. Henry danced very smoothly and beautifully and as if disdainful of the other dancers. It was such fun to be dancing with him, somehow much more fun than dancing in the long-ago days before she had married Curly, more exciting and important.

"Let's go up on the boat deck for a breather," he said. He poured the last of the gin into their drinks and they finished them and left.

UP THERE it was very quiet and the sky was full of white stars that stood still overhead as the boat swept through the water. They went and stood close by the rail between two lifeboats.

"It's wonderful, meeting you like this," he said. "I have to make this trip often on business and I usually take the boat because it's cooler, but I never see anybody attractive, hardly."

"It's wonderful," she said. She looked up sideways at him beside her, undefinable in the darkness but attractive. She remembered how he looked at her while they danced; she remembered his long dark eyes.

"I hope you'll be around this summer," he said.

"I'll be up on the North Shore."

"Good. We'll have to get together."

"I'd love to."

"You certainly don't seem like a Boston girl," he said. "I guess it's the New York influence. You're pretty smooth, all right."

She laughed, and did not know just what to say.

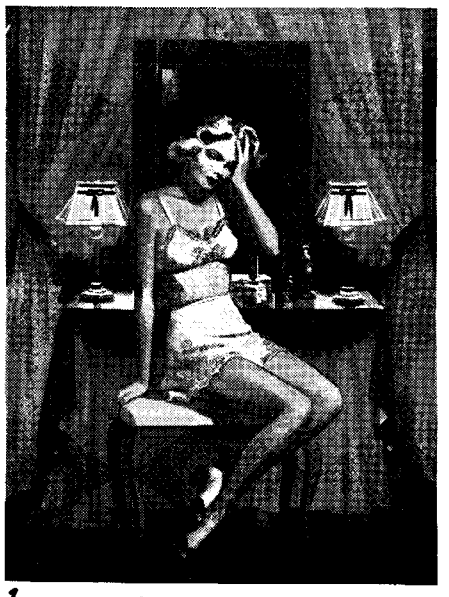
Quite suddenly he turned and put his arms around her and kissed her. She was surprised and then she was happy. He kissed her a long time and she clung to him.

"Darling," he said.

"Darling." This was overwhelming and she could not think at all. This was wonderful and unexpected and somehow what she wanted. What she had wanted for a long time. It was so terribly strange how he suited her need that she had not understood herself.

They stood for a long time on the open deck in each other's arms, kissing. She moved her hand across his smooth hair she knew was so dark, and felt, with her fingers, his features that were dark too. He was so strong and eager and the way he kissed her was so wonderful and unknown and demanding. This was the thing she hadn't ever had. She had never felt like this with Curly, nice Curly with whom she had fun like children. This was the thing she had felt that she had missed. But it was so wonderful that it should come to her at once.

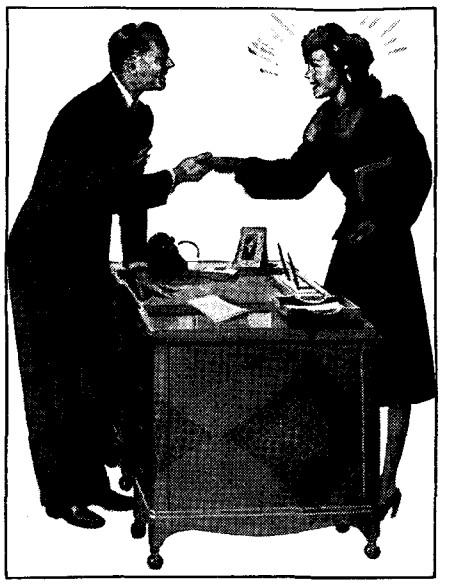
It was a long time that they stood together, swaying slightly, in the shadow of the lifeboats; with the boat plowing steadily through the black whispering water, the boatful of people underneath them, but, where they were, a great dark

**1. DAISY** needs a laxative. But she's going to see a man about a job at 10—so she puts off taking anything, scared to risk possible embarrassment, scared to do anything that might interfere with a successful interview.

**2. MAISIE** needs a laxative. She's got a job interview scheduled for 10 o'clock, too—BUT Maisie says to herself—"Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning"—and she knows that Sal Hepatica's speedy.

**3. DAISY—SUFFERING** from the heaviness and headache that often go with constipation—makes no impression on the man she hoped would be her future boss.



**4. MAISIE IS HER VERY BEST SELF . . .** Sal Hepatica worked fast, brought such gentle relief. She gets the job and as they shake on it she silently thanks Sal Hepatica.

# Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

WHEN SIGNS of constipation announce that you need a laxative, don't delay: take speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour. Acts without discomfort or griping; acts gently by attracting water to the intestinal tract.

Sal Hepatica—keep in mind—is more than a laxative. It is decidedly helpful in

counteracting excess gastric acidity. Helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 physicians recently interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, the very next time you need a laxative!

# SAL HEPATICA

**"TIME TO SMILE!"** Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.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peace and the smell of salt and the sight of the stars.

"I guess I have to go to bed," she said. "It must be late." She hoped he would ask her to stay up on deck with him longer; they could stand here and watch the stars wane. She was anything but tired; she felt fresh and exalted and beyond thought. But he didn't.

"I'll see you to your room," he said instead.

All the crowds had disappeared and the decks were empty as they walked down the stairways and the corridors hand in hand. It was as if there was nobody on the boat but themselves, Jan thought; as if it were a ship in a dream, being propelled through dark waters for them, under eternal stars; a magic boat, belonging to them.

When they came to her door she stopped. Henry put his arms around her and kissed her slowly, on her mouth and on her eyes. She opened her door and switched on the light inside. He stood leaning against the side of the door, looking at her. His eyes were extraordinary; long and dark and strange in his dark face. She put a hand on each side of his face and reached up to kiss him; he looked foreign, like an East Indian perhaps, looking down into her face before her smooth mouth touched his.

"Let me come in," he said, talking into her hair.

"I don't believe I'd better," she said, moving away and looking at him earnestly. "I mean it's terribly late and we'd wake Funny-face, maybe, and Nana, right in the next stateroom, with our talking."

He looked at her.

"Okay," he said. "You know best."

INSIDE her stateroom alone she stood still in the middle of the room, feeling breathless and bewildered. The cool salty air blew in through her open porthole. Suddenly she drew a long breath of the air and threw out her arms and jumped on her berth; she hugged her shoulders with her hands and grinned hard with the joy she felt. Henry was so wonderful. She was terribly happy. She jumped up off the berth and undressed, throwing her clothes around the room, and dropped back into the berth, hugging the pillow, picturing to herself Henry's tanned face and his dark almond eyes.

Everything about him, everything about being with him, was so different from anything she had ever known. Entirely different from the old, old days before she was married, and the way she had felt about kissing then. And different from anything she had ever felt with Curly. It was all wonderful and miraculous. Oh, this was what she had wanted obscurely, not knowing its name. This was where she belonged. She felt so right, not awkward or too young, not merely gay and friendly, but uplifted. Perhaps she was falling in love. She felt about Henry that he was what she had been wanting, that for him she was ready, all ready. She was ready to fall really in love with him. At last she was not doing something before its time; she was not unprepared. It was so strange that it should have come to her at once, like this, at the very beginning of her new life.

She had caught step again after being out of it so long. She was living in key with what she felt inside. It was like the expression "act your age." She was acting her age.

She dropped slowly off to sleep with great, beautiful anticipations filling her mind. There was the whole beautiful blue summer ahead. The whole beautiful white winter. Freedom, and this happiness of being in tune. There was Henry. He would come for week ends at the family's on the North Shore, and they would dance, and sail, and dance some more, and kiss in the moonlight of other nights.

The knocking woke her out of her sleep. She was confused and could not think where she was, what the noise was. . . . She was on a boat, she could hear the water sweeping by outside. . . . It was knocking she heard. Half asleep she jumped up and opened the door in her nightgown.

Henry stood outside leaning against the wall close to the door.

"Weren't you waiting for me, darling?" he said, reaching out for her and coming in through the door part way. He grasped her very close and began to kiss her.

She struggled away and tried to get her eyes open, to think straight.

"Go away, please," she said, as calmly as she could. "I don't want you here. Go away." She wrenched open the door and pushed him part way out.

He stood still, looking at her with his long eyes. Then, without a word, he turned and walked away down the long empty corridor with its dim night lights.

She slept a little, after a while, and when she woke up it was morning and the water outside her porthole was bright blue and sparkling, and sunshine came through and lay in dancing patches on the floor.

For a minute she could not think why with all the freshness of the morning she felt so wretched. Then suddenly she was obsessed with the urge to see Henry and explain to him. To tell him what she really felt and what she meant. To explain to him how wrong he had been, but that she was crazy about him, only differently, he didn't understand. She felt hot under her skin when she thought of what he had wanted, but the other memory, the stars last night up on deck and the cool, smooth feeling of Henry's cheek were just as important, and if she could explain to him perhaps it would still be all right.

She began to dress in a hurry. There was a knock at her door and Nana came in. She did not have Funny-face with her. She looked about the stateroom stiffly, as if there was something the matter with it.

"Charlie and I have had our breakfast, madam," she said. "I hardly slept a wink all night. I couldn't feel any confidence in this boat with all the running and laughing. Goings-on," Nana said.

"Oh, it's all right. We'll be getting in in a few minutes," Jan said, looking at the stockings she put on. Nana was acting funny. Perhaps she had heard Henry last night. Perhaps she didn't understand either. And there wouldn't be any explaining to her.

"I was about to say, madam. I'll keep Charlie right here in our stateroom while you have your breakfast. It's a very rough crowd outside. All sorts of people. He might catch something. He can play with his own clean toys right here."

"All right," Jan said desperately. "I'll come back and get you in a few minutes."

NANA went away and Jan hurried down to the dining room. There were not very many people there. She looked around the large sunny place and saw Henry in a corner at a table, and went over to him. When he saw her he got up from his chair without saying anything. She sat down.

"Listen, I wanted to explain to you," she said.

"There's no need to explain," he said, and went on eating eggs. The waiter came and she ordered orange juice and coffee hurriedly.

"Listen," she said. "It's so awful you shouldn't understand. I didn't mean anything awful last night. I mean, it was wonderful, I thought. I don't go around kissing people. Only this was different. I didn't mean to make you think anything different from what it was. I just liked kissing you. I mean, I wasn't being a—tease, or anything. Honestly."

"Oh, yes?" he said. It was horrible, like some awful movie. She felt words struggling into her mouth and none of them were any help to her. She wished she knew how to express herself, to make it clear the way she was.

"Look," she said. "I'm not like that. I've never done things like that, ever. I'm—I'm not that kind of girl."

"'Not that kind of girl,'" he said, mimicking her. He seemed more cold than angry. "Listen, don't for heaven's sake get all the way back to that one."

"I'm not, I'm not," she cried. "If you'd just see . . ."

"Thank you for a very charming evening, anyway," he said. "There was nothing in the world wrong with the way you kissed me last night. It was keen. I'll be seeing you about Bean-town, I'm sure. Better luck next time. Sorry I wasn't your type." He put some money down on the check that lay beside his plate and got up. He bowed to her, looking at her with those long dark eyes, and walked away.

She wanted more than anything else in the world to cry. But she couldn't cry here. She swallowed down some hot coffee and paid her check and went up to her stateroom blindly. She went in and stood still staring around the room. Then she went out again and into Funny-face's room. Nana sat with her hat on, on the edge of the berth. Funny-face was playing on the floor.

"You're all ready?" Jan said. She felt as if she were bursting with something inside. "We're in."

"Yes, madam," Nana said coldly.

Jan bent over and picked up Funny-face. For a moment she had an impulse to bury her face in his sweet neck and cry there, to hug him to her close.

But that wasn't any good either. Funny-face couldn't help her. He was someone she didn't even know very well. She stood up again, feeling limp and frightened.

They all went down together with the porter and the bags, out along the gangway and onto the pier. The air was cool and fresh, the sunshine lay in bars; it was like a bad dream.

There, standing facing the boatside, was her father, tall and familiar, in a gray suit, holding his hat in his hand. Jan ran ahead of Nana and the baby and threw her arms around his neck. His arms that had held her when she was a little girl, and comforted her, came around her now. Now she could cry.

"There, there," he said in the voice that was so well-known to her. "There, my old girl. It's all right. You've come home to your own Daddy, and Mother's waiting for you. My old girl. Daddy loves you. Everything's going to be all right. I know. We'll make everything all right."

SHE realized that he thought she was crying for Curly. It didn't matter. She stood away from him and shook her head slightly, shaking the tears from her eyes. Her father had Funny-face in his arms now, tossing him while Funny-face screamed with excitement. They were grandfather and grandson. But she didn't belong anywhere. It wasn't any good. She wasn't his little girl any more, to be patted and comforted; she was too old for that. She was too young for anything else.

Together they all walked down along the dock to where the car waited. Her father took Jan's hand and swung it.

"We're moving down to the North Shore house tomorrow," he said. "The boats are in the water already. Everybody's looking forward to seeing you. It's going to be a grand summer. You'll have the time of your life."

She thought gravely about the summer before her, the years before her. Things would get to be all right sometime. Sometime she would find that things fitted her, that she was not always either ahead of everything or behind everything. But now she felt lost. There was no place for her at all. She felt like one kind of person and looked like another kind of person. She was too young and too old, both. Her whole life was out of step with everything, she had everything by the wrong end.

"You're looking a little tired, dear," her father said. "But this summer will fix you up fine. You'll see. Everything will be easy."

No, she thought, it won't be easy. She would go on living, and eventually things would get straightened out and be all right. But she knew this much now. Nothing would ever be easy again. Maybe that was what growing up meant.

"Your busy season?"

TONY BARLOW

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# When someone's eyes are judging you can you be sure it's Safe to Smile?...

# the Answer's on the tip of your tongue

**1 Make the Tongue-Test...**

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth . . . inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba... and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

**2 Your Tongue Tells You**

Your tongue tells you what others see... the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull . . . bars your way to romance.

**3 *Switch to* Pepsodent *with* Irium**

**Know the joy of Teeth that feel bright to you ...look bright to others**

Pepsodent will remove the filmy coating that clings to teeth... the coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. Because only Pepsodent contains IRIUM . . . super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away sticky particles that cling to teeth.

Use Pepsodent regularly. Because Pepsodent also contains an exclusive, new high-polishing agent that safely buffs teeth to such a shiny smoothness, this filmy coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Only Pepsodent gives you this wonder-working combination that makes your teeth feel so smooth, look so bright. Make sure of the loveliness of your smile. Get a tube of Pepsodent with IRIUM today.

PEPSODENT CONTAINS IRIUM

Pepsodent BRAND TOOTH PASTE

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TELL ME ANOTHER and win $5.00 - says Kleenex

We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

It was a "Blind" Date

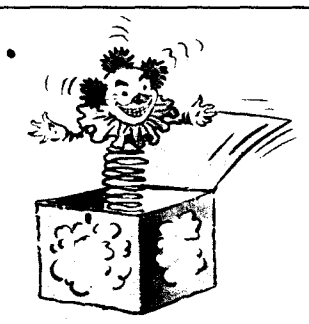
UNTIL SHE GAVE ME KLEENEX TISSUES TO POLISH MY SPECS. WHAT A BREAK-ONE LOOK AND OH BOY!

(from a letter by G. S., Redding, Calif.)

NO MORE Washday Blues

BECAUSE WE USE KLEENEX INSTEAD OF WASHING DOZENS OF HANDKERCHIEFS WHEN WE HAVE COLDS.

(from a letter by M. S., Bessemer, Mich.)



Pops Up!...

ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX TO END WASTE! PULL A DOUBLE TISSUE...NEXT ONE POPS UP READY FOR USE!

(from a letter by L. W., Chicago, Ill.)

SHE CUTS A PRETTY FIGURE

NOW THAT SHE'S LEARNED TO KEEP HER ICE SKATES RUST-FREE AND CLEAN WITH KLEENEX. SAVES ON FAMILY TOWELS AND HANKIES!

(from a letter by E. M., Seattle, Wash.)

Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... Use KLEENEX*

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat Off.)

WANTED: Community Representatives!

AS a Community Representative for this magazine, you may earn extra money to make life more pleasant—to have more fun and good times! No matter how busy you are with your regular duties, you may increase your income this easy way. For full details of our profitable offer, *address a penny postal to*—

*Independent Agency Division, Desk C-62*
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Stop that Itch

Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. Prescription.

MAKE MONEY with this machine

Start potato chip business. Extraordinary profits from chips made with my complete outfit. It peels, slices, fries the chips, then degreases them. Result: A mouth-watering premium potato chip. Wholesalers, retailers, taverns, etc., make you a handsome profit. Complete, simple, authoritative instructions, trade marked bags, advertising material, window displays. Small investment. Rush name for free portfolio. LONG EAKINS CO.
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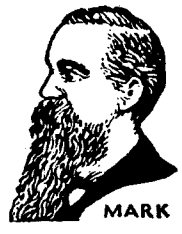
BEHAVE!

TRADE

Don't cough in public places. Carry with you a box of delicious Smith Brothers Cough Drops. (Black or Menthol, 5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



MARK

# Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

States within time and population considerations that originally kept major-league interest in the northeast.

Imaginative sportsmen talk of transfer of weak or duplicating franchises, like the Browns or Phillies, to Los Angeles and San Francisco or Portland—"hot" towns in the sense of population, fan insanity and player sources. Harry Stuhldreher, ex-Four Horseman, made the point it would be less difficult for baseball clubs than for football teams, because the latter never postpone their frolics on account of bad weather; further, that habitual air travel for college teams would be welcomed by faculties since less time would be lost in travel.

Since the day Tunney flew from Stroudsburg to Philadelphia and thus gave Dempsey a psychological cuffing before he entered the ring, planes have carried many champs and nears. Tennis barnstormers, boxers, poloists. Most college football teams in the Middle, South and Far West fly once or more each season to intersectional games. At least one team, Texas Tech of Lubbock, flies to all its games. Famous basketball teams maintain far-flung schedules by plane, notably the Phillips Oilers of Oklahoma.

The Brooklyn Dodgers, as you might expect, were first (in 1939) to introduce extensive flying into professional baseball. They require two chartered ships for their 42 men—30 club members, 12 reporters. The players like it because they get an extra day's rest, also sleep tucked snugly in their little hotel beddy-byes and don't have to tip Pullman porters. The Green Bay Packers brought planes into professional football this autumn when they flew east for a match with the New York Giants. The great, big, strong laddies balked at first: they had never flown. Yet when bad weather caused grounding en route three linesmen refused to budge from the plane: said they would await clearing weather. It may not be true, but it is fast becoming legend on the airways that the stewardess finally coaxed them out with peanuts.

### THE BACK SEAT

Occupied, this first week, by the "Flying Braniffs"—who are not, as you might suspect, a troupe of circus aerialists, but our first family air line. They make Braniff Airways unique in corporate setup and background. Tom E. Braniff, Oklahoma City, papa and president, is not one of those aviation Alger boys who neglected farm chores to build planes in the barn out of spare tractor parts. He was a successful insurance man who, at 44, got stuck with an airplane as a sort of bad debt. It was the year of the Lindbergh Madness. So practical Tom put his liability running between Oklahoma City and Tulsa. Now just look!—whole fleets of the latest de luxe air liners flying more than 10,000 miles daily up and down the center third of the United States. And the Braniffs are their own best and most regular customers. Mrs. Braniff (she was Bess Thurman, daughter of a Missouri circuit judge) brings her knitting, a motherly supervision over menus and stewardesses (who must speak English, Spanish and Chicagoese) and a cozy front-parlor homeyness into the great planes. Daughter Jeanne, in charge of interior decoration, prettifies the ships right from the factory. As well as feminine taste for upholstery patterns and colors, she introduced something really novel and beautiful into air travel—photo murals on the front cabin walls.

Free manicures next. W.B.C.

# Partly Primitive

Continued from page 23

frequently disappeared into the bush for days on end. It was necessary for the proper accomplishment of her field work that Katherine have the support of the elite, and she spent a hectic few weeks rushing back from her peasant friends and their dances to prim and disapproving teas in Port au Prince. Many a hostess was confirmed in her belief that Katherine was definitely "not nice" when she discovered "L'Americaine's" hair still sticky with the eggs and feathers of a voodoo ceremony.

Happily gathering interesting data on native dances and their origins, Katherine chose to ignore the glowering looks of the "better element" until she was warned that they were preparing to ask her to leave. Then she rented the biggest theater in Port au Prince and announced a concert. Drawn by rumor and gossip, the entire literate group of the island fought for seats, and some, expecting the worst, came armed with ripe fruit. They didn't use the fruit, for the performance Katherine gave wouldn't have offended a minister's maiden aunt's maiden aunt. Wearing a long tulle dress sprinkled with rosebuds, she minced politely through a bit of Debussy, a soporific Spanish number complete with castanets, and climaxed the evening with The Fire Dance, at the end of which she released a flock of doves into the audience. People cried "Lovely, lovely!" and "How artistic!" and Katherine was *persona grata* everywhere; a friend of the peasants and a guest member of the local aristocracy.

In addition to a highly original report and a lot of pictures which won her another six months' fellowship, Katherine brought back from Haiti a lot of new ideas and a strong regard for voodooism. The ideas she put into practice in primitive ballets for the Federal Theater, and the voodooism she used to bring her luck.

She grins about it, the way lots of other women grin about astrology, but deep down she feels her voodoo spells work. For instance, she won't go on for a performance without first spraying the stage with perfume, "so Damballa will be pleased."

Katie plans to go back to Haiti. She'll start a dancing school in Port au Prince one day—a school where the native talent can be fostered and furthered, and where no one will pay tuition or ever be cold. For four or five months each year she'll live happily in a land where no part of society is closed to her; where she can dine with a peasant or visit a cabinet minister with equal welcome. Then she'll come back to New York for the rest of the year to work hard—for the theater is in her blood.

The members of her troupe know that dancing for Katherine is a full-time job, and that she'll always take care of them. "We used to worry a little," says Carmencita, one of her most loyal employees, "but now we know that when she is wrong, we'll find out much later that she was right."

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# Silently the Conquered

Continued from page 12

restaurants along little lagoons, women in big white caps, selling fish, and girls pedaling bicycles while their light clothes fluttered like moth wings in the soft air. He thought of the Little Mermaid on the Langelinie who stared sadly down at her lost home under the sea. The old free, gay Copenhagen must seem as remote to many Danes.

He pushed away the disloyal thought and snapped at the lieutenant, "Your reports, please!"

Danish business was running for German profit, farms were surrendering butter and cheese, and even killing off the cows that produced both. Schools banned all the books they were told to ban. Parliament did as it was told. And the tall king was silent and sad.

"Everything is in order," the lieutenant said. He paused. "But sometimes one has the feeling—I don't know." He stopped, embarrassed at having an idea of his own.

"Go on," Roth said, and wondered why there had been so many accidental fires lately.

"I have the feeling"—the lieutenant rushed the words out—"that things are too quiet. People look at you as if they were *thinking*."

Roth suddenly slammed down all the reports in his hand. "They would hardly dare," he said sarcastically.

IT MIGHT have been ten years ago, or three, since he had seen the Haunstrup farm. The house was newly whitewashed as it was every year, and ripening pears clustered against the walls. No one would have guessed that in the great thatched barns were only two cows, or that in the dairy there was only one great wheel of cheese among all the shining, empty containers and silent machinery.

Roth had his hand raised to rap at the lower half of the door—the top half was swung against the wall—when old Anton suddenly got up from the low chair in which he was seated.

"Yes?" he said. "You wish?"

"This is Roth," he said hesitantly. All his new assurance and pride seemed to have left him and he kept remembering the first time he had come here, when he was eight and a refugee.

Anton drew his heavy brows together. Then he slowly put out his hand and said, "I had almost forgotten. There are so many uniforms. But welcome, in the name of older and better days."

That was not a wise greeting, but Roth supposed he spoke so only because he had known him so long.

"I am glad to see you again," he said. The old man opened the door and invited him into the kitchen with its sideboards and polished, dark furniture. He took some citronvand from the icebox and poured the yellow soda into glasses.

"Tell me what goes on," Roth said, and sat down, to put the old man at his ease.

"Mathea has died," Anton said slowly, and Roth realized that he should have known that was why things seemed so different and so quiet. "I am glad she does not know what has happened to our country because it would make her unhappy."

He spoke gravely, so that his words seemed to be carved out of feeling as solid as wood. They seemed more seen than heard.

"I am sorry," Roth said, and there were tears in his eyes. He felt suddenly lonely, orphaned for a second time. Aunt Mathea would have welcomed him as she had when he was a boy, and old Anton was definitely treating him like a visitor not quite to be trusted.

"Anton did not come home from Finland," his father said, and Roth knew better than to ask why he had gone there in the first place. He was glad he had missed that campaign.

"Anton was a good friend," Roth heard himself saying. His voice shook a little and he realized that he had looked forward to seeing Anton again.

THERE was a long silence before Roth asked almost diffidently, "And Margreta?"

A softness came into the old man's face, and Roth knew that Margreta, at least, was alive and well. He waited eagerly to know more, and felt his heart beating heavily under his trim, fitted uniform.

"Margreta is as always," her father said. "She is not unlike her mother." He said that as if he could think of no more perfect praise.

"And where?" Roth asked, getting up restlessly.

"She was working in Copenhagen," her father said. "For an exporter—Margreta always loved to have to do with the world, you remember. Now that she has no job she is helping Holger." He paused. "Co-operative work."

Roth felt that inward prickle of attention that warned him of danger.

"I'm going to find Margreta," he said, as the old man looked at him with grave dislike. Old Anton would not like his daughter to marry one of the enemy—Roth knew that was how an old-timer would regard him. Yet Roth could arrange things so that this one farm would be restored to prosperity, and the old man must know it.

Holger was talking to half a dozen men under a great tree and Margreta was folding and stuffing some sort of a circular into envelopes at a table near by. Roth saw people looking at one another, as they did whenever he joined a group. Their faces grew blank and their eyes hard. Holger looked Roth over from gold-braided cap to polished boots.

"A general has come to call," he said to Margreta, whose hands seemed to slow at their work for a moment and then she began to fold and stuff again. Then she sprang to her feet and came to welcome Roth. She held out her hands and he took them in his ruthless grasp, knowing that women must be hurt a little. She looked at her reddened fingers and Holger looked at them too.

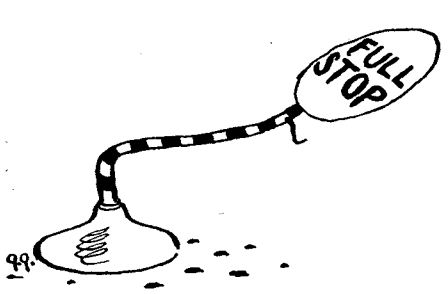
"A great man and a strong," he said unpleasantly, and Roth stiffened.

"Yes," he said, "that's true. And let me say that I'll not be lenient even to those I have known before if they break the rules."

The group of men turned into statues until Holger's voice brought them to life again.

"What have poor farmers like us done to make you worry?" he asked. "We obey all the rules and only meet now and then to talk over poor crops and such country concerns."

As if at a signal the farmers got up,





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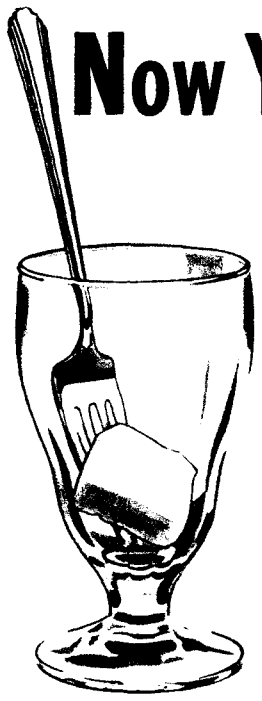

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nodded to Holger and began to leave.

Margreta said, "Don't forget the meeting tomorrow night." She unfolded the circular in her hand so Roth could see its innocence. "Danish farmers," it said. "Preserve your land! Meet at the Lunoe Farm, Thursday night, and learn new ways to eradicate all kinds of pests!"

Again Roth felt that prickling as he noticed that the big silo behind the barn had recently burned down to a pile of blackened embers.

Margreta spoke suddenly and smiled so that Roth felt a wave of warmth sweep over him. She slipped her hand through his arm and turned him away from the burned silo.

"Are you going to take me to dinner?" she asked, and as they left Holger standing in his yard, it seemed to Roth that perhaps she and Holger had meant him to come so they could find out the temper of his mind.

But as Margreta smiled and chattered with him, laughing in the old, merry way, as if he were not an enemy, he forgot everything but the pleasure of knowing that he could make this beautiful woman his whenever he wanted to.

He took her first to have a drink at the Yacht Club on the Langelinie. The swastika floated over it, too, but otherwise it might have been any summer evening in another year. People sat at little tables drinking from tall glasses, talking with one another and looking out at the harbor where the king's yacht rode at anchor.

MARGRETA said, "Holger and I have argued about you so many times. He says you cannot separate a man from what he does—that if a man is a" —she hesitated tactfully—"conqueror, let us say, he will be ruthless and violent. I said there was in a man still some of what he once was." She raised her eyes and looked steadily at him. "I wanted to see which of us was right." Her voice fell a little, and Roth thought of the brook on the Haunstrup farm where they used to have picnics.

"I did not want to have memories hanging about in my head if—" She blushed.

"If?" Roth asked triumphantly.

"If I married Holger." Her voice was still lower.

"Holger?" Roth said. "My dear girl, he is left over from the old days. You and I are young and strong. We want success."

Margreta looked at him silently. She was tanned, he noticed, and her leaf-green dress was beautifully becoming.

"Is it success to be hated and feared?" she asked.

He said, "That proves how strong we are."

She said, "Do you never wonder—?"

"No," he answered, taking her hand. "We are in control and nothing can defeat us." That was to warn her.

She was looking at him with a long, questioning glance that angered him a little and he snapped his fingers for the waiter, who sprang to serve the uniform.

"Let us leave," he said. "I have things to say to you, but not here."

As they got up to go, Roth noticed that theirs was the only table occupied, though when they arrived every table had been taken. He looked at the sky to see if a storm had frightened people away, then at his watch to see if they had stayed late without knowing it. They had been there less than an hour, and the sun was shining on the harbor and on the people walking by. The waiters bowed as they left.

"What happened to all the others?" Roth demanded. There was something about those empty tables that was almost threatening.

Margreta said, "They were all Danes, perhaps." He flushed.

"They have no right," he said.

"Is there a law?" Margreta asked in a level voice. "Have you passed a law yet that people may not leave a café when they choose?"

Roth didn't answer. They walked on slowly. On the road, bicycles went by, and a few official German cars. It was hardly a private place, but Roth was suddenly too full of a hard anger and determination to conquer this woman, as unwilling countries were conquered, to care. All the softness had gone out of his feeling for Margreta. She had become only a beautiful woman, to be taken by force. He pressed his mouth down on hers, glad to feel her amazed and furious resistance, glad to know he could overpower her by brute strength. That made him feel proud, for he was completely the conqueror.

Margreta stood still after the first second of wild struggle, so still that at last he released her, knowing she was not responding. But he told himself it was because his attack was so sudden and because she was so utterly vanquished. When he looked at her face it was still and hard, and her eyes were as gray and remote as a wintry sky.

She spoke slowly, dropping her words like cold stones. "I am glad you did that," she said. "If you had not, I might have gone on defending you to others, like my father and Holger, and thought myself that you were the Roth I knew as a youth. Now I know you are exactly what your uniform proclaims. You have betrayed our friendship and hospitality. You have trampled on all we free Danes held dear. I thought perhaps I was wrong and prejudiced about you who have come to destroy us, but now I know there is nothing evil enough that I can think about you."

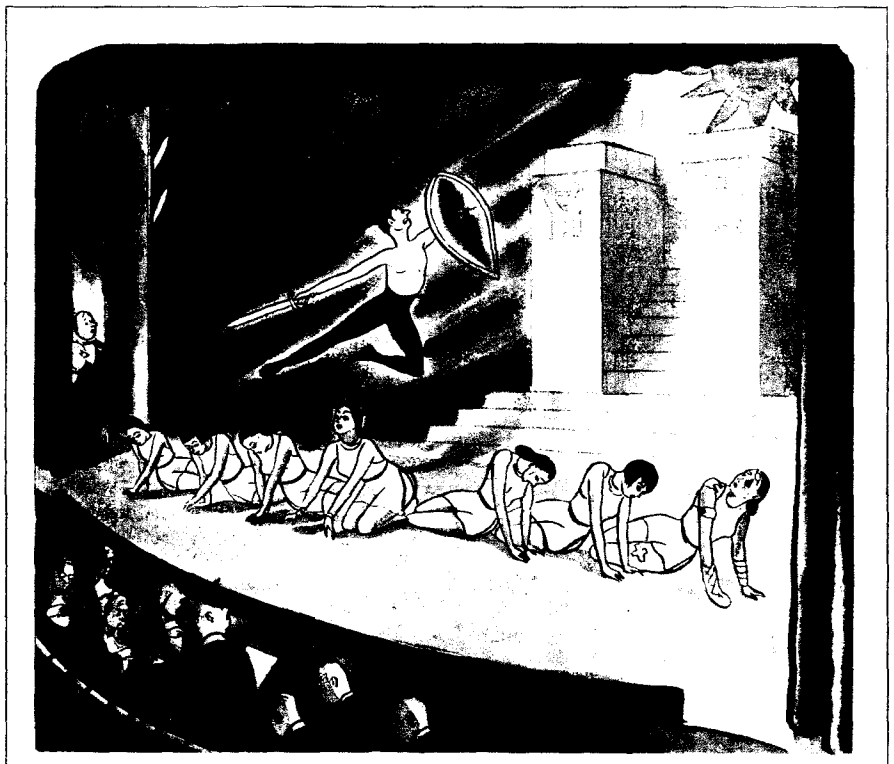
Her words were hurting Roth. He felt one last upsurge of old and soon to be forever lost emotions—shame and self-questioning and that queer, horrible loneliness that he had been struggling against ever since he had been in Copenhagen. It attacked him when he saw people's faces go blank as he approached. When, as this afternoon, he seemed to spread a shadow before him. His uniform, his speech, his presence there might have marked him with a medieval bell, so that when he walked out in these streets that had once been so charming and so gay, he was like one plague-stricken, calling out, "Unclean! Unclean!"

"Thank God I am free of whatever attraction you once held me with," Margreta said. "I am going back to Holger now, to help him."

"Help him what?" Roth asked stupidly.

"Do what he has to do," she said, and Roth wondered what Holger did, and why his cattle were sick, his crops poor, and his silo burned down. No one could blame a man for accidents that befell him, but Roth found himself thinking again there were so many accidents lately. So many fires. So many factories reporting broken machinery that could not be fixed. So many dead animals and when you inquired into their deaths you got a shrug for an answer or, at most, "You took our feed. Cattle don't live on air."

Yet there was nothing to complain about, officially. People were polite, they did as they were told. It was only in the things about which no regulations had been laid down that you might sometimes sense that under their quietness was a hatred for the conquerors that burned like swampfire, unextinguishably. People who left restaurants when an officer came in, as if they had lost their appetites. People who did not understand questions. Old ladies who preferred to cross a street without your hand under their arm.



"He never quite makes it" CHAS. ADDAMS

MARGRETA began to walk away and Roth hurried after her. It was incredible that this should happen to him, who was so powerful!

He said almost humbly, "Please, am I never to see you again?"

She turned to look at him one last time before she crossed the street. She looked at his polished boots that walked heavily in streets of countries where they did not belong. At his uniform that fitted as closely as his firm, hard thoughts. At his cap. At his sword.

"You have the power to *order* me into your presence," she said.

It was only then, as she was walking away from him forever that Roth realized that a conqueror is doomed to loneliness. His footsteps echo with a hollow sound, and words of greeting in a foreign tongue, "Good evening, Herr Captain. Everything is quiet," hang heavy in the unresponsive air.

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# Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 18

ing slightly in his incoherent haste to get the words out.

"You're mad—quite mad—Christine? Why, it's *impossible*. It's laughable!"

"All the same, Mr. Redfern, jealousy is a very powerful motive. Women who are jealous lose control of themselves completely."

Redfern said, earnestly: "Not Christine. She's—oh she's not like that. She was unhappy, yes. But she's not the kind of person to—oh, there's no violence in her."

Hercule Poirot nodded thoughtfully. Violence. The same word that Linda Marshall had used. As before, he agreed with the sentiment.

"Besides," went on Redfern confidently, "it would be absurd. Arlena was twice as strong physically as Christine. I doubt if Christine could strangle a kitten—certainly not a strong, wiry creature like Arlena. And then Christine could never have got down that ladder to the beach. She has no head for that sort of thing. And—oh, the whole thing is fantastic!"

Weston scratched his ear tentatively.

"Well," he said, "put like that it doesn't seem likely. I grant you that. But motive's the first thing we've got to look for." He added: "Motive and opportunity."

WHEN Redfern had left the room, the chief constable observed with a slight smile:

"Didn't think it necessary to tell the fellow his wife had an alibi. Wanted to hear what he'd have to say to the idea. Shook him up a bit, didn't it?"

Hercule Poirot murmured, "The arguments he advanced were quite as strong as any alibi."

"Yes. Oh! she didn't do it! She couldn't have done it—physically impossible as you said. Marshall *could* have done it—but apparently he didn't."

Inspector Colgate coughed. "Excuse me, sir, I've been thinking about that alibi. It's possible, you know, if he'd thought this thing out, that those letters were got ready *beforehand*."

"That's a good idea," Weston said. "We must look into—"

He broke off as Christine Redfern entered the room.

She was, as always, calm and a little precise in manner. She was wearing a white tennis frock and a pale blue pullover. It accentuated her fair, rather anemic prettiness. Yet, Hercule Poirot thought to himself, it was neither a silly face nor a weak one. It had plenty of resolution, courage and good sense. He nodded appreciatively.

Colonel Weston thought, "Nice little woman. Bit wishy-washy, perhaps. A lot too good for that philandering young ass of a husband of hers. Oh, well, the boy's young. Women usually make a fool of you once!"

"Sit down, Mrs. Redfern. We've got to go through a certain amount of routine, you see. Asking everybody for an account of his movements this morning. Just for our records."

Christine Redfern nodded.

She said in her quiet, precise voice:

"Oh, yes, I quite understand. Where do you want me to begin?"

Hercule Poirot said, "As early as possible, Madame. What did you do when you first got up this morning?"

"Let me see. On my way down to breakfast I went into Linda Marshall's room and fixed up with her to go to Gull Cove this morning. We agreed to meet in the lounge at half past ten."

"You did not bathe before breakfast, Madame?"

"No. I very seldom do." She smiled. "I like the sea well warmed before I get into it. I'm rather a chilly person."

"But your husband bathes then?"

"Oh, yes. Nearly always."

"And Mrs. Marshall, she also?"

A CHANGE came into Christine's voice. It became cold and almost acrid. She said, "Oh, no, Mrs. Marshall was the sort of person who never made an appearance before the middle of the morning."

With an air of confusion, Hercule Poirot said:

"Pardon, Madame, I interrupted you. You were saying that you went to Miss Linda Marshall's room. What time was that?"

"Let me see—half past eight—no, a little later."

"And was Miss Marshall up then?"

"Oh, yes, she had been out."

"Out?"

"Yes, she said she'd been bathing."

There was a faint—a very faint note of embarrassment in Christine's voice. It puzzled Hercule Poirot.

"And then?" Weston asked.

"Then I went down to breakfast."

"And after breakfast?"

"I went upstairs, collected my sketching box, and sketching book and we started out."

"You and Miss Linda Marshall?"

"Yes."

"What time was that?"

"I think it was just on half past ten."

"And what did you do?"

"We went to Gull Cove. You know, the cove on the east side of the island. We settled ourselves there. I did a sketch and Linda sun-bathed."

"What time did you leave the cove?"

"At a quarter to twelve. I was playing tennis at twelve and had to change."

"You had your watch with you?"

"No, as a matter of fact I hadn't. I asked Linda the time."

"I see. And then?"

"I packed up my sketching things and went back to the hotel."

Poirot said, "And Mademoiselle Linda?"

"Linda? Oh, Linda went into the sea."

"Were you far from the sea where you were sitting?"

"Well, we were well above high-water mark. Just under the cliff—so that I could be a little in the shade and Linda in the sun."

"Did Linda Marshall actually enter the sea before you left the beach?"

Christine frowned a little in the effort to remember.

"Let me see. She ran down the beach—I fastened my box—Yes, I heard her splashing in the waves as I was on the path up the cliff."

"You are quite sure of that, Madame? That she really entered the sea?"

"Oh, yes." She stared at him in surprise. Colonel Weston also stared at him. Then he said: "Go on, Mrs Redfern."

"I went back to the hotel, changed, and went to the tennis courts where I met the others."

"Who were?"

"Captain Marshall, Mr. Gardener and Miss Darnley. We played two sets. We were just going in again when the news came about—about Mrs. Marshall."

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. "And what did you think, Madame, when you heard that news?"

"What did I think?"

Her face showed a faint distaste for the question.

"Yes."

Christine Redfern said slowly:

"It was—a horrible thing to happen."

"Ah, yes, your fastidiousness was revolted. I understand that. But what did it mean to *you*—personally?"

She gave him a quick look—a look of appeal. He responded to it. He said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"I am appealing to you, Madame, because you are a woman of intelligence with plenty of good sense and judgment. You had doubtless during your stay here formed an opinion of Mrs. Marshall, of the kind of woman she was?"

Christine said, cautiously, "I suppose one always does that more or less when one is staying in hotels."

"Certainly, it is the natural thing to do. So I ask you, Madame, were you really very surprised at the manner of her death?"

"I think I see what you mean. No, I was not, perhaps, surprised. Shocked, yes. But she was the kind of woman—"

Poirot finished the sentence for her:

"She was the kind of woman to whom such a thing might happen . . . Yes, Madame, that is the truest and most significant thing that has been said in this room this morning. Laying all—er" (he stressed it carefully) "*personal* feeling aside, what did you really think of the late Mrs. Marshall?"

CHRISTINE REDFERN said calmly, "Is it really worth while going into all that now?"

"I think it might be, yes."

"Well, what shall I say?" Her fair skin was suddenly suffused with color. The careful poise of her manner was relaxed. For a short space the natural, raw woman looked out. "She's the kind of woman that to my mind is absolutely worthless! She did nothing to justify her existence. She had no mind—no brains. She thought of nothing but men and clothes and admiration. Useless, a parasite! She was attractive to men, I suppose—oh, of course she was. And she lived for that kind of life. And so, I suppose, I wasn't really surprised at her coming to a sticky end. She was the sort of woman who would be mixed up with everything sordid—blackmail—jealousy—violence—every kind of crude emotion. She—she appealed to the worst in people."

She stopped, panting a little. Her rather short top lip lifted itself in a kind of fastidious disgust. It occurred to Colonel Weston that you could not have found a more complete contrast to Arlena Stuart than Christine Redfern.

It also occurred to him that if you were married to Christine Redfern, the atmosphere might be so rarified that the Arlena Stuarts of this world would hold a particular attraction for you.

And then, immediately following on these thoughts, a single word out of the words she had spoken fastened on his attention with particular intensity.

He leaned forward and said:

"Mrs. Redfern, why, in speaking of her, did you mention the word *blackmail*?"

*(To be continued next week)*

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# Miss Rear Admiral

Continued from page 26

took her arm. "You're getting paid for it."

"But I'm not having any fun!" She jerked loose from me. "And it's all your fault! I wish I'd never laid eyes on you, that's what!"

"Okay, baby," I said shortly. "We'll wash it up right here."

"You're washing it up too late—I'm in the movies now."

"Don't worry, babe," I said shortly. "You won't be long." I slammed off. At the corner, I looked back. She was standing there, blond hair flying in the wind, watching me. She lifted her hand as if to wave, and then let it drop slowly. She looked sort of lonely. But *I* was through.

They premièred Manny's Navy epic at the Carthay Circle, and before the picture had run three reels people began buzzing to one another about that cute little blonde who had the priceless lines about her grandfather's getting his stern seared at the battle of Manila Bay.

The old man dragged me out in the foyer. "Where is that Higgins girl?" he hissed. I said I didn't know. He yelled: "You better know! If you don't have her here by curtain time, you're—"

"Not working for Steinberg any more." I went out to my car, got in, slammed the door, and lit a cigarette.

If Zone didn't care enough about her own future to show up the night they premièred her first picture, why by golly, she knew where she could go! I wasn't chasing around after her any more!

ALL I had to do was ask the first uniform on the Navy landing, where the Navy hop was. Then I went there and, of course, I found Zone. She had on a smart-looking evening thing that set off her light hair. She looked wonderful.

I pushed my way through the Navy to her side. "Come on, smarty pants—get going," I said. "You're wanted by your public."

She turned off her smile quick. "Look here, Bob Henry, I am sick and tired of being dragged at Manny Steinberg's chariot wheels."

I said: "And I am sick and tired of having to pull you out of screwy joints and get you back up to Hollywood to be dragged. And I wouldn't do it, except that—"

"Except, if you don't, you'll lose your job," she mimicked.

It made me mad. "Yes, I will," I shouted. "But after six weeks of you, I'd rather go back to Del Rio, anyhow."

"I'm sorry, Bob," she said, instantly contrite. "Of course I'll come along with you."

But it wasn't a pushover. She brought the major portion of the Fleet—all I could crowd in my car.

We made the Carthay Circle just as the curtains were swinging to across the screen. The lights went up, the orchestra spied Zone and the Navy coming down the aisle, and swung into "Anchors Aweigh!" and the audience went mad! They stood up and yelled and screamed; they surged toward Zone and tried to mob her.

Right there was where the jolly tars earned their salt. They lifted Zone onto their shoulders, formed a flying wedge, and leaped up on the stage with her.

Then Manny Steinberg appeared, put an arm around the cause of it all, and raised his hand for silence.

Someone tugged at my elbow. I turned. It was the old man. "Bob, I'll never question your judgment again," he blubbered, and wrung my hand. "This is the most tremendous stunt I have ever seen. Let's go have a drink."

Manny was promising the fans another great picture, starring his newest discovery, Miss Zone Higgins, as we went out.

WHEN the phone rang next morning, I rolled over, groaning, and lifted the receiver. "Hello," I said.

It was Zone. She said: "Bob, for heaven's sake! There are agents and things all over the place!"

I said: "Lock the door and hold everything, baby. I'm on my way."

When I pushed through the gang in the hall and got inside, Zone was pacing the floor.

"Everybody's got contracts!" she said. "Manny's secretary phoned and said he had one for me to sign, too. What for?"

I explained contracts, and Zone blew up. "But I don't want to be a movie actress!" she cried. "It's no fun!"

"Baby," I said, "I can't wait to see Manny's face when you tell him that."

It turned out the way I knew it would. Manny didn't believe Zone was on the level. He thought Zanuck was after her. So he upped his ante to three fifty.

Then Zone pulled a line about wanting to ush in Long Beach where she could have fun, so Manny jumped to five quick.

At seven fifty and a six months' option I said we'd take it, and rushed Zone outside before she could open her mouth. . . .

Manny had his promotion staff in next day—he had a wonderful idea for a publicity campaign on Zone: Have her fans pick a new name for her. Zone blew up. "My menfolks didn't have to change their name to get in the Navy," she said. "And I reckon the Navy's more important than the movies." Only we weren't screening a Navy epic any more, and the blurb wasn't good for newspaper space.

Then we went into a huddle, trying to hit an unusual angle on Zone for publicity, like Dietrich's legs or Garbo's seclusion or Marie Wilson's eyelashes. But we couldn't think of any.

Meantime, Zone was always appearing some place with half a dozen or so Navy uniforms. At first, it was considered cute. And then after a while, the columnists started poking fun at her, especially McMann.

Then there was the night at Frank Capra's house. Capra's guests were watching a March of Time which showed the battle wagons on their around-the-Horn cruise. When sailors started pouring out of hatches and racing to battle stations, some nasty-smart dame in the back of the room said right out loud: "Where's Higgins?"

It caused a gale of laughter, and was in McMann's column next morning. Manny was burned! He called Zone in and issued orders that she wasn't to be seen with any more Navy men. Zone said he could take his half-finished picture and jump off the breakwater with it.

Right in the middle of the row, they sent out an SOS for me. Zone was fighting mad, and crying; and Manny and the old man both looked as if they'd swallowed the back end of a sound truck.

"All right, all right, we compromise," Manny said. "One Navy man—you can have—I don't argue which—you take your pick and we give him a big build-up."

"But," Zone objected, "if I only go with one, then I'll likely get awfully fond of him."

"Come on, baby, be reasonable," I said. "Give the other girls a break."

So after a while she dried her tears and picked Perry, and went to her drama lesson. Manny turned to the old man. "I want you should start a campaign on this Perry guy—what's he do in the Navy?"

"He's an aviation mechanic," I cut in.

"Oyoy, oyoy," Manny moaned. "We got to get him a ensign at least."

"Won't that be a little difficult?" I asked.

Manny gave me a look. "For Manny Steinberg? Nah, nah, my boy. All I got to do is call the admiral." He started pressing buttons and the old man and I got up and went out, but quietly.

I'll pass over what happened rapidly.

Of course I wasn't there to hear, but those things get around the lot. And soon grapevine had it that Manny almost burst a blood vessel when it was socked home to him that Navy cooperation on making an epic of the Fleet and making an ensign out of a mechanic were two totally different things.

As far as the admiral was concerned, Zone's boy friend was a mechanic and he was going to stay a mechanic!

Manny let the big build-up slide, hoping for the best. After all, if Zone turned out star material, the public might overlook a little thing like a Navy man in her closet.

IT WAS raining when I turned in, and still raining when the telephone rang and wakened me in the small hours before dawn. Zone was on the wire. She said: "Bob, can you please come over here, quick?"

I said: "For the love of mud, what time is it?"

"He says every store and church and theater are open and still there's no place for them all," she said. "Twenty thousand of them caught ashore—I can't get any sense out of him."

"That makes us even," I said. "Who's he, and where is everything open, and who is it that's all caught ashore?"

"There's a terrible storm, Bob—the Navy men can't get back aboard their ships. You've got to get me to Long Beach quick."

"I'll be right over," I said.

She was pacing the floor when I got there. "Perry called again," she said. "He's crying—he sounded drunk, but that wouldn't make him cry, would it?"

"How should I know?" I said shortly.

**George Windsor**

**CITIZEN OF LONDON**

•

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"Let's get going." The road out San Pedro Avenue was flooded; we had to detour.

When we reached Long Beach it was a fuzzy gray daybreak, rain still drizzling down. The town was blue with sailors. "Where is this Perry supposed to be?" I asked.

"He said he'd be waiting out in front of the P. E. station."

"But that was hours ago!"

"Pull over to the curb." Zone had already spotted him. He *was* in front of the P. E. station.

He was a slight, dark young man—this Perry—with a mess of uncombed black curls hanging down from beneath his soggy white hat, and in his gray bloodshot eyes. He was dripping wet, but he didn't seem to know or care. He just stood there, swaying in the rain, eyes on the street unseeingly. Zone climbed out of the car and ran up to him. "Perry, I came as quick as I could."

"You were a long time," he said thickly. He pulled her hand through his arm and started walking away, swaying as he went.

I parked the car and went after them.

IT WAS all so crazy: it was like a bad dream—that next hour. Zone and Perry walked in the rain, down Ocean Boulevard, bumping into sailors, and I trailed after them, why, I didn't know. None of it made sense and it wasn't any of my affair, and yet I stuck.

Perry kept talking—his words came back to me on the wet wind: "I should be out there! I should be out there, too! Only I said it was too rough to risk the motor launch. But the others went! They went because they were supposed to—and now they're at the bottom of the bay—" He covered his face with his hands. "They crashed on the breakwater—they're at the bottom of the bay!" Zone clung to his arm.

They were far down the beach road now and they stopped and leaned against a stone balustrade. The sea was roaring up beneath them, black and ugly with white foam on its top.

Perry leaned his slight body against hers, as if for protection and comfort, and peered out through the murk toward the ships.

He was trembling all over.

I stepped forward and said. "Can—can I help?"

"Yes, Bob," Zone said. "He's done in—he needs sleep. Get him a room at the Hilton—a room with a radio. Please hurry."

It was while I was whizzing back up the street on a run that I bumped into McMann. He said: "Hi, Bob, what gives?"

I said, "Nothing," and started to run on again, but he grabbed my sleeve.

"What's the little Higgins doing down here?"

"You wouldn't get it if I told you," I said, and jerked loose.

His cold, light blue eyes glinted icily. "Look here, Henry, you're being nasty to the wrong guy at the wrong time."

"So what?" I said, and pushed past him. "Out of my way, snoop."

THEN I galloped off in the downpour and left him standing there. The significance of his presence in Long Beach never hit me till after I'd bulldogged a room where there wasn't any room, and helped Zone get Perry into it, and ordered up a bottle of rum and a hot-water bottle and a radio. Perry wouldn't quiet down till that was installed, and Zone was sitting by it, waiting to hear when the word was passed that all liberty was canceled.

Then I went back downstairs to find McMann at the desk, poring over the registry. I put on a smile of cordiality and walked over. "Hello, Otto," I said.

He swung around on me. "Since when did you start stooging for Dan Cupid?"

I said: "You're all wet." I felt my grin going.

"So?" His smile was nasty. "Well, you can't deny that she is upstairs in a room with a sailor, can you?" I didn't answer. "Go on," he urged. "What gives? Or do I just make a guess?"

"Don't be like that!" I begged.

"Are they married?" he demanded.

"No," I said. "But it's not what you think."

"In cases like this, I don't have to think," he said. "So long, Henry."

I went back upstairs and routed Zone out into the hall. "You're in a jam," I said. "You've got to get out of here on the double." I told her about McMann. Her chin went out.

"Perry needs me and so I'm staying right here till liberty is canceled and that's all there is to it, Bob."

After all these months, I knew better than to argue with Zone. So I went in and sat with her till the seas went down at dusk, and the men were called back aboard their ships.

When I came to work next morning, the old man pounced on me. He had the morning News. I'd already seen it, and it wasn't good. "What do you know about this mess?" he demanded.

I tried to explain it, but somehow it sounded a little stupid and mushy.

The old man interrupted me in the middle to say: "I think you'd better get over to Manny's office and give your act there."

When I came into the office, Manny was shouting at Zone: "A morals clause in your contract, you've got!"

Zone, her chin out, countered with: "Where I came from, you don't need a morals clause to help a person out when he's in trouble!"

"You don't deny it?" Manny roared. "You admit you was in a hotel room with a sailor?"

"It was pouring rain," Zone snapped. "Why shouldn't we get in out of the wet?"

"Why should you get in out of the wet where McMann could see you?" Manny bellowed. "Do you want every fan in the United States should think you're just a—a little—"

"Hold it," I said. I was boiling mad. "Nothing happened that wasn't on the up and up. I don't care what McMann put in his column. I was there—I was with them—I know."

Manny swung around on me. "Well, that's a difference," he said, blowing relievedly. "That's a big difference."

He turned to Zone. "But the damage is already," he said to her. "And you got to learn your lesson. The minute this picture is done, you get suspended—for ten weeks—without pay. And that's final."

"No, I don't," Zone said. "I'm quitting—*right now!*"

MANNY got up from his desk, his little round face working. "I got a contract, young woman. Nowhere in Hollywood do you work. In pictures you are through before you are even started!"

"Listen." Zone got up and walked over to his desk, her little chin out. "Contract or no contract, *I'm not working for you!*"

Manny sat back and started turning a light mauve. I went over and put my arm around Zone. "Come on, baby," I said. "We'd better go."

Zone's not in Hollywood any more. Last I heard from her, she was living in Pensacola. Perry got transferred to the air base there, and they've got a little house on the bay. Zone writes nice letters, all about the petunias in her garden and the new kittens and the neighbors and the weather and Perry—and Perry Junior, who's expected any day, now.

She still sounds like Beaver City—or Del Rio.

## Lighted Windows

**Continued from page 13**

Lunk's. There were more men in the place than he had ever seen before. Lunk had put up a big sign saying, "Happy New Year!"

The door swung open and a man walked out with stiff dignity and went downstreet.

A warm current of air followed him and Burdock smelled the keen, high odor of whisky. He swallowed.

It was hot inside. Lunk wiped his hand on the apron and pumped Burdock's. Burdock said, "We're out on the main camp on Township 21. You remember Cort Gregory? He was here with me two years ago."

He looked around at the double line at the bar. He saw men from other camps—Guy Merchant, from Lubec; and Merrill Colcord, and Block Ash—and he felt the strength of their handshakes.

"What you going to do, Tom—set the town afire?"

"Hey, Tom, where do you keep the women?"

Chet Loving had a good start—the bottle that had kept him warm on the long ride to town began to work in the heat of the place.

Burdock let the talk surge around him. In a lull he spoke to Lunk alone. He said, "I'm going upstreet for a while." He passed Lunk a bill. "Set them up, Lunk. Tell them I'm coming back later."

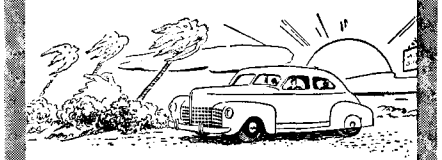
The back door led out onto an alley. Halfway down the alley toward Water Street there was a small house set flush with the sidewalk. As Burdock passed he heard a woman's high, full-lunged laugh against radio dance music. He went along Water Street to Walnut. He stopped there at the corner and looked up toward Maple.

The day he had seen Alice Baines for the first time he had been in Parlow's barbershop waiting for a haircut and she had been sitting in a car just outside the window. She wore a blue polka-dot dress and her dark hair was smoothed into flat waves on either side of her round head. She had very white skin and her arm, which rested along the door of the car, was plump. There was about her that self-confidence, born of security—the protecting respectability of her home.

"That's the Widow Baines' daughter," Jim Parlow had said, reading the look on his face, "and lumberjacks like you best lay off."

Burdock left the corner and began walking up Walnut. He walked slowly, uncertain of his plans. He tried to find reasons for delay—to put off going. He asked himself—why in hell would she care to see him anyway? The whole thing was just an idea in his head. He almost turned back to Water Street. Instead he went into Slade's restaurant and ate hamburgers and drank a cup of


...DRIVING TO SUNSHINE?...



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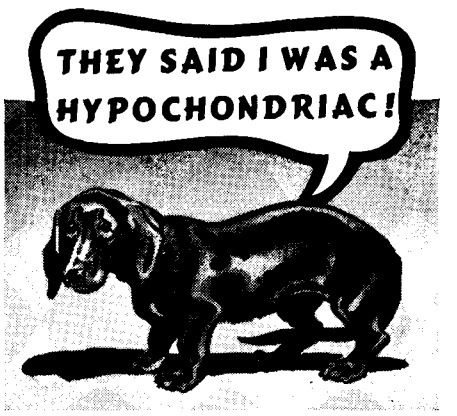

The family thought I was just "enjoying poor health." But I felt like an empty dinner-dish. Off my feed, nervous. So they avoided me! The Boss thought Nature would pull me around—till he read the Sergeant's DOG BOOK. Then he woke up!

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coffee. After that he spent an hour in the Bijou Theater without remembering anything he saw. It was ten-thirty when he came out into the cold northeast wind, smelling of snow. He lowered his head into it and walked on toward Maple.

In Carter's drugstore he saw a crowd sitting around the back tables. They were the kids of the town, the sons and daughters of the people who lived on Walnut and Maple. He had brought Alice Baines in there once and they had watched other couples dancing. That was about as far as it had gone between them. He had called at her house three times.

He remembered the friendly warmth of the big kitchen, the way old Mrs. Baines sat there in the rocker and looked him over. Once she had ordered him to take off his coat so that she could sew on a button and he had sat there in his shirt sleeves, as if that house was his own home. He had gone away after that, following work, living the life he knew best. But when those moments came when he thought of settling down in a real house, with an upstairs and a downstairs to it and stacked stovewood in the shed he saw Alice Baines in that house—not because he had fallen in love with her but because she belonged in a house like that.

He hunched forward. He slanted his body into the wind and felt the dry snow from the drifts hiss against his boots. . . .

THERE was a light in the Baines house. When he walked up to the front door and knocked, he heard young, high heels tapping on the bare floor and the fumbling rattle at the lock. The door opened an inch or so and he felt the heat of the house rush out to greet him, like a friendly dog.

"Who is it?" Alice Baines asked.

"Tom Burdock."

He heard the surprised catch of her breath, the step back and then he saw the door open.

"Tom! Well, I never. Come in, come in."

He pulled off his hat and with it turning in his hands in front of him he followed the still-opening door into a dimly lit hallway.

Alice Baines walked ahead of him into the brilliant light and soft, warm air of the kitchen.

"It's been a coon's age since I saw you last," she said, smiling. "Where've you been keeping yourself?"

He shifted his weight. "Around. We're working up on 21. I thought I'd come in and say hello."

"There! I'm glad you did. Sit down, Tom. Let me take your hat and coat."

She seemed pleased at his coming, but he felt in the way she moved, the way she looked up at the window when she returned from the hall where she had left his things, that she was apprehensive, as if she were expecting someone. After the first moment of welcome, her attitude was divided between listening for something outside the house and pride in showing him, without speaking of it, the changes in the room.

He had felt these changes the moment he came in. Now, sitting in a new leather armchair, he saw these changes—the new linoleum, the electric refrigerator, the long, smooth-lined sink.

She watched him look around and said, finally, "It's been done over. Do you like it?"

"It's dandy," he said.

He thought of the old rocker, with a plush footstool, where her mother used to sit. He wondered about the old lady, but something, a feeling, stopped him from asking about her.

"Where did you spend Christmas, Tom?"

He looked up and, half laughing, half shamefaced, said, "Well, I dunno—around. In the city, mostly."

Alice Baines looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then, her mind going back to her own problems, she said, "Judith is here—you remember my sister? She had a job in Calais for a while, but the place went out of business so she's living with us now."

HE REMEMBERED her, a pretty kid, with lively dark eyes, about seventeen. She would be nineteen now.

He said, "Yes, I remember her."

The wind was getting stronger outside and the snow beat against the black panes, like many moths. A gust blew open the back door into the woodshed and he got up to close it. There was a light in the shed and he saw stovewood piled roof high. Just as he turned he saw on a workbench the inner tube of an auto tire stretched across a vise. There was a new patch recently put on it. A man's heavy coat hung on the door.

When he came back into the room Alice was looking out the window—her hands cupped against her face to shade the light. She turned and a worried expression stayed in her eyes for a second.

"I don't know what's keeping him," she said. "He ought to be back by now."

Burdock felt the heat of the stove and sweat start on his forehead. He didn't say anything. He knew now what he had felt in the flash as he saw the coat and workbench in the shed.

Alice shrugged her shoulders. "Well, he'll be here any minute. I'll get some coffee ready." Then, startled, laughing a little, she said, "Why, Tom! I don't believe I told you I was married. Isn't that the limit?"

"You married?" he said, feeling the awkward way he still stood there.

"It's been almost a year now. I'm so used to it I didn't think to tell you. You see, after mother died we set up housekeeping here."

Burdock's mouth closed and a muscle in his throat contracted. So low, it was almost a rumble in his chest, he said, "Well, that's fine, Alice."

There was one thing uppermost in his mind—to get out before the man came. He didn't want trouble.

But he couldn't move. He didn't know what to say to get out with. He hadn't taken in the whole thing yet, but already he was saying to himself, "What were you expecting anyway?"

Alice put three blue-and-white cups on the breakfast-nook table.

"Edward's down at the police station. There's been a lot of trouble on Water Street . . ." She stopped and an embarrassed expression went across her face as she looked up at Burdock, still standing there. She didn't go on to explain, but began a tuneless hum as she moved the coffeepot onto the hot part of the stove.

"How long will you be up on 21, Tom?" she asked, after a moment.

"A month or so. I don't know where we'll go from there."

"Come in and have dinner with us sometime. And—"

He heard the stamping of shoes on the back porch.

"That's Edward," Alice said.

**"It's proved to be the most successful summer stock show yet!"**

JEFF KEATE

A compact, darkly dressed young man hurried into the room through the porch door. His face was disturbed. He glanced at Burdock and his eyes went cold when he saw Burdock's leather boots and checked shirt.

ALICE started to introduce him, but Edward's nervousness alarmed her. She crossed the room and put her hand on his arm. "What happened, Edward? Is there anything wrong?"

"Plenty," he said, his voice harsh, and Burdock felt excitement in it. "The town's full of bums. They're everywhere, drunk and yelling at respectable citizens. I got one locked up. Carlton can't do a thing with them. Where's Judy—is she in yet?"

"No."

"She oughtn't to be out on the streets alone." He looked at Burdock again—sizing him up. Alice completed the introduction.

The wind sent a puff of smoke back through the chimney and a few ashes whirled in the heat above the stove.

"You're logging back on 21?" Edward asked.

Tom nodded.

"Yes—I'm still logging." He felt himself stiffen.

"Your gang is going too far," Edward said. He turned to Alice. "I went home with Stanley to see if everything was okay there." Then, suddenly: "Call the Wilsons right away. Tell them to tell Judy to stay there the night. Tell them what's happening."

He took off his coat and went into the hall to hang it up. When he came in he looked at Burdock again and Tom saw the resentment in this man's eyes—resentment and at the same time that complacent superiority of the man of the town over the woods worker. Burdock said to himself, "I got to get out of here." He would say goodby to Alice as soon as she came back from telephoning.

But before she had hung up someone passed the kitchen window and Edward shouted, "Alice! Judy's come. Tell them she's okay."

The back door opened and Burdock saw Alice's sister standing there, shaking the snow off the fur of her coat. Her cheeks were stung to a high color by the wind and snow still clung to her dark hair under the hat.

"You all right?" Edward asked.

The girl was looking at Burdock. She said, "Hello. I remember you. I saw you when you came to see Alice once." She turned to Edward. "I'm all right. But it's blowing a gale outside."

"Anyone follow you?"

She laughed. "No such luck."

"This is no time for fooling," Edward said. "There's a bad bunch in town tonight."

"My—is it that bad?" Judy looked at Burdock and he saw, or thought he saw, a twinkle in her eyes as though she didn't take her brother-in-law too seriously. Burdock felt lighter—more at ease.

Edward suddenly said, "Listen!"

OUTSIDE on the street there was the clumping of boots on the walk. Then someone shouted. Edward went through to the front room and looked out from behind the drawn curtains. When he came back he was paler than before.

Two men looked in at the kitchen window. One yelled, "That's him! That's the guy who had Chet locked up."

Burdock saw Edward glance around the room, as if looking for a place to hide. Then, when pride came to him, he pulled himself together and stood there in his own home—all the fright gone from him. He closed his hands into fists. He walked to the back door and pulled it open. He held back the first man by the suddenness of his appearance. He squared himself and said, "What's the meaning of this? Clear out of here!"

Burdock could see four men below, their faces weaving in the light. As he walked to the door he saw another climb the porch steps and the two grabbed Edward's arm and yanked him to the ground.

Burdock felt Alice trembling beside him. She cried, "Stop them! Stop them!"

Both women ran to the window.

Earl Stone was standing at the foot of the steps when Burdock came down. Burdock could see his face clearly in the light from the kitchen. There was complete surprise in his expression.

"Tom! Well, look who's here! What the hell's going on?"

"Let that man go," Burdock said.

"Hey—wait a minute," somebody shouted.

"Let that man go!" Burdock repeated.

"We want Chet," Guy Merchant said, now coming up from the group behind Earl. "That feller there had him locked up."

Burdock could see Edward struggling with the two men who held him. Bur-

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dock knew these men. Words would not stop them now. For one second the thought passed his mind that maybe after all this wasn't his business, mixing up with town people this way. He realized, dimly, that he was on the wrong side of the fence. But because he had been in that room, fed by the warmth and safety of that house, he felt he had to fight for those things.

Burdock moved quickly toward Edward who had broken away from one man and was still struggling with the other. Burdock turned that man around with a pull on the shoulder. As the man spun around and came face to face with Burdock, Burdock hit hard. The man backed away, holding his hand to his jaw.

For a moment there was stunned silence. The others couldn't take it in.

Burdock said, "Get the hell out of here and go back to Water Street."

Earl Stone said with sarcasm, "Listen who's talking. Come on boys, let him have it. He's asked for it. Throw him in the snowbank. That'll sober him up."

Burdock turned quickly and sized up the three men coming toward him. He said to Edward, "Take the outside man. I'll see what I can do with the others."

One was Merrill Colcord. Burdock waited for the first giveaway move. When it came, he hit. Guy Merchant came in quickly and Burdock felt the solid weight of the man's fist against his left guard. In the whirl of motion which followed, Burdock was aware of his complete lack of joy in this fight. He was mechanical, accurate, deadly. He was conscious of every move he made and knew the position of each man. He hit hard, but, for some reason, it wasn't the walloping slug of a good free-for-all.

It was over as suddenly as it had begun. Stone, picking himself out of the snowbank, said, disgustedly, "What's all the shooting for? We just came out here to get Chet Loving out of the jug."

"A swell way to go about it," Burdock said, "disturbing these people."

"Get Chet out and we'll go along."

"You'll go along anyway."

He saw then, cutting across the snow, a V of light from the kitchen door and Judy ran out to the porch railing. She beat her fists against the wood and shouted: "Cowards! You ought to be ashamed. Five against two! Get out of here—go away."

The faces of the men swung up to the porch. Judy stood there outlined in the yellow light, the wind whipping at her skirt and her hair.

"Edward!" she cried. "Tell them you'll let the man out if they promise to behave and be responsible for him. Tell them if they don't you'll put them all in jail."

Someone whistled. Another shouted, "Hello, sweetheart!" Colcord said, "You tell 'em, sister! Boy—ain't she the spitfire!"

"Get indoors," Edward ordered.

IT WAS Earl Stone who came up to Burdock and said, "Well, what about it? We'll go if Chet gets out."

Edward began to sputter—a sputter that was already turning into grudging agreement. Tom stood there beside him not saying anything. He felt let down, ashamed. He had come out to one of the homes on Maple Street and had brought with him a Water Street brawl. To Burdock, fighting was like drinking—to be done in barrooms and bunkhouses—but never in front of women.

He saw Edward rubbing his knuckles, watching the men disappear down the street. Edward said, with some satisfaction, "Well, that's that. Better come in."

Burdock was uncertain. He didn't feel like going in there now. He said, "I'll get my hat and coat."

Judy was standing just inside the door and she took a step toward him as he came in. "That was wonderful," she said. Her eyes were shining.

Alice said, "I don't know what we would have done without you, Tom."

Burdock shifted his weight. He saw Judy pour coffee into a cup and bring it to him. "Sit down here," she said, pointing to the breakfast nook. She put cake and doughnuts in front of him. There was a small pitcher with real cream in it.

Burdock said, "Gee—thanks."

Edward sat down wearily. He was still breathing hard and his hand shook.

Judy said, from the stove, "Now, if that coffee isn't hot enough . . ."

Burdock began to feel good. His taut muscles slacked off. He saw Edward sip at his coffee. He said to Edward, "You've got a nice place here. You've fixed it up fine."

"We like it," Edward said. He leaned back in his chair. He, too, was easier now. He looked at Tom and said, unexpectedly, "Why don't you come in and have dinner with us tomorrow? We have a big dinner on the holiday."

Alice said, "I had already asked him to, Edward."

Burdock hesitated.

Judy said, eagerly, "I'll make an apple pie for you."

Slowly, still uncertain, as if he didn't quite understand, he said, "I'd like to."

TWENTY minutes later Burdock walked down Maple Street toward town. The wind, at his back, quickened his steps and the snow rushed by him. Most of the houses were dark now, pulled within themselves. He hardly noticed them. In his mind's eye he still carried a picture of the warm room back there and the people in it.

He walked on, without considering his direction. He found himself, suddenly, in front of Lunk's. He went in. The place was hot, filled with smoke and the throbbing noise of many voices.

That noise, or most of it, stopped abruptly as the door swung behind him. Some of the men at the bar turned to look at him. It began to dawn on him that there must have been talk of the thing that had happened on Maple Street. He felt tension grow.

Earl Stone, Guy Merchant and Merrill Colcord regarded him closely. For a moment no one spoke. Then Cort Gregory left the bar and strolled toward Burdock. He began talking before anyone else could speak. His voice was clear, deliberate, soothing, with a little chuckle threading through it: "Well, Tom—we're all glad to see you back." He laughed, all the time watching the action of those at the bar. Then he said, "They tell me she's a honey. The drinks are on you, Kid. Set 'em up for Tom, Lunk."

The room relaxed. Men turned back to the bar. Burdock heard Colcord say, "Boy—what a spitfire! She was just as set to fight for Tom as he was for her. Never saw anything like it in my life."

It came to Burdock then that they were talking about Judy. He had a quick picture of her standing there on the porch, the light from the kitchen on her, the wind whipping at her skirt—and he remembered how strong and defiant her voice was. And he saw again the quick, warm smile as she gave him his coffee.

He looked around the crowded room and thought of other New Year's Eves spent in places like this. And he thought of that road divided ahead of him—but with this difference: He knew for sure which road he was going to take this time.

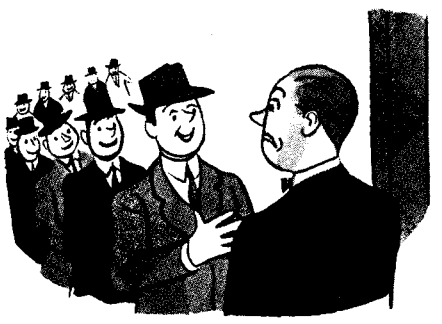
Cort Gregory was standing beside him at the bar. He said, quietly, "Hope the boys didn't spoil things for you with her, Tom."

Burdock felt the warmth go up over him like a tide as he said, "Guess not. I'm going to see her tomorrow."


# My man-eating dog is gone forever

UNTIL a few months ago, the kind of dog I loved was the kind who wags his tail at everybody.

Then my friends became a problem. Despite the new, higher price of liquor, they kept dropping in on me like flies and saying, "How about a

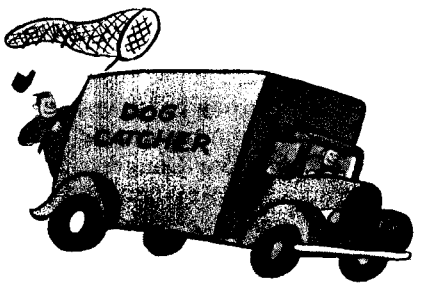


drink?" At that time, I didn't serve M & M. I thought you had to pay a fortune for good whiskey. And as I had no fortune, I got me the meanest dog in town.

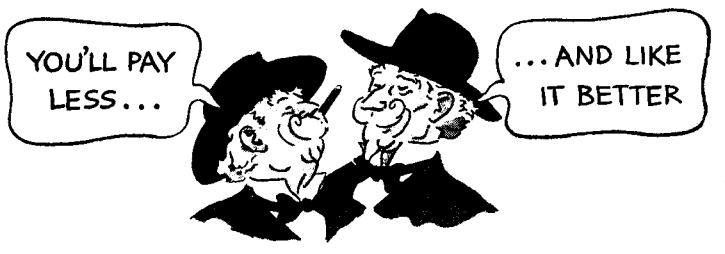
After he had torn the seat out of seven pairs of pants, my friends didn't drop around any more. I had to go to *their* homes to see them.

One night I tasted an elegant whiskey at Jim Evans's place. I asked him how he could afford to serve it.

"You should read the ads in Collier's," he said. "This whiskey is M & M. It costs less than the whiskey I used to serve and *tastes better*."




I agreed. Then I went home and called the dogcatcher. Next day I ordered a case of M & M. Once again, I have fun, friends, and drinks. It's a good life, thank you.



**Mattingly & Moore**

**BLENDED WHISKEY**—*86 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*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# Quit Fooling About Taxes

LEERING like a hobgoblin at the incoming Congress is the question: How about taxes?

Do we simply go ahead this year and invent some more bizarre, partly invisible taxes which will soak too few people to make any difference ballotwise, and hook these grotesqueries into the already crazy patchwork which we grandly call our taxation "system"?

Or can the new Congress find the courage to undertake a top-to-bottom revision of the tax setup? Seeking more revenue for the government and a more decent deal for the taxpayers (meaning all of us, directly or indirectly), can Congress tackle such sore spots as the following?

*Income Taxes.* Politicians concede that income taxes in the upper brackets are so high that they produce less revenue than they would if they were lowered somewhat. Yet politicians also concede that up to now they haven't had the courage to lower them. Can they find the courage this year?

How about the fact that great numbers of wage earners pay no income taxes at all, and hence do no worrying about government economy?

How about the injustice of taxing a windfall like any yearly income of the same size? For example, Ernest Hemingway, reputed pretty much broke for the last half-dozen years, has just made a small-sized mint out of sales and movie rights on his new book, but must pay income taxes next year just as if he made that much every year. That can't be just.

How about the assorted exemptions, which grow more complex each year—meaning more money for tax doctors and less for government?

*Gift and Inheritance Taxes.* One professed purpose of these taxes is to prevent piling up of great, perpetuated knots of inactive wealth. Well, then, why are gift taxes almost as stiff as inheritance taxes? If we must have gift taxes at all, why can't they be a good deal easier than inheritance taxes, and sharply graduated. That would encourage men of wealth to make moderate-sized gifts in their lifetimes, thus breaking the wad up, and thus keeping the money in circulation.

*Corporation Taxes.* Do the existing arrangements stimulate hiring of labor and payment of reasonable dividends? Or do they keep firms shaving the pay rolls; and do they force out so much money in dividend payments that it is impossible for most concerns to build prudent backlogs for lean years? Does anybody really know? Isn't it about time we found out, adjourned politics on this topic, and streamlined our corporate tax methods?

*State and Municipal Taxes.* Mayor LaGuardia of New York has said he hopes the federal government will some day collect all the taxes, and blow back proper percentages of the money to states, cities, counties. We hope no such thing will ever come to pass; we believe that the closer the people are to the tax collectors the harder they can kick back at unjust or oppressive taxes.

But isn't it time to do something about tax raids into one another's legitimate tax fields by federal, state, city and county governments? Does this chaos simply have to go on and get worse, to the progressive impoverishment of taxpayers—meaning, to repeat, all of us?

We're building up the national defenses, lopping off deadwood here and there, streamlining many a government department and process. The President has even uttered a kind word in public for some economy in government. Can't we get action on the tax mess, too, in the next few months? Action that will count?



**Collier's**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

# Go It, Jackson; Go It, Dies

THE F.B.I. is superb. But human beings are ambitious; and the F.B.I., unchecked and unbridled, could grow to be an American Gestapo.

The Dies Committee does excellent work on keeping the spotlight on the Reds, Nazis, Fascists and fellow travelers around the American stage. But the Dies Committee for some reason has an appeal to the Ku Klux Klan and Black Legion instincts of some people. Unchecked and unbridled, the Dies Committee could become a threat to civil liberties.

So we think it's very healthful to have these two outfits jealous of their separate authorities and we hope they don't make up, as they threatened to do recently. Think how much healthier life in Germany would be if the Gestapo had a rival; in Russia if the NKVD (the old OGPU) were not the only secret police agency on the map.

Go it, Jackson; go it, Dies . . . and between the two of you boys the rest of us will have a better chance of hanging onto democracy.

# We Weren't Amused

TO WHOM it may concern: I am sorry for everything I ever did to hurt anyone at any time anywhere.
Signed, W. C. R.

A humorous magazine picked up the above item from the personal column in the Chicago Daily News the other day, clipped a flip quip to it, and printed it as something pretty rib-tickling.

Sorry, but it didn't tickle our ribs. It came closer to wringing the heartstrings. We know too well how W. C. R. felt.

Pardon us, then, if we don't laugh at W. C. R.'s little ad. We, too, are sorry for everything we ever did gratuitously to hurt anyone at any time anywhere, and wish we could undo it, or somehow make amends.

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*Make Your Own Tests of Chevrolet . . . and you'll say it's*

# "FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST!"

## EYE IT . .

–and you'll see "looking back at 'ou" a car that's bigger outside, ›igger inside, bigger in all ways . . a car with an ultra-luxurious Body by Fisher—the same *type* ınd *size* of body that is used on nany higher-priced cars . . . with ›'pdern "Concealed Safety-Steps" ınd other features that have ›arned it the title of "the ›tyle car of the United States."

## TRY IT . .

—and you'll quickly discover that it's the most thrilling of all thrifty travelers . . . that its 90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine easily *out-powers* the second and third ranking cars in its field . . . that its Original Vacuum-Power Shift and De Luxe Knee-Action give the highest degree of driving ease and riding comfort . . . and that Chevrolet for '41 brings you all these fine-car results at substantial savings in purchase price, gas, oil and upkeep.

## BUY IT !

—and you'll get "the biggest package of value" ever offered by the manufacturer who has won first place in motor car sales during 9 out of the last 10 years by consistently following a policy of giving the greatest dollar value, year after year. . . . Buy it and *you'll* say, as so many people in all parts of America are saying, *"Chevrolet's first because it's finest!"*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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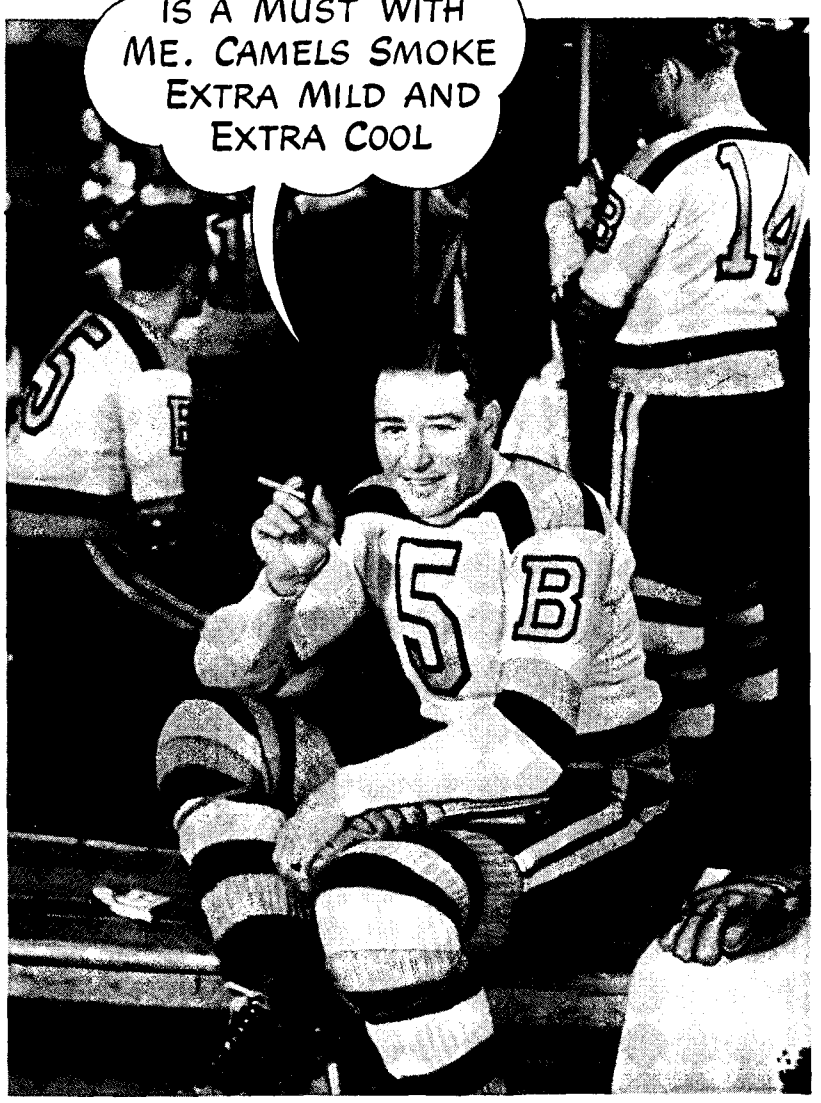
# SLOW-BURNING CAMELS



FOURTEEN YEARS on the ice—fourteen years in one of the toughest, most competitive games in sport. And he's still tops. Speed... endurance... Dit Clapper (*above*) has both in extra measure. He likes the extras in Camels, too. Camels burn slower and smoke with that extra measure of mildness and coolness that makes such a difference in steady smoking enjoyment. And there's another advantage in Camel's slower burning, too (*eyes right*).

S-L-O-W is the word for it, Dit—slow burning for extra flavor. Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And that excess heat dulls flavor and fragrance—leaves you with a flat, tasteless smoke. Slow burning lets the flavor come through in extra measure. No matter how much you smoke, a Camel always tastes good.

Try the slower-burning cigarette. You'll notice the difference... the extra mildness, the extra coolness, the extra flavor. And your purse will notice the extra smoking per cigarette per pack (*see below*).

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

● In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

**EXTRA MILDNESS**

**EXTRA COOLNESS**

**EXTRA FLAVOR**

## GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

**THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

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